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THE GREAT MINUS

By Gilbert Parker

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

"Fiercer than the wind of the Dead when it rises from its sleep to slay the dwellers by the North Sea—
Hark to the footsteps in the snow!
Sharper than the arrow-head when from the bow it springs to pierce the yielding breast and the tender heart—
See, the tent-curtain slowly swings!
Wilder than the cry of the starving wolf when it descends in the night upon the fast-sleeping child—
'Twixt fire and frost a Figure comes!
Swifter than the eagle when from the heights of snow it launches terror on the spoilers of its nest—
Rise and behold the Great Minus!"

IT was thrilling if you shut your eyes; it was weird and startling if you opened them and saw the man who chanted the words. His face was cloudily pale and immobile. No nerve tingled in the mask-like countenance, no feeling flashed along the cheek. But the eyes shone like two small fires. The rest of him was like other men—strong, faintly swarthy hands, lithe active limbs, stern-set body.

Pascal Sarrotte did not feel comfortable as he looked at this strange visitor to Fort God's Plenty, and listened to his wild monotone so strange in thought and sound to human ears. Human ears, we say, for Pascal Sarrotte, a devout Catholic brought up in the fair parish of Saint Genevieve, Quebec, had doubts as to the humanity of the singer. Besides, his wedding-day was near and, in the circumstances, his brain was abnormally sensitive. He was a manly, handsome, and intrepid little fellow, despite the strain of superstition in him. But the strain was there, and it made him turn now with something like nervousness to his three companions in this big living-room of the Fort, as though to relieve his mind by sight of these healthy natural men. They were indeed men among men—though there are those who hold that the heathen are not men, that the tribes of this glacial section of a continent are but discolored fragments from the fine white marble of the quarries from which the Caucasian was made. These friends of Pascal Sarrotte were Vosper, Talton, and Teddie Linley, three brothers, and the only white men in a district five times as large as Great Britain and Ireland and a thousand times less accessible. Upon Fort God's Plenty there flew a flag bearing the letters H. B. C.—which does not mean "Here before Christ" but Hudson's Bay Company—that honorable troop of adventurers trading in Hudson's Bay to whom Charles of England gave mickle territory.

The three brothers Linley had come from Scotland to take positions in the Hudson's Bay Company's service at different times during twenty years. They had served at separate posts, but by a happy conjunction of circumstances were at last settled together at Fort God's Plenty; Vosper, the eldest, being now a chief factor and Talton and Teddie clerks of superior grades. Talton also expected soon to be a chief trader. Generally speaking, they were practical, sound-headed fellows, zealous, methodical, thorough, and forcible. Yet they were very unlike in personal characteristics. Vosper was impressive,

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dominating, taciturn, and strictly reserved in his treatment of the Indians both male and female. Talton was authoritative, inclined to be dogmatically eloquent, somewhat proud of his physical prowess, and not inclined to be reserved where pretty, or even not very pretty, Indian women were concerned. The diffusiveness of his affections did not, however, prevent him from helping to make Fort God's Plenty one of the soundest and most prosperous, if one of the farthest, loneliest, and most perilous posts of the Honorable Company: farthest because it was within the Arctic Circle, between the Barren Grounds and the Far Off Metal River; loneliest, because its summer was so short and its winter so long; perilous, because the cold was sometimes deadly and wood was not plentiful. Off in the farther North was that unknown dominion where wise men said no human being dwelt, where endless silence reigned, save when the meteors whirred through the night and the stars swept through the windless air. But did the wise men speak truly? Concerning that place beyond the stark hillocks of ice and the Arctic Sea, there were legends which, passing through the lenses of generations, had at last grown misty and undefinable. There still remained medicine-men who, pointing to the outmost north, made conjurations and afterward cured the sick and also (it was darkly hinted) caused men to decay and die. But no doubt these ghostly gossips lied and it was all, as Talton Linley put it, "a tupenny juggle."

But until this singular traveller with the deathly face came to the fort a few hours before, these white men had never heard anything definite concerning the mysterious folk who, legend said, dwelt where the electric needle points downward. It was in response to Talton Linley's pressing persuasions that the visitor should give a taste of his quality as a medicine-man—for such they assumed he was—that the song of which we know had been sung. The stranger, Tsaga, as he called himself, had appeared suddenly at the fort with neither dogs nor gun nor anything soever save the Indian costume that he wore. He had eaten and drunk and then he had monotoned his metrical history or ritual till the room reeled. In response to his sustained effort Talton Linley said: "Tsaga, where did you learn all that? It sounds ancient."

To this Tsaga slowly replied: "I have travelled much among those far tribes that you have never seen—those who have knowledge of the Great Minus. This is of their legends."

It was noticeable that Tsaga spoke English with a peculiar mechanical precision, as though unaccustomed to its use, and yet understood it.

"What is the Great Minus, eh, M'sieu' Tsaga? I not understand—no!" said Pascal Sarrotte.

"It wasn't in your catechism at Saint Genevieve, was it, Pascal?" rejoined Talton. "Well, what is the Great Minus Mr. Tsaga, prophet according to poppycock?"

With a peculiar rigid air Tsaga answered: "I know not altogether what it means, but beyond the sea and ice there is at the summit of the world a people who are able to resist decay of life. They have that subtracted faculty of existence by which men, even the heathen, of which your race is, in past days to live through centuries and not die till they had grown mighty with life and in giving life. There is the song of the Ittlakē, which has come down through the long lanes of time. Would you hear it?" As he said this he looked at Vosper Linley, who nodded assent, and straightway he began:

"Of the land of the rainbow fire, the waving sky, the long paths of light and the mighty palaces—
The song thereof as to the King:—
When from the icebergs the powdered wind arises, and the voice of the Angry One cracks through the aching clefts;
When the mountains rock and the earth trembles beneath the feet of the hunter and of her who waits by the tent door;
When from the Outmost Place there come the red-mouthed bears and dragons to ravish and destroy:
None fears, none hides nor falleth,
For in the place of the mighty glows the eye of the Great Minus:
It giveth to the people the deathless frame, till that their time being full they rise and pass away,
Till that they rise and bid farewell to all who hang upon their necks, and they take their spears and pass away;
Till that they safely pass into the aching clefts and through the awful plains reaching the golden hills;

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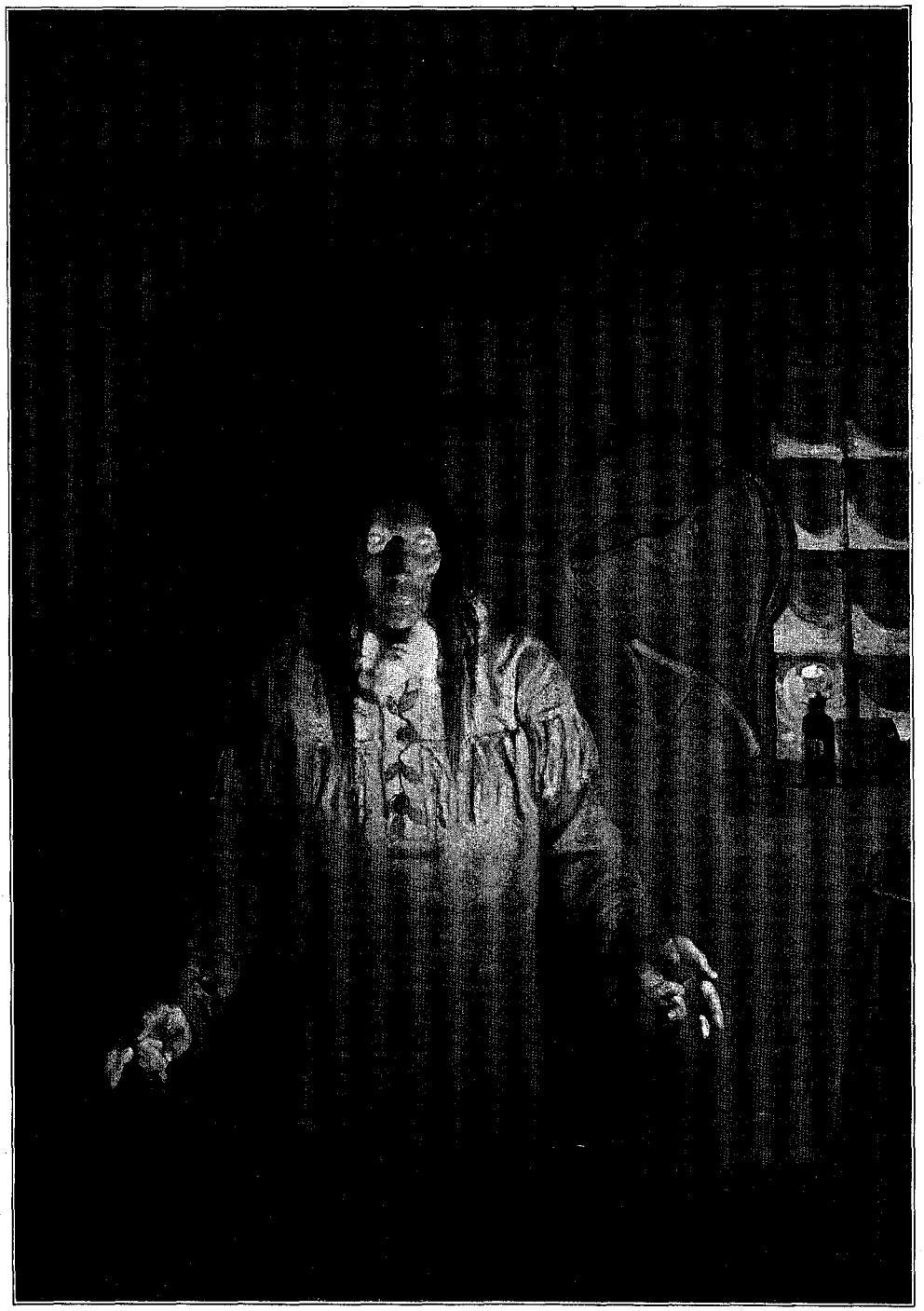

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The stranger, Tsaga. had appeared suddenly at the fort with neither dogs nor gun, nor anything soever save the Indian costume that he wore —Page 666.

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And there have mighty lodges wherein the fine gar-meat and the fish that give the sweet liquor are;
Where they are and fail not, neither the tall gold feather of the tau nor the soft down of the North swan;
Nor many feasts within the Happy Valleys, nor the smoke of the sweet-scented fires, nor comely maids;
But they that remain are happy even as they that go, for they prevail against the evil things.
This is the song before the King! This is the song of Ittlakē."

The fingers of Tsaga chafed each other as he spoke, but his face was unmoved and his voice was even. When he had finished, the chief factor said gruffly, but yet as though provoking a reply: "The song is fine enough, Tsaga, but it's only Indian buncombe after all. There never was anybody living at the North Pole."

To which Pascal Sarrotte added with an affected intrepidity: "So it is we who are the heathen after all! We have lost something which at the summit of the world they have. Well, bagosh, that is dam' funnee!"

In his matured and self-gratifying manhood Talton Linley smacked his lips upon his pipe-stem greedily before he said: "I like that idea of the bear-fights and the Happy Valley and the liquor-fish and the bed of swan's down, Tsaga." He smacked his lip again and shook his shaggy head with luxurious suggestiveness.

Tsaga looking closely at him replied: "Also the comely maids to put the golden feathers in the hair—and many of 'em!"

Talton Linley took his pipe out of his mouth in blank astonishment and said to Pascal Sarrotte under his breath: "So help me, he's said the very words that I was saying in my mind!"

Here Teddie Linley muttered, as though in a dream, "There are worse things on the earth than a comely maid." It will be noticed that he only spoke of one comely maid. But then Teddie was young, and he was not yet used to solitude, and he had not yet learned to console himself among the heathen as Talton had done, or to be cynically indifferent as was the case with the chief factor. He had in his heart, poor lad! a place of mysteries, a shrine before which passed beautiful shadowy figures any one of which might make him eternally happy. Yes, of course they would; else what were they made for? They were intangible. No faint, sweet perfumes floated up from their filmy garments, no strands of their wonderful hair caught his kisses; but they were real to him, just as real as though they had been first swaddled in a birth-chamber and afterward prettily manufactured over again in Bond Street. So, in the brooding solitudes with the musk-ox and the white eagle, he thought persistently of that other and possible world which, so far as he could see, he had left forever. It was with him when he pitched between a ghastly rapid and an engulfing whirlpool; as he and the Indians made their way still farther West, still towards the far Cathay. It floated before him as he lay on his back among the dogs on the forsaken soundless plain, and looked up to where the Indians said was the Yaga Ta, that is, the Man Who Reclines on the Sky. There—was he not even beginning to think in the language of the heathen, saying no longer "God" but "Yaga Ta"? And to what might he not come? Is it strange that he was overhung with melancholy? He knew well that of the many who enlisted under the flag of the H. B. C. few returned to that world of his dreams; and he could not become used to the thought. He required something else than pemican and moose-meat for his daily food; he desired other refreshment than tea and tobacco. No, as the chief factor had said to him, he was not yet broken in! While a man carries Shakespeare or Byron in his canoe or on his dog-sled he is not easily broken in to savage exile. He must become brutalized first. The time would come, no doubt, when Teddie would seek forbidden things, when he would array himself among those who take many wives from among the heathen; but he could not do it yet. Sometimes, with a touch of the chief factor's lofty moral cynicism, he was minded, as here and there another had done, to send to the company in London for a wife, as one should order a barrel of sugar, and, receiving her in the yearly steamship which visited Hudson's Bay, would file the invoice and receipt her like any other cargo.

At the moment of his speaking the door opened and there appeared a young girl, tall and lissome like a shaft of Indian corn, with beautiful, faintly dark features, an

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At last, however, she had let Pascal Sarrotte see her mind.—Page 671.

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They travelled all day through the ever-increasing cold, speaking but little, their faces covered from the deadly frost.—Page 676.

abundance of brown wavy hair, and a wonderful undertone of rose in her cheeks. She was dressed in a moose-skin robe finely tanned and dyed; and she wore moccasins embroidered in thread of gold and garnet. Coming to the chief factor, who, with the others, had risen, and putting her hand on his arm, she said softly, "My father!"

Sitting down again the chief factor took her fingers and held them. He felt them tremble as she looked at Tsaga and caught the light of his eyes like living fires in a dead face.

"Ah!" she said, and turned away her head; then stooped and whispered in her father's ear, "Who is this dreadful man?"

Pascal Sarrotte's eyes were on Nadha as once were those of Hiawatha upon Minnehaha. To-morrow he was to marry this child of Vosper Linley and a chieftainess with a fair face who had once ruled a tribe in the North. Vosper had saved the woman's life in a conflict between her people and their enemies and she had left all behind her and had followed him. Yet the tribe she left were not her people; for her mother and herself had in the summer-time been found floating in a canoe on the Far Off Metal River, the mother dead, herself alive and bearing a parchment which none could read because the writing was so faint and faded. And since there was a legend among her saviors that one of fair face should come out of the North to rule over them, they cared for the child until she came to be a woman, when they made her their chief. Then it was that Vosper Linley came.

But many years had gone since this good woman had departed betwixt the dark and dawn to the Lodges of the Morning, leaving her child Nahda behind her. Before she passed she prayed that her body might be carried by her husband alone to an island in the Lake of Many Waters and there laid in a couch swung between four tall trees. She told her husband how by the sun he should bear himself that he should arrive safely at the place. And he, all alone, and without dogs to draw the sled, silently, bitterly, carried the dead body away into the South and West through many hundred leagues of frosty desert, until he came to the Lake of Many Waters under a warm sun; and there he laid her between the four trees and left her there. But when he came back from that far journey and walked into Fort God's Plenty with frozen feet, he smiled no more.

Of what befell him at the Lake of Many Waters he spoke no word. To his daughter he was surpassingly gentle, but he spoke little save to teach her his own language. Yet her mind was filled with the words of her mother concerning the great spirits and of mighty men who had conquered other mighty men and fearsome beasts. As years went on these memories faded away from the mind of the girl, so that they were but as filmy dreams; but the bare, discolored parchment that her mother gave she kept, wondering and unsatisfied concerning it, yet prizing it. In her early girlhood she had held herself aloof from the few half-breeds and the Indians of the fort, but at last she was beloved by them

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because of her great goodness in times of trouble or sickness. And so it happened, when Pascal Sarrotte came from Fort Seclusion nearly frozen to death, she nursed him and brought him back to life. Yet the rest had not been easy for Pascal. Perhaps there was some ancient pride in her blood, some lofty shyness; or was it simply that her mother had taught her that there was but one good man among this white race, and that was her father? Her uncles she regarded with a gentle reserve. They admired her, but only Teddie saw much of her, and he could not understand her.

At last, however, she had let Pascal Sarrotte see her mind: her wide-sweeping, half-austere, half-childish fancies; her far-reaching instincts, her almost unnatural vision of things beyond her narrow sphere of life; as though there were centred in her the fine prophetic perception of a race. What was it that chilled and yet fascinated her so as she met the eyes of Tsaga? What was it that shot like hot arrows through her brain?

Tsaga rising said: "The vision of youth is before me, the joy of the heart of father and lover. Of whom the father saith, 'She is the light of my home, and when she goeth I am in darkness, the past only is mine.' Of whom the lover saith, 'She bringeth the gladness of the sun; the first snow is not like to her in pureness, nor the songs of the birds of the South in sweetness'; and I, Tsaga, say, 'There is night here that there may be morning there; for such is the will of the Spirits who Rule.'"

Here the chief factor rose and angrily said: "Indian, we've had enough of this. Stop it, or even your Great Minus won't

For a long time the three brothers smoked on in silence.—Page 676.

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When, next night, two horror-stricken faces peered through this doorway, the three still sat where Tsaga had left them.—Page 677.

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protect you from the elements we keep here."

Tsaga laughed, the click of a bauble behind a mask—mirth from a vault, and then replied: "It is the law of the North that the medicine-man have kindness and not smiting shown him. I am a medicine-man and I can heal—and I can destroy."

The chief factor looked at the man debatingly, and presently with a deep sigh sat down again, and his brother Talton said: "Tsaga, you've got a rummy face. It's like a big frost-bite. What ails it?"

Again something clicked with grotesque mirth in Tsaga's throat, and he replied: "It was a violent illness long ago."

"How long ago?"

"Two thousand moons ago."

"Two thousand—two thousand devils ago! Doesn't it strike you that even for a white Injun your lies are behemoth, my sarcophagus?"

Tsaga shook his head protestingly and Talton added: "You say you're a medicine-man now. Why don't you get the Great Minus or whatever he or it is to resurrect your face?"

To this the other replied grimly: "There is a time for all things beneath the fires of Heaven."

"Holy smoke!" Talton returned; "do you know you're quoting the Bible? Where did you learn it? There are no missionaries on the wrong side of the Arctic circle. And where did you learn to speak English? What post of the H. B. C. in a misguided charity brought you up?"

Ignoring one part of the question Tsaga replied: "It is from the words of Ittlakē, the One whose Words are Wise."

"Oh! But what do you mean by the fires of Heaven?"

"The waving lights and the arrows of the sky."

"Bosh! You mean the sun and stars."

Tsaga shook his head: "No, not the sun and stars."

"Well, what the devil——!"

"Where the curtains of the sky quiver in the night and are blown hither and thither in the noonday:
Where the gateways of the mist open that the eye sees afar the place in which no shadows are,
And the perfect stillness reigneth, and peak flasheth unto peak the utmost things, where Wisdom standeth."

Tsaga chanted with eyes upon Teddie' into whose mind again a thought had come—might not this uncanny purveyor of the mysterious unfold to him that future of his which so shadowed him or gave him hope alternately? Maybe it was a foolish thought; but then he was a dreamer, he was cursed—or blessed—with the poetic temperament. Besides, as he said to himself, since the world began there have been those who had the gift of prescience, and why should the faculty have ceased in the nineteenth century? So he said over silently the words of his intended question of Tsaga, and it was almost fantastic that the request involuntarily shaped itself to the rhythmic motion of Longfellow's "Hiawatha" as it floated through his brain. This did not, however, prepare him for what came after. As though in response to Teddie's inward question, Tsaga, with his eyes intently fixed on the lad, said: "Would you hear the tale of Zus the Mighty Hunter?"

There was a moment's silence. Talton Linley gave a contemptuous sniff; the chief factor's eyes were bent on an impalpable something before him; and Nahda's brows were troubled, as though by an effort of memory. Then the voice of Tsaga, less cavernous than it had been before, almost human indeed, spoke these words slowly:

"The song of Zus the Mighty Hunter: He that was young, that bounded o'er the plain, that slew the bear and the sharp-clawed tau and dreadful bear; that climbed the high mountain triumphing, that trod upon the red lip of the belching hill and had no hurt, that feared not:

Much he yearned for one who came not,
That should light his heavy hearthstone,
Empty gladness in his pathway,
Trim his arrows for the conflict,
Strain her long hair for his bowstring,
Welcome him the chiefest victor,
Place the sweetest meat beside him,
Bring his children out before him,
Drive the evil spirits from him.
Long he waited but she came not,
And his heart grew hot with longing.
Long he hurled the spear and lance-head,
Heedless trod the frozen plateau,
Scorned the many comely women,
Came not near the idle revels:

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Till from out his golden aerie
Peered the great the awful Minus,
Saw the youth, and knew his sorrow;
Called the lightning out of Heaven,
Cleft for him a sudden pathway,
Through the silent frowning mountains;
Drew him to the Happy Valleys,
Closed the Gateway of the Mountains:
But the people found his body,
Standing like a column steady,
Frozen to the endless quiet:
And they cried, 'He leaves his image;
Gone is Zus the Mighty Hunter.'"

Teddie shuddered as though a wave of frost had passed over him. When he raised his eyes, which had been bent upon the floor, he saw that Nahda's face was hidden in the folds of her sleeve. Presently Talton said: "Tsaga, I've met a lot of medicine-men, but you're the cleverest of the lot by thousands! That isn't the patter of the tribes of the H. B. C. country. It sounds like the saga stuff of Iceland. Perhaps you're some old Icelandic god incarnated, eh?"

The death's-head of the man shook negatively, and then came the reply: "I know not of whom you speak. As the days pass you will teach me, and you in turn shall learn of the wisdom of my people."

"As the days pass, Tsaga!" answered Talton. "Oh, no, we'll not have you here upsetting our Injuns! You'll have to take your wisdom on tour. We don't put up medicine-men at this pub for longer than one night. We'll give you pemican tonight, but to-morrow at the rising of the sun you will seek pastures new, Mr. Tsaga."

Tsaga turned with an ominous look in his eyes and looked at the chief factor, who nodded approval to what his subordinate had said. His daughter's fingers pressed his arm however.

"Father," she whispered, "it may be the stranger has travelled far and is weary. If he be evil it were well not to make him angry; if he be good, it is not like my father to say in the hour when happiness comes to his daughter, 'Stranger, begone'!"

The chief factor now looked at Talton as though what he decided should be final. Talton, seeing this, yawned a little and then said: "Well, Tsaga, I tell you what: do something first here that's very fine—mind you, a very fine trick!—and we'll give you the run of your clasp-knife and the slake of your thirst until this moon fills. But it must be something fine—none of the dagger-swallowing, flesh-tearing business, remember. Nothing vulgar for Fort God's Plenty!"

Without a word Tsaga stood up, drew his right hand from his bosom, and held it aloft over his head loosening the fingers very slightly as he did so. Instantly there streamed through them an intense and startling brightness, like the light of an immediate sun, and the room quivered in the rays. There was, in the ears of all, the sound as of rushing waters; then the faint far clash of spears, and the dying roar of wild beasts, followed by strains of music almost unearthly in its sweetness. A brighter flash of light, and then fell sudden darkness, and Tsaga's voice said, as though from an unutterable distance, "Do you desire more?"

A long breath came from each simultaneously.

Nahda's eyes were brilliant and dilated. She stepped to the intervening space between Tsaga and the others, and, relapsing into that half-antique fashion of speech which belongs to the highest heathen races, said: "Thou hast evil in thy heart. In that moment when the light came I felt a great unfolding in my brain and all thou art was growing clear to me; also the peril that thou bearest with thee, the insufferable thing—" She put her hand to her forehead and paused. "—But what it was I know not yet, for the light vanished and the opening page of thy heart faded with it. Yet I know, by my mother's soul, I know that thou art cruel and deadly!"

Slowly and with an enigmatic look Tsaga replied: "Maiden, there is no cruelty in my heart for thee. That which thou felt was blessing and not evil."

Still disturbed, the girl drew back and stood beside her father, regarding Tsaga with awe; yet from the first she had felt a sense of fearful kinship to him. Now, however, the chief factor drew himself up and, with an impatient motion of the hand, said to Tsaga: "The hour is late—this is the place where strangers sleep. There is a pile of buffalo robes in the corner. We have no beds of down at Fort God's Plenty."

Tsaga bowed, and the flippant Talton

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added: "A fellow that carries the sun in his vest-pocket doesn't need buffalo robes to keep him warm!" With a good-natured toss of his shaggy head he left the room, followed by all the others save Teddie, who lingered musingly.

Tsaga touched Teddie's arm. "The girl Nahda," he said—"where did she come from? Who was her mother?"

Teddie told him all he knew. Tsaga bent his head musingly and did not reply. After a moment Teddie continued: "You're not like any medicine-man I ever saw before. There's more in your work. It's—clever. There's a lot of poetry in it. That about the Great Minus is tremendous. Then you're number one as a thought-reader; and those other things you do are splendid. . . . But I didn't like that about Zus the Mighty Hunter. Did you make it up as you went on, or what? It was immensely like 'Hiawatha.' Where did you ever read 'Hiawatha'? . . . Oh, well, all right; I won't ask these things now if you don't want it, but I wish you'd fixed Zus up different! . . . I want some prophecy not so permanently glacial!" With a half-sad smile and a quick good-night, he was gone.

For a moment Tsaga stood looking at the closed door, a sinister figure in the dim room. Then he stretched out his arms swiftly and in a harsh voice said: "The hour of my release is at hand. These are three of one race, as it was written and proclaimed. One lives in the present, feeding on the heated fruits of the flesh; after the wedding-feast to-morrow the heart of the father will be altogether in the past; and the other, the lad of many dreams lives in the future and finds no joy in anything of what now is or which has been. Are not the measures complete—the cube of existence which makes the perfect life? These three shall sit before me yielding up their lives, and on their wandering breath I shall be borne to the Summit of the World, no longer to wander or to sleep. The smell of the mighty cedars shall greet me; the gar-flesh I shall eat and the sweet liquor of the dak-fish. And I shall come some near day in peace unto my own land and the place of my people. I shall stand in the Gateway and call aloud, and the light shall be once more within the Shrine. . . . The girl Nahda! However it may be, she has in her veins also the blood of the Race. Her face is as the face of her who was with me two thousand moons ago. In her mind I read that she has a parchment which her mother gave her. She shall read it at the fitting time. And I shall come again and bring her to our people, but it may not be now. She shall live, and her husband shall find joy in her until she too turns her face towards the Summit of the World."

He turned to the pile of buffalo robes in the corner and silence and sleep soon possessed the room.

The next morning the contract of marriage was signed, the chief factor joining the hands of the lovers. Upon Nahda had fallen a dream. Half-breeds came in and brought her beautiful embroidered belts and capotes of the well-tanned, delicate moose-skin, fringed with the fine fur of the beaver. Eskimos gave her bags of swan's down that her feet might find warmth in them when the harsh night fell, or a dreaded *poudre* day found them upon the plains. Indians brought her the skins of the white fox, rare pouches of the skin of the reindeer's belly, and knives made from the tusks of the narwhal. And while she shivered, not wholly with aversion, Tsaga clasped about her robe of fawn-skin, trimmed with the fleecy eider-down, a belt of some sparkling metal that glistened like silver and had links and interlacings of pure gold skilfully wrought with rude yet graceful beauty. Then her uncle Talton called her to the window and showed her his gift of a team of eight Eskimos dogs belled and caparisoned, and unscarred as yet by whip or tooth, to which Teddie had added a cariole; with iron runners and lined with the fur of the marten and the seal. Her father had filled a sled amply with the few things which make life bearable in a frozen world, and her husband clasped upon her wrists two broad bracelets of gold bought years before from an Eskimo, who in turn had been given them by the officer of a French vessel wrecked upon the coast of Labrador. There was also another gift, as well not understood perhaps by half-breeds, Indians, and Eskimos present. Teddie Linley stepped forward impulsively and read from a parchment which

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he had deftly embossed with rude Indian paints these verses:

"Heart of the World, give heed!
Tongues of the World, be still!
The richest grapes of the vine shall bleed,
Till the greeting-cup shall spill;
The kine shall pause in the pleasant mead,
The eagle upon the hill:
Heart of the World, give heed!

"Heart of the World, break forth!
Tongues of the World, proclaim!
There cometh a voice from out the North
And arrows of living flame—
A man's soul crying, Behold, what worth
Was life till her sweet soul came?
Heart of the World, break forth!

"Heart of the World, be strong!
Tongues of the World, be wise!
The white North glows with a morning song
Or ever the red sun dies;
For Love is summer and Love is long,
And the good God's in his skies:
Heart of the World, be strong!"

Teddie's face glowed, Pascal Sarrotte's eyes were moist, the father turned his head away, and the shaggy Talton grinned confusedly. He intended to say, "At it again, Teddie!" but he paused in time when he saw the effect produced on the others, and that even the savages had been touched by the lad's thrilling voice. Nahda took the parchment as though she saw not, and then suddenly put her hands upon Teddie's shoulders and kissed him on the cheek. They might have been brother and sister, so near of an age were they.

Only Tsaga was unmoved. His sardonic face was turned toward them, but the eyes did not look at them. He seemed to have no part now in the comedy. He stood motionless, while hunter, voyageur, trapper, trader, mercenary, and *bois brulé* made their congratulations. He sat unmoving while they banqueted on the wild meats of the North and drank till their brains swam. At last the two trains of dogs were drawn up before the door and all issued forth into the square to see the departure. At the moment when the two half-breed gunners upon the wall were ready to fire, when the fingers of the revellers were upon the triggers for a fusillade, when every good-by had been said, Tsaga came swiftly forward to the cariole and said in a low tone to the bride, "By a flame of fire that which is hidden shall be revealed"; and then he stepped back again and was lost among the crowd.

There was a cry from the Indian who drove the leading train of dogs, a waving of hands, many shouts of good luck, the sharp rattle of musketry, the loud blundering noise of the little-used cannon, and the two lovers were gone into the North and West towards Fort Seclusion.

They travelled all day through the ever-increasing cold, speaking but little, their faces covered from the deadly frost. They reached the hut where they were to camp about nine o'clock at night. At this hour Tsaga was opening the door of the living-room at Fort God's Plenty. The three brothers sat there in silence, scarcely turning to look at him as he entered, took a seat at the table, and lapsed into revery with the others. For a long time the three brothers smoked on in silence, then one by one they put their pipes down as though some thought absorbed them completely. With his right hand in his bosom Tsaga read their thoughts, and he said within his heart: "The time is now come. . . . Yet the one is just and strong, the other is full of mirth and lusty life, and the lad is young and noble!"

There was a great struggle in his breast. Yet what were these three to him that he should pause! . . . And the girl Nahda—she of the same lofty origin as himself! . . . Was she to be that One coming out of the South who would unite the heathen from the Outside Lands with those of his race who lived at the Summit of the World? . . . He closed his eyes and strained his will to conquer space. Slowly a vision came. He saw a hut where burnt a bright fire, and beside the fire stood a man and a maiden. And he heard the maiden say, "His words were, 'By a flame of fire that which is hidden shall be revealed.'" The man to whom she was speaking bent his brows in anxious thought and then said at last: "The parchment—the parchment, Nahda!"

She drew it from her bosom and gave it to him. Kneeling, he held it to the fire. There appeared suddenly and brightly writing in the language of those Indians among whom Nahda's mother was a chieftainess. This was the writing:

"I speak of a race living at the Summit

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of the World, and the spirit of the life of that country is called the Great Minus, representing that part of human nature which the heathens all have lost and by which men live to years unnumbered. Now, in a shrine of that land there was a stone of intolerable radiance by which the minds of men could be read as the pages of a book, and the life withered in its light at the will of the Spirit that gives and withholds. And it was so that in the delirium of approaching death the Ruler of the land cast the shrine into a cleft in the mountain and it was lost, though the mountain henceforth flames forever because of it. But it was revealed by the Spirit that gives and takes that in the quarries of the Far Off Metal River in a heathen country called the Outside Land there was one clear stone like that which was lost. Searchers were sent and it was commanded that he who found the stone must straightway return with it whence he came. Now, one of the searchers was young and loved life's pleasures; and forgetful of the great command he loved a woman of the heathen at the Far Off Metal River. One day, as he labored, he suddenly cried aloud, for he had found the burning, life-giving, and life-taking stone by which those of his race are able to know each other's minds, so that there be only justice and truth. But the young man loved the woman, and desiring to persuade her to accompany him to his own far-off land he hid from his fellows the finding of the stone. Yet it was so that though the woman loved the youth she would not leave her own land. And the Spirit that gives and takes being angry confused the brains of the searchers, so that they wandered in far heathen lands until they died. But he that hid the life-giving and life-taking stone in his bosom was condemned to sleep one hundred years, and then to wander for one hundred years in the heathen land until he should find three brothers of one race and family, whom destroying as a sacrifice he should be free to return once more to his own country. And I am come through many generations of one of those searchers who were doomed to die in exile. These are my last words before I die near a people that I know not."

Pascal Sarrotte's breath came gaspingly as Nahda read. Once or twice she stopped in the reading as though overcome, but at last she finished it and for a moment stood like one transfixed by a vision; then turning wild eyes on her husband she cried, "He that had the stone was the man Tsaga," and she sank unconscious into her husband's arms.

It was at this moment that Tsaga, in the living-room at Fort God's Plenty, caused his mind to relax, and said: "It is even so. There is no other way."

Yet he paused ere at last with a swift action he caught the stone from his bosom with a sharp exclamation. As the three brothers turned quickly towards him, an intolerable scorching brightness struck through their eyes and stayed forever the vital forces. It was not altogether so, however, with the lad Teddie. He rose from his seat with a moan which yet was not all anguish.

"My love!" he cried, and then sank back again in his place still and rigid, as a murmur of triumph rankled through the deadly brightness towards him.

Thereupon the room grew dark again save for the light of the dim candle. For a long time Tsaga looked upon the three. His face now was as that of other men with the death-look vanished; and on it was a look of lofty pity. Drawing near to Teddie, he touched the cold forehead gently and said: "Lover, thou hast found her now!" Then, turning, he vanished through the doorway into the empty world.

When, next night, two horror-stricken faces peered through this doorway, the three still sat where Tsaga had left them, rigid and awfully alone, the moonbeams mingling with their smiles. For, indeed, they smiled as does a drowned man who had pleasant visions as he passed. The two who saw this thing trembled and were overwhelmed, but at last one said through the stifling cloud of her grief: "Pascal, I am come of that people—of Tsaga's people. You and I will go to the Summit of the World. We will have lives for these."

This they did, and the tale of their journey is yet to be told.

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"GRAN' BOULE"

A SEAMAN'S TALE OF THE SEA

By Henry van Dyke

WE men that go down for a livin' in ships to the sea,—
We love it a different way from you poets that 'bide on the land.
We are fond of it, sure! But, you take it as comin' from me,
There's a fear and a hate in our love that a landsman can't understand.

Oh, who could help likin' the salty smell, and the blue
Of the waves that are lazily breathin' as if they dreamed in the sun?
She's a Sleepin' Beauty, the sea,—but you can't tell what she'll do;
And the seamen never trust her,—they know too well what she's done!

She's a wench like one that I saw in a singin'-play,—
Carmen they called her,—Lord, what a life her lovers did lead!
She'd cuddle and kiss you, and sing you and dance you away;
And then,—she'd curse you, and break you, and throw you down like a weed.

You may chance it awhile with the girls like that, if you please;
But you want a woman to trust when you settle down with a wife;
And a seaman's thought of growin' old at his ease
Is a snug little house on the shore to shelter the rest of his life.

So that was old Poisson's dream,—did you know the Cap'?
A brown little Frenchman, clever, and brave, and quick as a fish,—
Had a wife and kids on the other side of the map,—
And a rose-covered cottage for them and him was his darlin' wish.

"I 'ave sail," says he, in his broken-up Frenchy talk,
"Mos' forty-two year; I 'ave go on all part of de worl' dat ees wet.
I'm seeck of de boat and de water. I rader walk
Wid ma Josephine in one garden; an' eef we get tire', we set!

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"You see dat *bateau, Sainte Brigitte?* I bring 'er dh'are
From de Breton coas', by gar, jus' feefteen year bifore.
She ole w'en she come on Kebec, but Holloway Frères
Dey buy 'er, an' hire me run 'er along dat dam' Nort' Shore.

"Dose engine one leetl' bit cranky,—too ole, you see,—
She roll and peetch in de wave'. But I lak' 'er pretty well;
An' dat sheep she lak' 'er captaine, sure, dat's me!
Wid t'irty ton coal in de bunker, I tek' dat sheep t'rou' hell.

"But I don' wan' risk it no more; I had *bonne chance:*
I save already ten t'ousan' dollar', dat's plenty I s'pose!
Nex' winter I buy dat house wid de garden on France
An' I tell *adieu* to de sea, and I leev' on de lan' in ripose."

All summer he talked of his house,—you could see the flowers
Abloom, and the pear-trees trained on the garden-wall so trim,
And the Captain awalkin' and smokin' away the hours,—
He thought he had done with the sea, but the sea hadn't done with him!

It was late in the fall when he made the last regular run,
Clear down to the Esquimault Point and back with his rickety ship;
She hammered and pounded a lot, for the storms had begun;
But he drove her,—and went for his season's pay at the end of the trip.

Now the Holloway Brothers are greedy and thin little men,
With their eyes set close together, and money's their only God;
So they told the Cap' he must run the *Bridget* again,
To fetch a cargo from Moisie, ten thousand quintals of cod.

He said the season was over. They said: "Not yet.
You finish the whole of your job, old man, or you don't draw a cent!"
(They had the *Bridget* insured for all they could get.)
And the Captain objected, and cursed, and cried. But he *went.*

They took on the cargo at Moisie, and folks beside,—
Three traders, a priest, and a couple of nuns, and a girl
For a school at Quebec,—when the Captain saw her he sighed,
And said: "Ma littl' Fifi got hair lak' dat, all curl!"

The snow had fallen a foot, and the wind was high,
When the *Bridget* butted her way thro' the billows on Moisie bar.
The darkness grew with the gale, not a star in the sky,
And the Captain swore: "We mus' make *Sept Isles* to-night, by gar!"

He couldn't go back, for he didn't dare to turn;
The sea would have thrown the ship like a mustang noosed with a rope;
For the monstrous waves were leapin' high astern,
And the shelter of Seven Island Bay was the only hope.

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There's a bunch of broken hills half sunk in the mouth
Of the bay, with their jagged peaks afoam; and the Captain thought
He could pass to the north; but the sea kept shovin' him south,
With her harlot hands in the snow-blind murk, till she had him caught.

She had waited forty years for a night like this,—
Did he think he could leave her now, and live in a cottage, the fool?
She headed him straight for the island he couldn't miss;
And heaved his boat in the dark,—and smashed it against *Gran' Boule.*

How the Captain and half of the people clambered ashore,
Through the surf and the snow in the gloom of that horrible night,
There's no one ever will know; for two days more
The death-white shroud of the tempest covered the island from sight.

How they suffered, and struggled, and died, will never be told;
We discovered them all at last when we reached *Gran' Boule* with a boat;
The drowned and the frozen were lyin' stiff and cold,
And the poor little girl with the curls was wrapped in the Captain's coat.

Go write your song of the sea as the landsmen do,
And call her your "great sweet mother," your "bride," and all the rest;
She was made to be loved,—but remember, she won't love you,—
The men who trust her the least are the sailors who know her the best.

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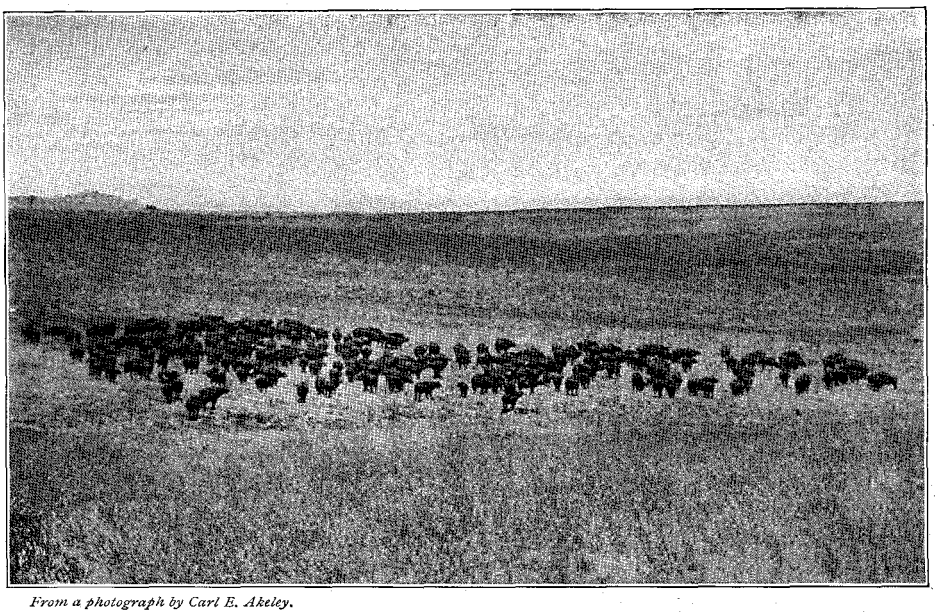

From a photograph by Carl E. Akeley.

Herd of buffalo, upper Tana River.

THE LIFE-HISTORY OF THE AFRICAN BUFFALO, GIANT ELAND, AND COMMON ELAND

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS, AND FROM DRAWINGS BY PHILIP R. GOODWIN

THE BUFFALO

NEARLY a quarter of a century ago the African buffalo were smitten by a terrible scourge, a cattle sickness of such virulent character that as it traversed the continent, from north of the equator to south of the Zambezi, it swept the herds from the face of the earth. Domestic cattle suffered equally, and a few of the big bovine antelopes suffered slightly. Of the buffalo in East Africa and Uganda probably *not one in ten thousand was left alive!* It was an appalling calamity. The destruction was far more sudden than is ever the case when man is the sole agent, and far more complete for the length of time involved. But there was a vital distinction. When the disease had spent its force, it vanished, and the scattered survivors were left free to recover the lost ground. The extraordinary vigor of natural reproductive power, of wild fecundity when there is a vacant place for its action, was then shown to the uttermost. The few remaining buffalo found themselves in precisely the position of the feral horses and cattle turned loose by the Spaniards on the grassy plains of America. They had what was for their purposes a nearly vacant continent to conquer by dint of their reproductive power. Except where civilized man has been present, and in spite of the presence of the native foes of the buffalo, this reconquest has been largely achieved. This fact shows that this animal at least can more than hold its own as far as its brute enemies are concerned, and, where the climatic conditions do not forbid, will populate to near the limit of its food supply. Buffalo are now common beasts in East Africa and abundant in Uganda. The wise policy of the British Government in pro-

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tecting all the big game has aided in this recovery.

The buffalo of the White Nile belongs to the Abyssinian species, or subspecies; while the East African buffalo is identical with the Cape animal. But there is no difference in habits between the two species; although within the limits of the same species there are marked differences between the behavior of the herds in one region and of the herds in another.

East African buffalo shot by Mr. Roosevelt at Kamite Farm.

Buffalo are grazers and are fond of water. They are not beasts of the desert, and, unlike the giraffe, eland, and oryx, they can not exist in nearly waterless regions. They are gregarious, going in herds of from a score to a couple of hundred individuals; and in addition old bulls are found singly or in small parties, while occasionally a herd will consist of nothing but cows, calves, and young stock. Buffalo are hardy animals, and are found in varying and very different habitats, within the limits of their general range. Neither the zebra nor any of the antelopes can adapt themselves to such varying conditions, provided only that there is no dearth of water. In places buffalo live on or near the open, grassy plains beloved of the zebra and hartebeest; elsewhere they live in dense forests; elsewhere they wander in the neighborhood of some river running through waterless flats of grass or thorn-trees; they are found in the high mountains, where the nights are very cold; and they are also found in the low-lying, hot regions near the coast.

In their daily habits buffalo differ both according to the nature of the country, and according to whether they have or have not been much hunted. In places where they live in dense forest and are hunted, they venture into the open only after nightfall; and where much molested they never feed by day, so that observers have treated them as purely nocturnal animals. But I am convinced that these exclusively nocturnal habits are not natural to them. Doubtless they everywhere graze as freely, or almost as freely, in moonlight as in sunlight; and probably the twenty-four hours are often divided into periods of alternate feeding and resting without much regard to light or darkness. But in many places they feed and rest out in the open during the day; and in other places they spend the day in thorn jungle so thin as to afford but scanty cover.

We studied one herd on Heatley's farm, near the Nairobi falls. The buffalo must have numbered over a hundred, and Heatley had carefully preserved them; he had killed one or two bulls, and his Boer farmer had shot another in his garden one night, but there had been so little molestation that the animals were living practically as if there were no men in the country. Sometimes the whole number of animals, or nearly the whole number, went in one big herd. More often one or two

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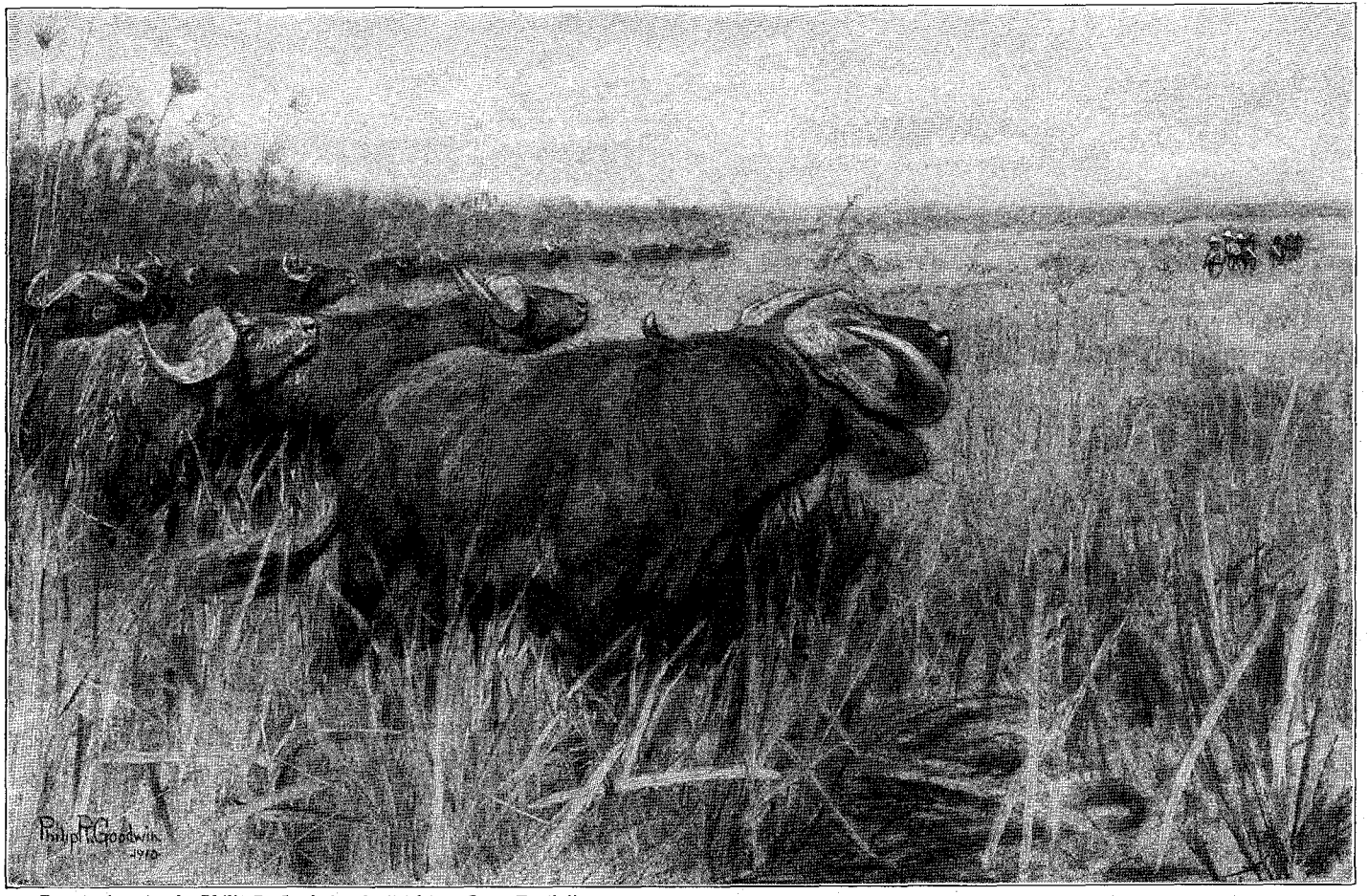

From a drawing by Philip R. Goodwin, for "African Game Trails."

The buffalo are gregarious, going in herds of from a score to a couple of hundred individuals.

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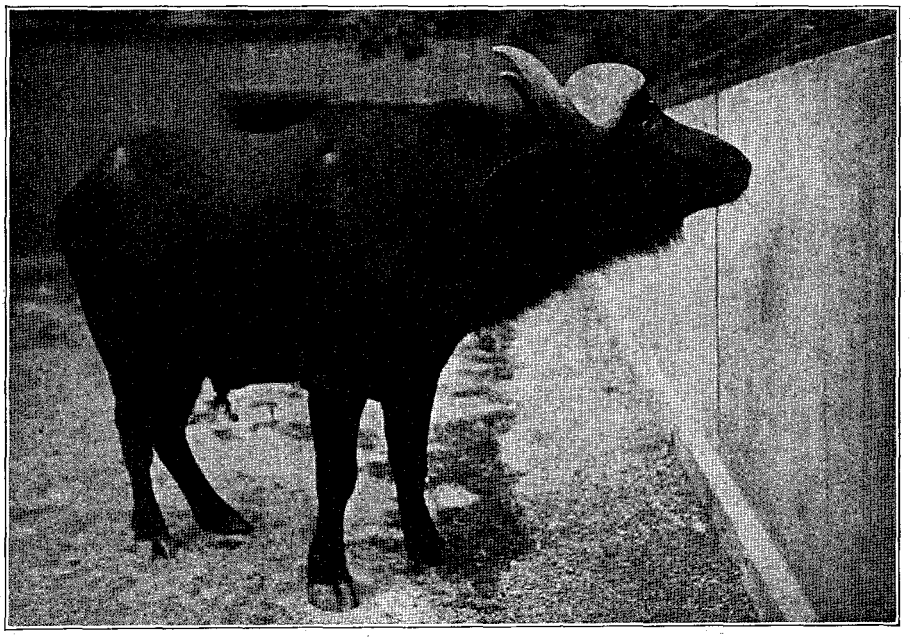
small herds split off from the main one; and there were also outlying bulls, which went singly or in small parties. Their home was in a great belt of papyrus swamp fifteen miles long, or thereabouts, and a mile broad in places. This papyrus belt was a regular morass of slime and water.



German East African buffalo, age six years.
In the National Zoological Park, Washington.

The thick-growing papyrus-stems, with their plumed heads, were twenty or thirty feet tall. The gloomy depths of the morass served as a secure refuge for the buffalo, and they had trodden innumerable trails hither and thither through it. These trails were mere lanes of deep mire and water, with the huge stems of papyrus crisscrossing over them; only the vast strength of the beasts, their short, thick legs and brawny bodies, enabled them to plough their way along them, or at need to shoulder a passage through the reeds. If buffalo were not half-amphibious beasts they could not dwell amid such surroundings. While the herd was among these huge reed-beds it was practically safe from pursuit; that is, a keen hunter would have gone in after them, as a matter of course, if it had been impossible to get them otherwise; but the odds would have been much against the man's success, and the danger would have been serious; and there was no difficulty in getting them outside the reeds. Their station when in the reed-beds was usually marked by the attendant cow herons. These small white herons accompany the elephant, rhino, and buffalo in flocks, frequently alighting on their backs. They catch the grasshoppers and other insects kicked up from the grass by the feet of their hosts. In Heatley's papyrus swamp the cow herons evidently found the dark cover uncongenial. The flock, which accompanied the herd in the open as familiarly as cow buntings accompany cattle in our own pastures, usually perched in a body among the papyrus-tops when the herd was resting near by among the bottom stems. It was a pretty sight, as the white plumage glistened in the sun, and it generally enabled us to know just where the herd was. There was no food for the buffalo in the papyrus, and evidently they liked to rest in the open no less than to graze there. We saw them outside, on the grassy plains, even half a mile away from the papyrus, grazing or lying down, at every hour of the day. We found them grazing outside the reed-beds for a couple of hours after sunrise and then retiring to their wet and gloomy

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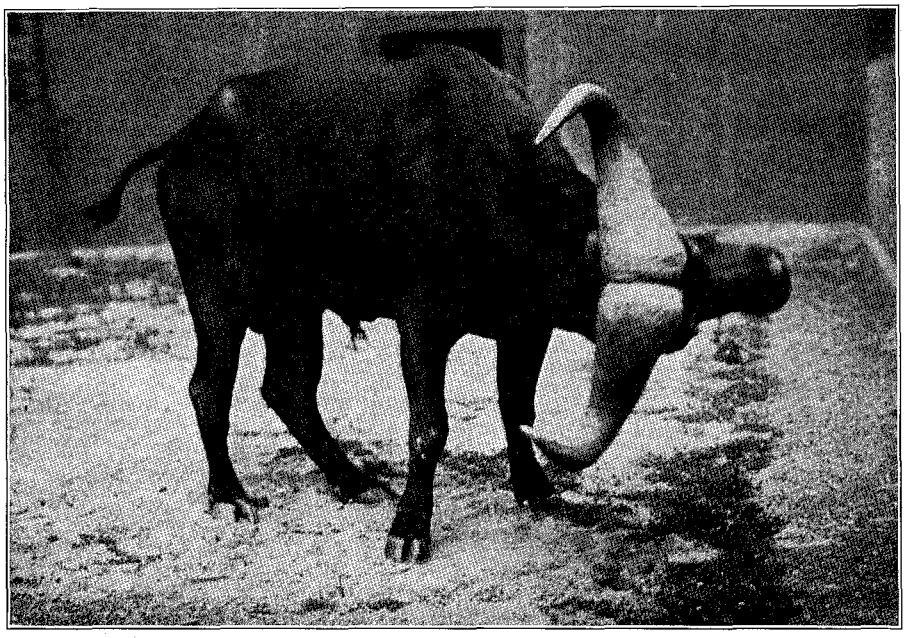
fastness. We also saw them come out to graze in the early afternoon and return to the swamp shortly before sunset. We also found them lying down in the open at about ten in the morning; and up and grazing almost at high noon. There was evidently no invariable routine; and of course these buffalo could get water at any time they wished.



Another photograph of buffalo shown on opposite page.

On the banks of the Guaso Nyiro we found that the buffalo came down to the river to drink every night. Evidently they thought the strip of thick tree jungle alongside the river too narrow to harbor them, and by dawn they were well on their way back to the dry flats and sparse, parched thorn jungle which covered the country away from the river. When I was there the withered thorn-trees gave almost no shade; and while the buffalo rested, standing or lying, the sun shone pitilessly on the black bodies. Following the trails from the river we generally found the animals resting; but we found one herd feeding quite late in the forenoon and another feeding almost at noon. The scent of the buffalo is as keen as that of the elephant or rhino, and its sight far better, so that they are much more difficult to stalk. I never saw anything in the nature of a sentinel; the herd trusted to the vigilance and the sharp senses of its members, individually and collectively.

The Abyssinian buffalo we encountered were in the Lado, on the western bank of the Nile. They were living in country much like that along the Guaso Nyiro, and their habits were substantially those of their Guaso Nyiro cousins. At one camp by a native village we found a herd living in the dense reed-beds, through which they had trampled a tangle of trails. This herd entirely realized that they were safe in their reed fastnesses, and only came into the open country at night to graze. Yet in the same neighborhood there were other buffalo with entirely different habits. These lived among the dry, scattered thorn-trees, which, interspersed with a few other trees, such as palms, covered the surrounding country, but nowhere formed thick cover. There were a few pools at which these buffalo drank. They fed and rested alternately throughout the day and night. I found a bull grazing at midday. They rested standing or lying down, among the nearly leafless thorn-trees, which gave scant shelter from the sun.

Aside from man the buffalo's one enemy

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is the lion. Of course, a crocodile may occasionally take one; or a calf or yearling may be killed by wild hounds; but the lion is the only beast that ever follows the buffalo as an ordinary prey. There are localities where lions prey on buffalo almost solely, just as in some other places they prey almost exclusively on domestic cattle. But where we were, the lions habitually preyed on other game and rarely attacked either buffalo or cattle. In the Lado they killed pig and antelope; in East Africa zebra and antelope. A buffalo is a tough and dangerous beast, and where zebra and hartebeest abound lions naturally follow the easier quarry. On Heatley's farm a family of lions made their day lair in the big papyrus belt which also harbored the buffalo herd. Usually neither interfered with the other, the lion finding ample hunting among the swarming buck of the surrounding plains. Yet one night two lions killed a buffalo heifer just outside the papyrus. A single lion, no matter how large, will rarely, unless very hungry, tackle an unwounded buffalo bull; when one is killed by lions it is usually by a party of them, and the assailants do not always escape scathless, it being no uncommon thing for one of them to be killed or wounded in such a fight. A big lion will kill a buffalo cow or young bull without much difficulty. This is because the lion makes his assault by surprise, and at the outset gets such an effective hold that the doomed buffalo has no chance to exert its enormous strength. A cow with a young calf is so on the alert that she is apt to detect the approach of her foe; and if she does so she herself makes the assault, without any hesitation, and may kill or drive off the lion.

The buffalo is rightly deemed one of the most dangerous beasts of the chase to be found in the world. In unfrequented places, or where it has grown accustomed to domineer over defenceless natives, it will attack unprovoked. Near Kenia, while we were there, a cow buffalo regularly ran amuck through the villages, killing and crippling a number of persons before the young men slew her with spears. Shortly after we left Africa Messrs. Mcmillan and Selous made a trip down the Guaso Nyiro, and one of their porters was charged and mortally hurt by a buffalo. On Heatley's farm passers-by had twice been charged unprovoked by old bulls. But the real danger comes when wounded buffalo are followed, especially into thick cover.

Nowadays, in Africa, buffalo have to be killed on foot, by tracking, or by still-hunting through the country in which they are found. Their heavy bodies and sharp hoofs make it comparatively easy for a good tracker to follow them, and, although their senses are keen, they are easier to stalk than antelope, being easier to see and just as easy to approach when seen. They are everywhere less easy to kill than rhinos. They do not travel such distances as elephants, and hence their chase does not necessitate such wearing fatigue. The actual circumstances of the stalk vary completely with the cover and the local habits of the animals. Beasts that only venture from the forest or thick jungle at night are, of course, very hard to follow successfully. In light, open jungle, or where the beasts feed on the plains near cover in daylight, it is not difficult to bag a buffalo.

Usually there is little danger in the first shot if taken from a reasonable distance; although even under such circumstances there is now and then a determined charge. Following a wounded buffalo is proverbially risky, as I have already said. Veteran hunters differ widely in their estimate as to which beast is the most dangerous; the claims of lion, leopard, elephant, buffalo, and rhinoceros have each been stoutly defended. My own belief, based on all the evidence, is that when a buffalo bull does turn to bay it is to the full as formidable as—and probably more formidable than—a lion, and much more formidable than an elephant, but that it turns to bay far less freely than either. Our own slight experience supported this view, although it was too slight to offer much basis for judgment by itself. Our party killed about a score of lions, a dozen buffalo, a dozen elephant, a score of rhinos, and a half a dozen leopards. The leopards were the pluckiest and most savage of the lot, although, because of their small size, less formidable to life than the other game. It happened that no buffalo charged us, whereas several lions charged with great determination, and two or three of the elephants charged without being molested. Most of the difference was un-

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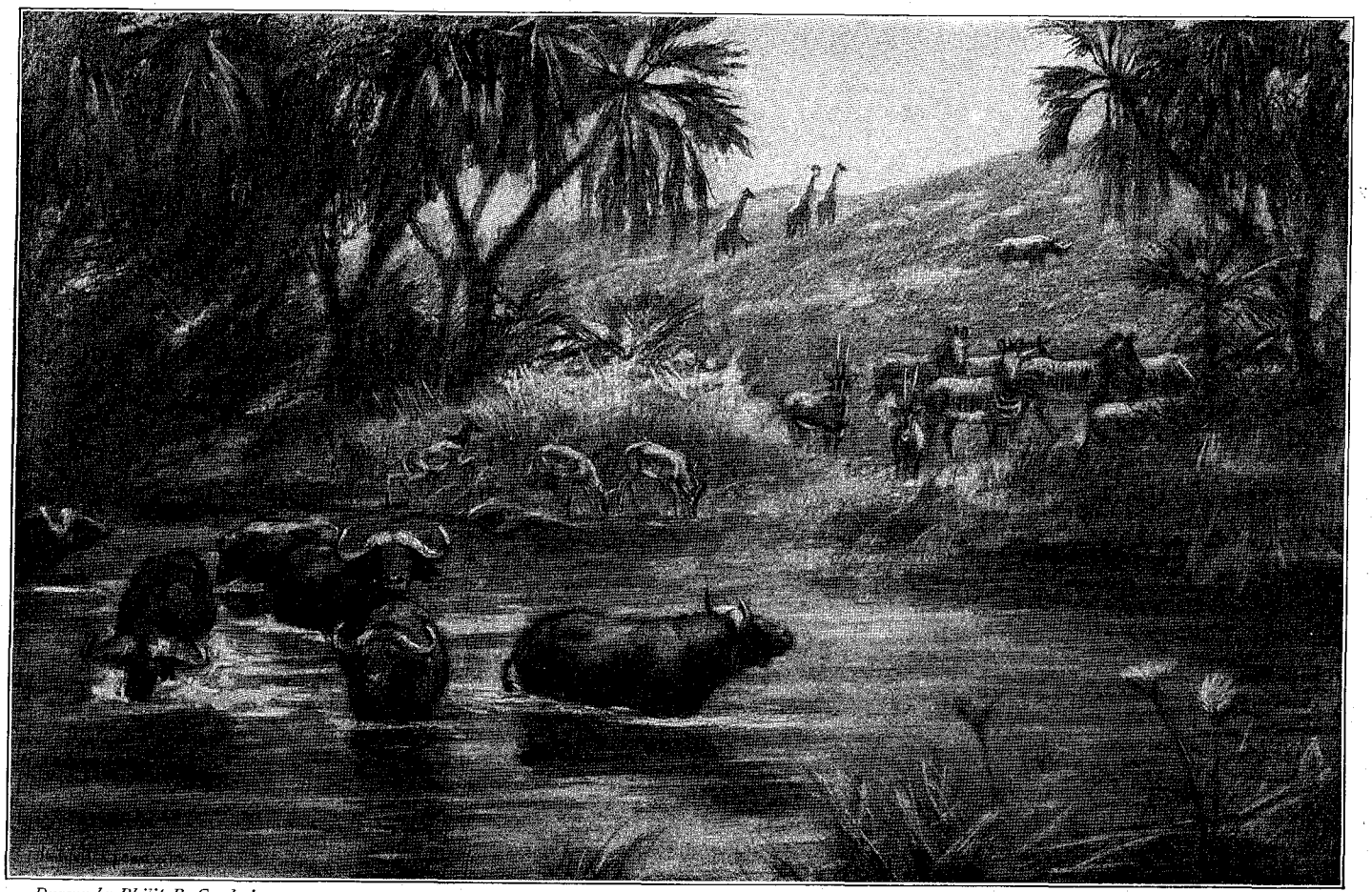

Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin. Buffalo. Impalla. Giraffe. Oryx. Rhinoceros. Grévy Zebra.

On the Gauso Nyiro River.

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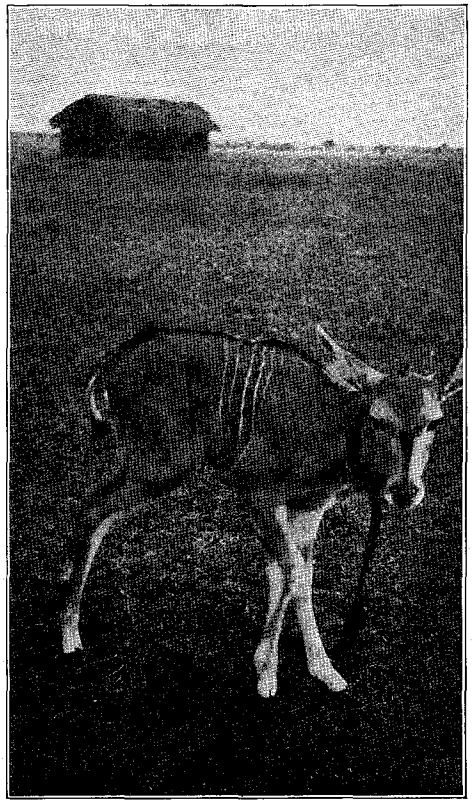
doubtedly due to chance or individual variation. Yet I can not believe that lions would have failed to charge if placed as some of the buffalo were, although the latter did not charge. The first buffaloes we attacked were four bulls grazing outside a papyrus swamp. On our firing at them they ran, not into the swamp, but into the open. At two or three hundred yards they halted. One then fell dead; two others had been wounded. Yet on our walking toward them as they stood facing us—black, ugly, formidable-looking—they lost heart and again ran. All four were killed without charging. Under similar circumstances it is hard to believe that a lion would not have charged; again and again we saw lions turn to bay and charge on less provocation.



East African eland calf.

THE GIANT ELAND

The giant eland has the regular eland horns, although very much magnified, but otherwise it resembles a bongo almost as much as it does the common eland. It frequents open country, covered by a growth of thorn scrub, its haunts being much more like those of the common eland than like those of the bongo; but it breaks the higher branches with its horns like a bongo, something which I have never known the common eland to do. These branches are broken to get at the leaves; we found them broken at a height of seven or eight feet, and the crack of the breaking was one of the sounds for which we listened as we followed the tracks of a herd. The stomach of one of the animals Kermit shot contained the leaves and pods of a small bean-tree, *Lonchocarpus laxiflorus*, and the leaves of the shea butter-tree, *Butyrospermum parki*. (The specimens were preserved by Kermit.)

The country in which we found the giant eland was at that time very dry. The flats of endless dust-colored thorn scrub, which hid everything at a distance of one or two hundred yards, were broken by occasional ranges of low, ragged hills. In the empty water-courses the holes were many miles apart. The thorn scrub was varied by occasional palms, and patches of bamboo, and more often by trees with bright-green leaves and large bean-pods. The elands which we killed had been browsing on the bean-pods and leaves of this tree, and of another less conspicuous tree. They had not been grazing. They drank at some pool before dawn, and then travelled many miles into the heart of the parched flats, browsing as they went. Before noon they halted, standing, or more often lying down, in the scanty shade of some clump of thorn-trees. By mid-afternoon they again moved off, feeding. They walked fast, and when alarmed went at a slashing trot.

They were far more wary than the roan, hartebeest, and other buck found in the same locality. They were found in herds of from ten to thirty or forty individuals; the old bulls, as with all gregarious antelopes, were frequently solitary. The coloring of both the giant eland and the roan antelope harmonized well with the dry

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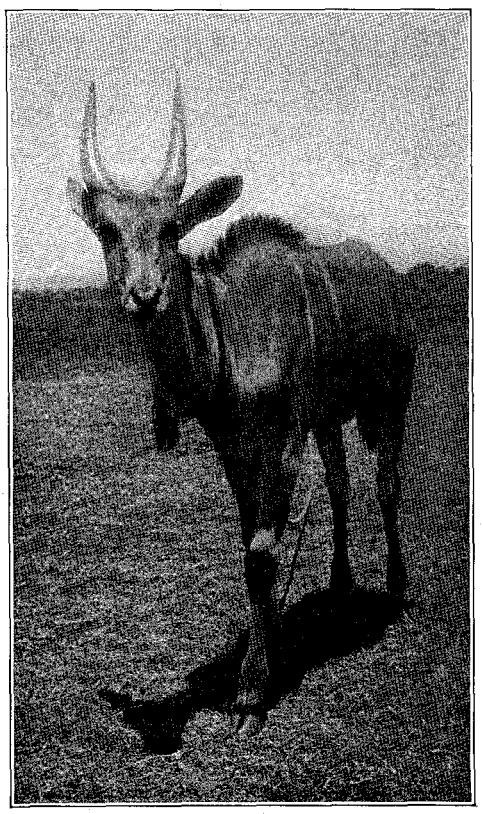
landscape, and they were more difficult to make out than the hartebeests.

These eland are said speedily to leave a district if they are harassed by hunters. They wander far, their wandering being sometimes seasonal and sometimes due to individual vagaries. It is said that in the rainy season, when the grass is thick and tall, they are often killed by lions, which are then able to get so close as to seize them by the head; but that in the dry season few are killed by lions because then the big cat can rarely make his rush from such a short distance as to insure a grasp of the head, while the quarry is so huge and strong that if seized elsewhere it can generally break away.



An immature East African eland.

THE COMMON ELAND

This huge, stately antelope, the size of an ox, was nowhere abundant in East Africa; but we found it fairly common in the Sotik, on the Athi plains, and along the northern Guaso Nyiro. Everywhere it was a beast of the dry, open plains—both those that were bare of everything except grass, and those that were covered with a thin growth of scrub and dotted with clumps of thorn-trees. I have seen it in the edges of forest. Its ordinary gaits are a walk and a slashing trot. If not pressed hard this trot does not tire the animal, and it will go for many miles. When closely pressed or much alarmed it breaks into a gallop. A heavy old bull can not keep this gallop for a mile without exhaustion; but the cows, the lighter bulls, and the young animals run hard, although not as fast as the smaller antelope. Of all African game eland are the easiest to ride down on horseback. I have rounded up a herd quite as easily as I could round up old-style Texan cattle.

It has one habit seemingly inconsistent with its great size and lack of speed, and that is its extraordinary power of leaping. When startled and beginning a run, the huge cows and even the bulls bound like gazelles, leaping clear over one another's backs. It is extraordinary to see such bulky, heavy-bodied creatures spring with such goatlike agility. It would seem that the mechanical reasons which make the trot their natural gait, and make their gallop slower and more tiring than the gallop of the oryx or hartebeest, would also limit their jumping powers; but such is not the case. They are heavier-bodied than the moose or wapiti, with huge necks and barrels, and pendant dewlaps and wrinkled neck-skin; yet for a few seconds after starting they make high jumps of a type which wapiti rarely, and moose never, attempt. The wapiti, however, although their normal gait is also the trot, and although heavy wapiti bulls are speedily exhausted by a hard gallop, at least sometimes run faster than running blacktail deer—I have seen this myself—whereas the eland is at once left behind by frightened oryx or hartebeest—as I have also myself seen. The moose is even more of a trotter than either eland or wapiti. Young moose will occasionally gallop not only when frightened but even when at

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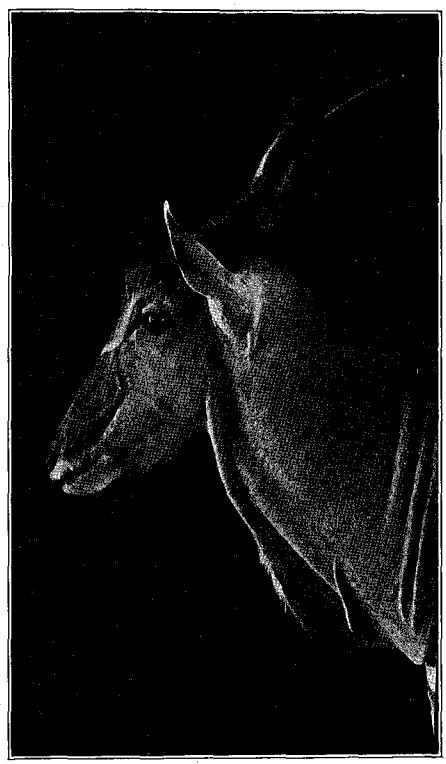
play; but the old animals practically never break their trot, except that, as I have been informed by entirely trustworthy hunters, when suddenly and greatly startled they may plunge forward for a few rods in a kind of rolling run. I once myself saw the tracks where a big (although, perhaps, not quite full-grown) moose had thus plunged for a few jumps at a gallop. These very big and heavy species of antelope and deer evidently find the trot and not the gallop their natural speed-gait, whereas the smaller deer and antelope find the gallop equally natural—although the gerenuk trots fast and the Rocky Mountain blacktail proceeds by buck-jump. The big zebra trots much more freely than the small zebra. From these examples it would seem natural to lay down the rule that increase in size and bulk tends to make the trot mechanically preferable to the canter and gallop. But this does not apply to cattle: bison and buffalo, unlike eland and moose, always gallop when at speed; and the giraffe, which is bigger and heavier than any of the pure trotters, never trots at all, passing immediately from a walk to a canter or gallop. It all illustrates anew how limited our knowledge really is and how cautious we must be in dogmatizing, or in glibly advancing explanation theories of universal applicability.



East African eland shot by Mr. Roosevelt at Loita Plains.

The flesh of the eland is good, perhaps better than that of any other antelope; although personally I sometimes thought tommy and reedbuck equalled it. I do not think the flesh of African antelopes as good eating as the venison of wapiti, deer, prongbuck, and mountain sheep; but it is hard to dogmatize in such matters, for much depends on the cooking, the climate, and the surroundings. The eland is by preference a grass-eater, and is usually fat, which makes him a godsend in the African land of lean animals. I also found eland eating aloe-leaves. When the country is so parched that the eland's food consists of dry leaves from the thorn-trees, the flesh is poor and tasteless. On the whole, eland are warier than any other antelope. They are soft-bodied, and are disabled by a wound which would not cripple one of the smaller antelope or an American deer. So many trustworthy observers report that African antelope are tougher than the deer of the northlands that I suppose they must be right; in my own experience it happened that I was not able to discern any difference between them.

We found eland in herds of from half a dozen to forty or fifty individuals, the two or three big bulls looming above the cows and young stock. We also occasionally came on bulls singly or in pairs. The very old bulls, called blue bulls because the hide shows through the thin hair, were usually solitary. They are so big and dark that I have known an entire safari mistake one for a rhino when seen a little way off in thin bush. Although so big, eland are less pugnacious than any other big antelope; why the eland, and to a less extent the koodoo, are so mild-tempered, when their small kinsfolk the bushbucks are such ferocious fighters, it is impossible to say. Eland are easily tamed. Our own government should make a business of importing, taming, and training them; and the African governments should tame and

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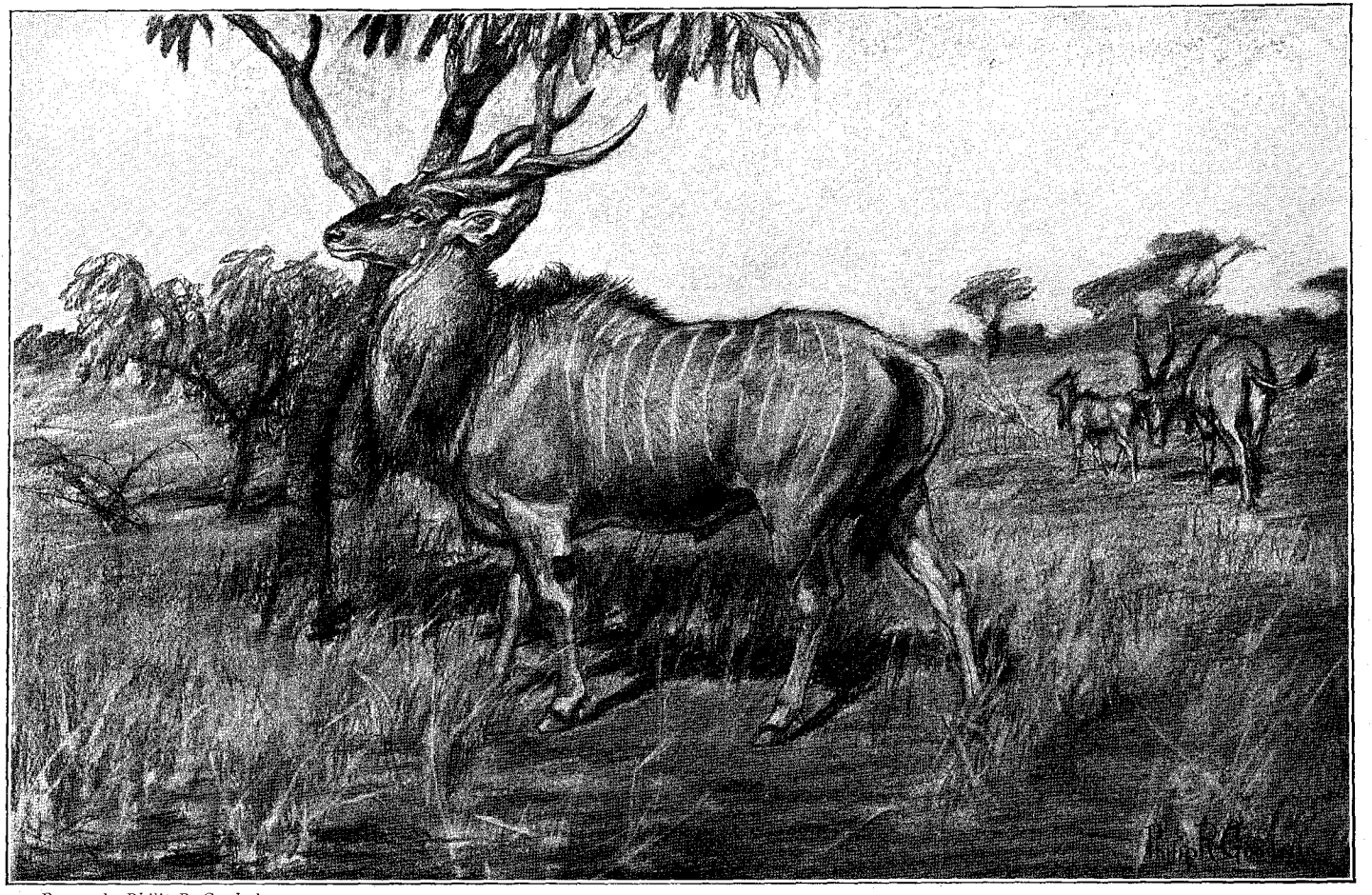

Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin.

The giant eland.

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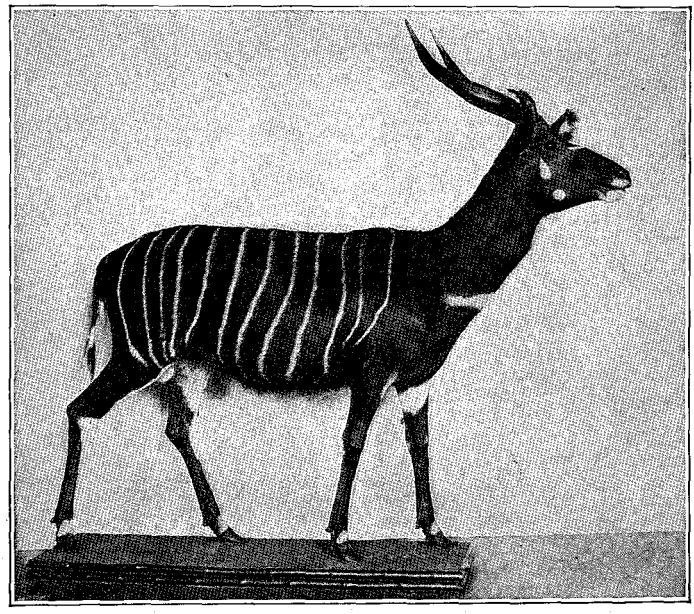
train them at once. In a few generations they would be completely domesticated; they would give excellent food; they could be used as draught animals; and lack of water, and the dire fly-borne cattle diseases of Africa, would have no terror for them. They would be a great addition to the world's stock of domestic animals.



East African bongo, from Mau Escarpment, B. E. A.
Presented to the United States Museum, by W. N. McMillan.

Where we came across eland they were drinking every twenty-four hours. But there seems to be no reason to doubt the fact that in certain desert regions eland, like giraffe and oryx, go many months without water. How this is possible for so huge and fat a beast, in a climate of such intolerable dryness and heat, I can not imagine. No problem is better worth the study of competent field-naturalists.

The eland, like the roan antelope, and the full-grown buck Grant's gazelle, possesses a coat which harmonizes well with the general hue of the landscape in which it dwells. It lacks the bold face-markings of the roan, and the face-markings and body-stripes of the oryx, and therefore, in spite of its size, is perhaps a trifle less conspicuous than either. The thin stripes on its coat have not the slightest effect in either concealing or revealing it; seen sidewise, its body is neither more nor less conspicuous than the unstriped body of a roan antelope. On a bare plain, or when coming to water, all these, and all other big antelope, are conspicuous. In gray, dry thorn scrub the eland is sometimes hard to make out from a distance, *if it is not switching its tail.* But as a matter of fact it rarely stands still for any length of time without switching its tail; the only elands I ever saw in what might be called forest revealed themselves to us when a hundred yards off by the switching of their tails. I doubt whether the eland's color is of even the smallest use to it as against its natural foes. Wild dogs always hunt purely by scent, leopards only occasionally kill an eland calf; the lion is the only foe that need be considered. On the rare occasions when lions hunt by day they do sometimes use their eyes—Governor Jackson has described a party of lions hunting eland by sight. But, unless wounded, the eland, though far less conspicuous in color than zebra, hartebeest, or wildebeest, and even than oryx or roan, makes no more effort to hide than any one of these, its constant companions. While unwounded it never crouches or slinks, or seeks to take advantage of cover, like a bushbuck or oribi. A

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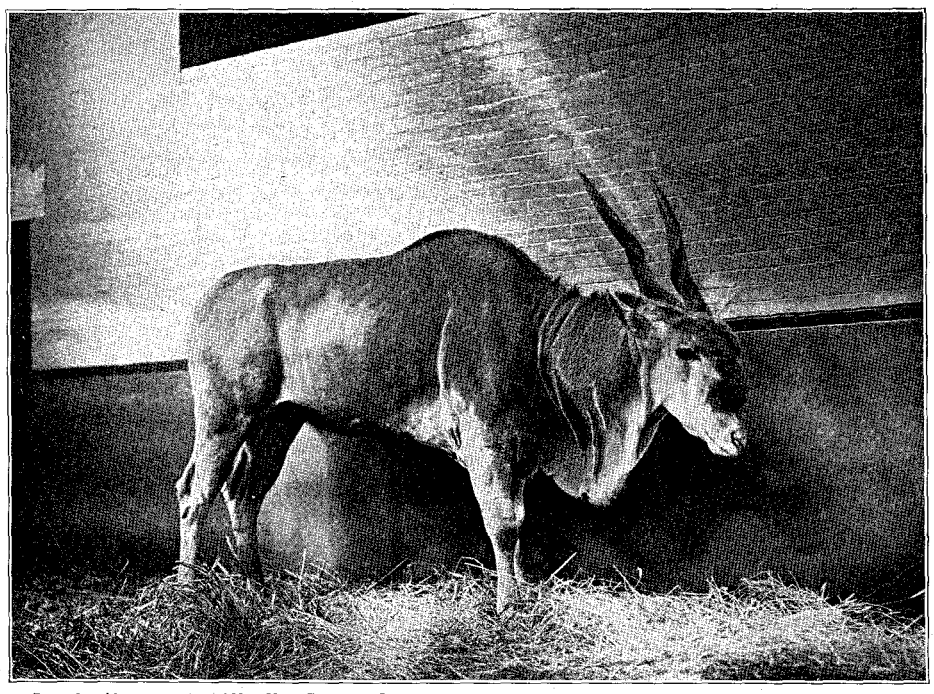
herd rests like cattle, lying down or standing; and always there is some little play of ears or tail, sufficient to insure the attention of any beast of prey which is on the lookout in the neighborhood. Moreover, the elands lie down or stand resting during the heat of the day, when no beast of prey is abroad. In the morning and afternoon they are feeding; they then make no effort to hide, and are sure to be seen by any watchful foe which is trusting to its eyes for success. Ordinarily lion trust far more to nose than eyes, until close up, when the shade or markings of the coat become utterly unimportant. At night, especially on the very dark nights when the lion is boldest, probably his sense of smell is his only guide until he makes his final rush; and in any event on such a night all colors seem alike. Therefore, although the eland's coloring, like that of the wild ass or male Grant's gazelle, is probably more concealing than that of any of the other antelopes or of the zebras, it has no effect whatever on the animal's habits, and probably in actual practice is of no consequence to it, one way or the other, as regards its foes. At any rate the coloration is not a factor of survival value. The stripes, which closet theorists have treated as of concealing value to the eland, are of no concealing use whatever. They are probably gradually disappearing; they diminish the farther the animals are found from the probable original centre of development in the middle-African forests; and in the form farthest from this, the South African form, which has certainly been the last to be differentiated, the stripes have completely disappeared. This of course means that they have no concealing value such as to make them in even the slightest degree a factor in securing through natural selection the survival of the wearer under the conditions of the existing environment. The eland is certainly less plentiful than the other antelopes which possess a more advertising coloration; and it is more shy, and, instead of seeking to elude observation, prefers to station itself where it can detect its foes at a distance and run off. If the color of its coat were of benefit to it, it would certainly act so as to get that benefit, and this it never does. Evidently its coloration is an entirely negligible factor so far as its survival is concerned.



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South Af ican eland.

Showing absence of body stripes and white chevrons on snout.

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THE MINSTER STATUE ON CHRISTMAS EVE

By Benjamin R. C. Low

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES CULLEN

THE storm has ceased for you below,
Up here the flakes still fly;
In sweeping gusts they come and go
About these battlements of snow:
With you the worst is by.

The comfort of your homeward feet
Is missing, here on high;
Ye darken down each twilight street,
And some ye pass and some ye greet:
Here it is open sky.

Happy, ye make your candles glow,
Each tree a cherub shrine;
Happy, your stars are kindled so:
Out of the rifts of whirling snow
I grope the skies for mine.

The branches of your gracious trees
Are tenderly bowed down;
Ye scatter gifts, of joy and ease:
My gifts are thorny galaxies,—
A cross, or else a crown.

My sword-hilt sparkles at my side;
Accoutred still, I stand:
Ye ride no more, who once did ride
With levelled lance and puissant pride,
To carve me through the land.

My bells, with thunder in their throats
Make music where ye are;
The clamor of their earthquake notes
Down to your peaceful valleys floats
Like starlight from a star.

The storm has ceased for you below,
Up here the flakes still fly;
In sweeping gusts they come and go
About these battlements of snow:
With you the worst is by.

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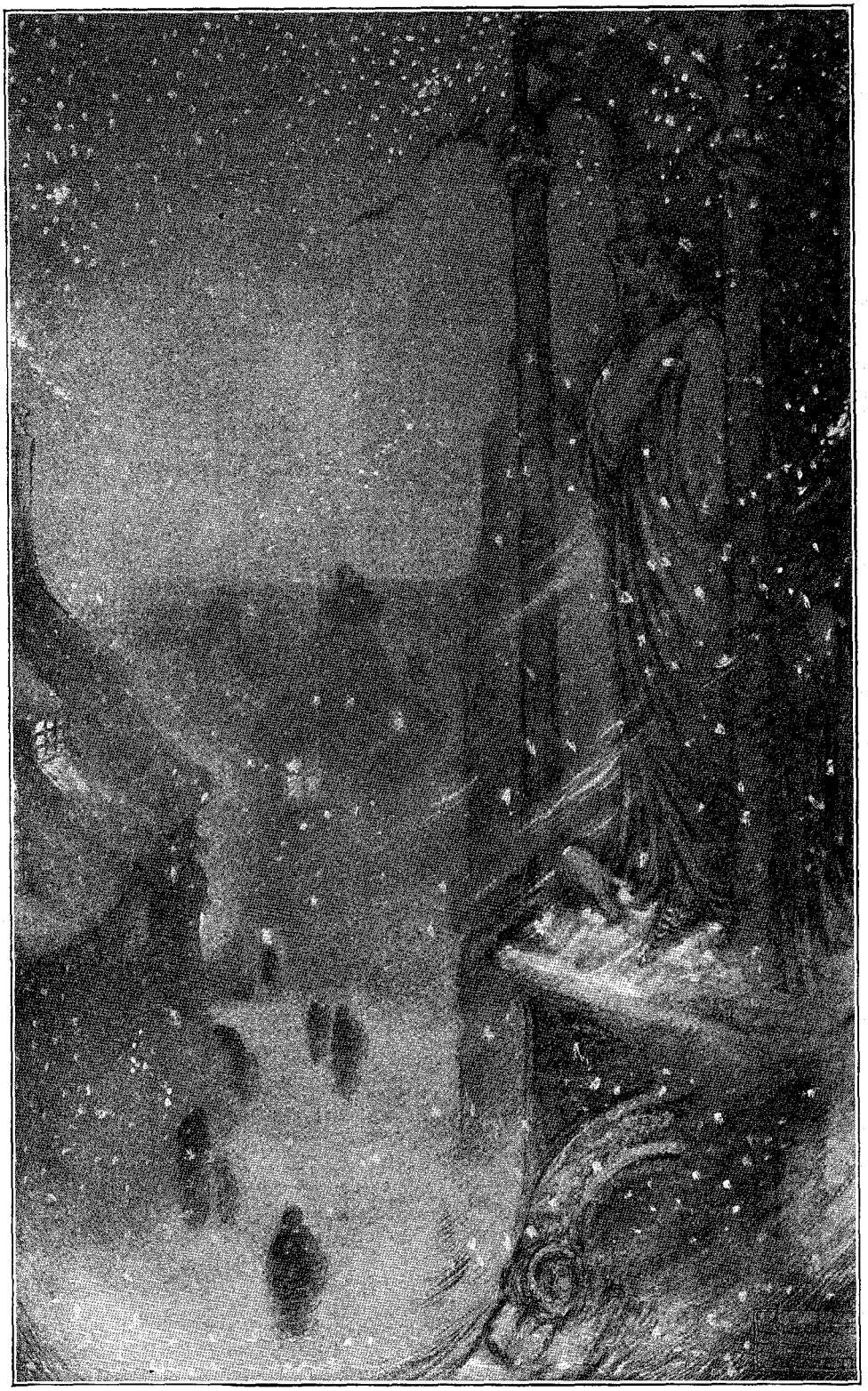

Drawn by Charles Cullen.

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"Where is he?" I asked, trying to get a peep at my assassin through the weeds.—Page 697.

MASQUERADE ISLAND

By Georgia Wood Pangborn

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD GILES

I WAS alone out on the Point trying to think what I was going to do with Grace Airley now I'd got her, for she had been telling me how we were to spend our honeymoon, and about the castles we were to buy, and had ended by touching me for her bridge debts; so I was thinking maybe I'd have to go to work, after all, when I looked out to sea just in time to see the dear old *Drusilla* rounding the Point.

But I had no more than said, "Well, I'll be damned!" to the *Drusilla's* heels than I heard a woman scream out my name, and, turning quickly, saw little Polly Beeson, one of the Airley maids. What had scared her was more than I could guess, for there was never a soul in sight but herself and me; but she fainted dead away before I could ask her what was the matter. By the time I had got to her she had opened her eyes and raised up on one elbow.

"Drop in the grass! Then work your way over the bluff—under the roots that hang over. Get up under them—dig down into the sand and cover yourself with it—" Then she began to cry.

I said, "Whatever *is* the row?" and stood still, looking down at her. She struck at me like a cat for my slowness.

"I tell you, get *down!* There'll be time enough to talk when you're hidden."

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I searched my conscience for anybody who had reason to hate me. I couldn't think of any one, but I dropped. "Where is he?" I asked, trying to get a peep at my assassin through the weeds, but she only shook her head impatiently, motioning me to be quiet.

"You'll have to stay here all night," she announced presently. "I'll try to get food to you, and we may be able to plan something." But her tone was not hopeful. "And, mind you, *keep down!* Once you're found I can't do anything more."

She rose and without another look at me started back along the beach. I looked out to sea, and saw the *Drusilla* again, hull down this time, going into a pink and gold sunset. She and the sun dropped together, and then I heard the cheering. Like a baseball field in the distance—just exactly.

I lifted my head above the fringe of grass where Polly had left me, and the land side of all those big cottages of ours, that had been solemnly boarded up for the winter that afternoon, was blazing with light, the windows shining as if it were the height of the season.

So *that* was it! Our incomparable Islanders, fisher-folk trained for twenty years as maids and butlers, were in the habit of skylarking with the property left in their care. Polly's horror had prepared me for a more dignified complication than that. Why, *I* wouldn't tell on them! I would merely stroll down there among them, jolly them a little, tip like a giant, and grin like the quality of mercy.

But when the cheering stopped and the surf was the only noise left, I began to hear—the merest insect thread of sound—a *voice*. At that distance it must have been an extraordinary one to sound so clearly. It kept up for an hour.

I couldn't distinguish a word, of course, but it made me think, that voice, of how Captain Kidd and his crew are said to have meddled with our Islanders' ancestry somewhere back, and I wondered how it would have sounded bawling orders against a gale. I meekly crouched down as Polly had ordered while a strong sea-wind set in, blowing the sand in my face and stirring up a choppy blackness between me and my own world—a blackness that was presently shot with drifts of white of all sizes, from elephants to sheep and doves, doing a devil's dance to the sky-line.

I was cold and hungry. As it seemed impenetrably dark, I got up at last to walk up and down, stamping to keep warm. Pirates? It had not occurred to me before that our agreeable and useful Islanders were different from any other of those human appliances we engage to take most of the details of living off our hands. But now the thread of that mighty voice persisted in my ear like a mosquito. Captain Kidd? My startled mind reviewed the incidents which had made us decide to recruit our Island servants wholly from the natives. Twenty years ago that decision had been reached, after a series of casualties—drownings, falling from cliffs, a suicide or two—until we were like to have been without any service at all, for not a man Jack would come with us from the mainland. Then old Beeson had appeared from nowhere in particular, and after that there had been no more trouble—none at all. It had been a service of oil and honey. The whole colony of us shut up the Island in the fall and went away, and in the spring came back to it to find everything as we had left it, polished, shining, and oiled, an uncrumpled rose-leaf, ointment without a fly.

But now their faces—that dark, hawk-like Island type—began to start out at me like objects in a fog. Once I had squarely met the eyes of that old patriarch Beeson, the Airley butler. I had been having a little collision with a maid and a tray. He happened in as the mess was being wiped up, and—the look he gave me! It smoothed out directly the maid spoke, and yet there was something about it that lingered tinglingly. Beeson wasn't the hawk type; he was smooth and pale and bland, like—and a cool sensation trickled down my spine—like Long John Silver. I had fully decided that he was the orator of the evening; yet thinking of Devries, the club barber, whose profile was like Savonarola, I reserved a suspicion of him also. That bleak sea-wind helped my fancy to dress up both old rascals with handkerchiefs around their heads, rings in their ears, and sashes stuck full of cutlasses and pistols, and set them to pacing quarter-decks, having burst out

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of their smug livery like chickens out of shells. I was falling into a drowsy nightmare about keelhauling, when there was a rustle not made by the wind, and little Polly Beeson came up in a gray dress that was invisible against the sand and made a ghost of her.

"I've brought you some food, but you mustn't stop to eat it now. Hurry! Come down to the beach. *Don't* stand up against the sky-line!"

"The tide will cover our steps," she panted. It was already coming in, and she ran so close to the water that her feet splashed in it now and then. And so for two miles we scurried like sandpipers, then up a sandy bluff to the deserted fisher-huts. She pushed open a door that swung on one hinge.

"You must get along without light or heat," said she, and with no more than that was gone again in the windy dark. A fog was riding in, and its tears hung thick on my white flannels. I gazed sorrowfully at the capable fireplace. Had not light and heat been taboo, I might have summoned up philosophy of a sort. As it was, I ate what Polly had brought gratefully, distinguishing cake from meat by touch and smell, then fubbed off my discomfort with a cigarette, seating myself on a whale's vertebra, which seemed intended to serve as a chair. And so, leaning my head upon my folded arms, I fell asleep.

When I woke there were voices outside the door and it was light.

"Polly, Polly!" a man was saying. "Who's the stowaway this time, Polly?"

As she made no answer, he went on: "I don't think I can bear to see you cry, Polly. Maybe I'll help. Is it Watkins?"

"Oh, well!" came her answer at last, and the tears in it were plain, "he was out on the Point when the *Drusilla* sailed. I —well, I thought at first it was you, and was running to catch up, and then—I went all to pieces! I finally got him scared enough to hide. But, oh, why did they have to begin their noise before the patrol had been around? Twenty-four hours would have saved him."

"Perhaps some of us think twenty-four hours of liberty more important than the welfare of Mr. Watkins."

She gave a little wail of protest. "Welfare! But, Billy, this one isn't a bad sort—really. Why, if one dispensed with all the people in the world that haven't anything the matter with them except general uselessness— He's not a Hathaway! *That* one— I'd never have interfered for Hathaway."

"I should say not!" He was silent for a space, then observed interestedly: "D'you know, I've sometimes wondered whether we shouldn't think better of these people if we saw them on the mainland. This is their playground. Now, when they go back, they—they work at something, don't they?" He spoke with the calm speculation of the ethnologist. He really did not know. Neither did Polly.

"I suppose they must," she agreed doubtfully; "but they don't talk about it —at least the women don't."

They seemed to give the subject a moment's silent wonder, then Billy said crisply: "Well, suppose we go in to the patient?"

The door opened and I saw that Billy was the big life-saver whose stunt was sitting around the bathing beach all summer and towing back the girls when they got to showing off too hard. But now, instead of being a splendid bronze statue in blue trunks, he was dressed like all the other Islanders when out of livery, in millionaire cast-offs, very tight across the shoulders and flappy around the waist. His red-bronze face—how did it happen that in all the many times I had seen the man I had never known what eyes he had? Meeting them now, full, my question that had been conceived with something of threatening dignity fell peevish and impudent. Nevertheless, I got it out:

"And what was it happened to Hathaway?" I asked.

"Went to Africa to hunt lions, didn't he?" answered Billy calmly. "Why, have you news of him?"

"I seemed to have, just now."

"Oh!" cried out Polly; "all my fault!" and turned away with her hands over her face.

Billy looked at me very intently.

"Did you know him well? Does any one over there"—he motioned seaward with his head—"want him back?" And as I hesitated what to answer: "Suppose we forget him, then."

I looked toward Polly, who was sobbing in a corner.

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"Shall we forget him?" said Billy.

"For the present," I conceded.

"For all time, or Polly and I walk away and leave you to shift for yourself."

But I shirked the issue, and avoiding the brightness of his eyes let my glance travel critically about the deserted cabin, picking out the sagging door, the blight and mildew upon the poor furnishings.

"You don't seem to be using your own houses much," I remarked.

"Why should we?" he quietly retorted. "We've stopped being fishermen, haven't we? And you've built up our moors and replaced our roses and yellow clover and huckleberries with formal gardens. Must we, then, stay out of your comfortable empty city and huddle all winter in our huts, worse off than our parents before you came? Men expect strange things of each other," said Billy Strait.

"I don't see any great objection to Box and Cox," said I, "if you vacate in time and don't injure things, but when it comes to putting witnesses out of the way, as you admit you did with Hathaway . . ."

Billy strolled over to the window, where Polly was keeping a lookout. "You'll soon be able to talk that over with some one who can answer you better than I," he threw over his shoulder.

But Polly, darting from the window, pushed me backward into a musty little closet, closing the door after me, while creatures disturbed by my entry scuttled into crevices.

"Give him more time!" I heard her plead. "It was all my fault. I could never be happy if *that* happened through me. Don't you see?"

"I see that you are wonderfully anxious about him."

"Why, Billy! you don't . . . you're never thinking I *care* for him!"

He did not answer at once. "For a moment I was puzzled," he said at length, "but I see. Of course. Kiss me, and then we'll talk to them."

Mingling with his words came the soft crunch of steps in the sand, and directly Polly's voice, pretending laughter: "Here we are, boys!"

"Hello, Polly! Well, well—and Billy, too! Back to the old sod!" came the reply with cheerful humor.

I gathered an impression that the room was crowded. There was a suppressed moving about, a sound of breathing as if from ten or a dozen people.

"How long have you two been here?" The question was rasped out sharply, and at the same time something rubbed heavily against the door of my cupboard, as though a man were leaning there. In a panic lest the weak hinges should give way I softly placed my own shoulders as a counter brace, and there we stood, back to back, with only the rotting wood between us.

"Ten minutes—maybe half an hour. Why, Connie?" asked Polly tranquilly.

"Have you seen anything in our line?"

The first voice broke in with some indignation. "Now, look here, who's in charge here anyway, and since when have we taken to bothering the girls about our business? There's nobody here but Billy and Polly. Get out! For'rd *march!*"

Straightway the shoulders against which I had been so anxiously leaning were withdrawn, and had my recovery not been of the quickest I should have betrayed myself then and there by falling into the room. I heard them, as I thought, all go out, and there being no voice or movement for several minutes, concluded that Polly and Billy had accompanied them. Nevertheless I remained as I was, and I had not long to wait before there was once more a step in the sand—a man's step; Billy returning, no doubt. I drew a breath of relief. The step entered the doorway, making a gritty sound of wet sand ground between the rubber sole and the floor, crossed directly to my hiding-place, and the door was thrown wide.

"You may come out now, Mr. Watkins," said the sharp voice, and I looked into the hawk-face of young Devries. He was his father's assistant at the club. I had been shaved by him once, and when he had cut me most inexcusably I had expressed my mind with great freedom. I don't know whether he was remembering that incident as we faced each other there; but I was, vividly.

He covered me with a revolver.

"Oh, put it up!" said I, trying to assume an air of bored indifference. "I sha'n't try to fight a whole island full of lunatics."

He made no conversation as we started back along the beach. The fog was rolling seaward. A stormy sunlight touched

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the water to flame for perhaps a mile, and beyond that it was a curtain of milk. In this open space the gulls were manœuvring as thick as flies, and squawking like the devil's barn-yard. The tide was low, and the wet scallops lay scattered like purple and yellow pansies; a thick ridge of heavy seaweed was shot through with gleams of silver, the tiny bodies of a stranded school of little fish.

The fog suddenly fading for a mile or so more revealed the lines of a four-masted schooner perilously near the bar. Now, with the going of the fog, her sails were blossoming with panic swiftness, as she prepared to withdraw her foot from where it never should have been. Her sails were the only ones in all the ocean, it seemed. And strange enough it was to see the water empty of all our gay little craft. The emptiness of the beach was strange enough, too, and the silence. I missed the Casino band. But as I walked obediently shoulder to shoulder with my sinister companion I was thankful that the sun shone and that all was so calm and lovely. My eye was greedy for the morning's beauty; things I had never seen before seemed wonderful, desirable, and worth investigation. It should be easier, I thought with some satisfaction, for a man not greatly trained in courage, to meet his greatest personal crisis acceptably on a day when sky and sea were not forcing their melancholy upon his attention. But there was an ominous quality in that sunlight, even then, and somewhere over the horizon's edge one felt the autumn storms in ambush.

As we turned the Point the curving ranks of the shore cottages revealed all their sea windows demurely boarded. Plainly no chance boat with inquiring glasses would guess that anything upon the Island was not as its owners would approve. But before we came to the houses we left the beach and, ascending the bluff stairs, struck into the shore bridle-path, and here there began to be signs of that masquerade of which I had been made aware the night before. The streets were nearly as full as before our people deserted them, and the same costumes were grouped in approximately the same gathering-places. There was a tennis match on in the Casino court, and across the links a red-coat was moving leisurely, accompanied by a crisp white duck figure. It was very complete, very well done. I stopped in spite of young Devries and his silly revolver and laughed consumedly.

"Gad!" said I, "I wouldn't have missed this for the mint!"

"That's fortunate," he returned. "There's a whole lot more of it, you know."

And then, with a most military fife and drum, a surprising procession turned the corner.

"Who are those?" I asked in surprise. "You didn't get *that* out of our book!"

A large company of boys in khaki were swinging down the street in fine formation to the tune of Yankee Doodle. Not one one of them was over eighteen—some not over twelve. Children, all of them with solemn, red-cheeked faces—splendid children, and their eyes were all of that strangeness which had cowed me in Billy Strait's. The strangeness, I think, of the sea.

"There's more than you would like to know about them," said Devries, ambiguously. "However, they are the glorious army of caddies and button boys, the little pages and messengers of all sorts. Too many, eh? That's what they think, too. I'm afraid you'll have to build a few more palaces if *all* the population of Sunny Sea is to find employment." He stopped with me, his eyes following them with a curious expression: amusement, envy—something else. "Damned if I know the answer!" he said, quite to himself, when they had passed.

Devries did not enter the Airley house by the most open way. We skirted about through byways and hedges, and at last went in by the servants' entrance. A man whom I recognized vaguely as one of the club waiters rose up hastily. He appeared to have been expecting us.

"You can't go up just yet," he whispered. "Your father came in half an hour ago, looking as if he couldn't start in too soon to please him. Manson is there, too, and DeSaussure and Prado. I don't see how old Beeson *can* hold out."

"What am I to do with this, then?" Devries indicated me with his pistol. "I'm due up there to help father, you know."

"Oh, run it into the cellar!" said the other glancing at me with a careless eye, in which I read no memory of my large

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tips. "Tie him if you want to, but he couldn't get out of a pasteboard hat-box if somebody shut the lid on him."

Yet in this they carried their scorn to too great length, for when I was a boy, before all my ambitions were killed by choking them with butter, there had been one which I had all but carried through when my mirthful and horrified family put a stop to it. So when they mentioned tying me I had to call up my poker face to hide my elation, for I knew, as well as the master magician who had taught me, how to so let myself be tied that no rope could hold me. But I drooped my head in a downcast way and went sighingly to my dungeon, submitting to Devries's hasty tying with the limp air of a man wholly without hope.

He did it rapidly and I thought even in his hurry there was a humane attempt not to draw the cords too tight nor pull my arms into an uncomfortable angle. It was not so, surely, that the old buccaneers, his ancestors, were careful of their victim's comfort.

As I rapidly slipped out of the knots which, thanks to the only useful training I ever had, were no knots at all, I meditated with some wonder on this evidence of the world having fallen on gentler times. Educated and merciful pirates, who put the worm upon the hook as if they loved it! But I began to fear it was none the less a hook.

Overhead there was the dull shuffling of many feet, and now and then a raised voice reached me, but I could not distinguish anything that was said. I started on a tour about my prison trying to find the place where the voices sounded most clearly. Evidently there was great excitement under way, and this gave me hope. For their regard of me seemed so slight at best (or worst) that if they really got to quarrelling I might be forgotten altogether, and then I knew I could handle a small boat well enough to take me out to the track of the incoming steamers.

Hunting closely after the voices, then, I found myself in a bin, as it seemed, of pungent fine ashes, and looking upward distinguished a line of light overhead. I brought an empty box, and standing on it contrived to make out some system of chains and pulleys which I have since learned was Colonel Airley's own device for letting the ashes out of his great fireplace. The crevice left by the ill-working of this trap now furnished me a space to hear, and by a wonderful neck-breaking distortion I could manage to get a meagre view of the room; a view, at least, of feet—the well-shod feet of my own friends they seemed, yet with a difference.

At the head of the dining-table the stout white canvas appendages that should have been Colonel Airley's own were in the position of standing; all the others at an angle which indicated that their owners were seated. The tan feet of Judge Brinley were there, too, but the enlarged area that gave ease to his gouty steps was now wrinkled and flat. In a general way the foot-gear gathered at that end of the table appeared to be that of elderly men. But at the middle there began a division of more youthful foot-wear, red or variegated hoisery, pumps, and carefully tied bows. It was instructive, too, to note the placid stolidity of that upper elderly half of the table as against the restless shuffling of the other.

The debate was on. The calm and sonorous voice of old Beeson, standing in Colonel Airley's shoes, was concluding as I took my place; I was too late to distinguish anything he said. But as the white ties resumed the position of sitting, the gouty tan ones of Judge Brinley quickly stood, and I heard the voice of old Devries—not the soft "Shampoo, sir?" tone, but one that went better in accord with his face. A clear, harsh voice of great power, whose ancestors had been trained in shouting orders against great sea-winds, the voice of the old buccaneer, red-sashed, with sea-legs well apart standing upon his deck and bellowing against the gale. I seemed to see him, cutlass in fist, engaged in matters of gold and slaughter, and I sought and found a way to draw my legs up among Colonel Airley's pulley chains, so that I could suspend myself in the flue with enough ease to my muscles to last for some time, and, I hoped, with some security from any who might come to seek me.

"Governor Beeson has stated," he began, "that twenty years is not long enough for the magnitude of the experiment we have undertaken. He reminds us also that it was begun with the consent of us all;

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and that is true. But there is now a new element to be considered. Beeson and I, who are old, may be content with winter fireside and book as the guerdon of the summer's bitter humiliation; but as to those who are young—have we the right to force our quiet and humble ways upon them? We accepted the fat living which came from the mainland because it seemed to us that our children, feeding upon it with the clean sea-winds of the winters as a digestive, might develop into a race able to go forth into the world and take up the work of the world with a greater capacity than those in whose hands it now lies. It was a great and worthy purpose, and let none be more eager than I to give homage to him who conceived it, and in whose hands the carrying out of it has chiefly lain. But I now speak for those who maintain that our long dissembling has served its purpose, who claim that further servitude will wholly defeat the end toward which we have struggled for so long. From these windows you hear now the fife and drum and the many marching feet of that generation for which we have done and suffered many things. They are children to-day, but to-morrow they will be men. Are these, then, to continue in the service of weaklings from whom we have already gained everything of value which they had? Are we to subject them to the corrupt air which surrounds such potential Neros as the wretch Hathaway, who now corrupts no more? We accepted these pseudo-owners of our Island as we would have accepted a shoal of fat fish—for our own good. We have thrived upon them, indeed, for we have not only fed ourselves and our children upon their unused books, but we have followed each step in the construction of their great houses. We know how all things here are made. Their owners do not. We are architects, mechanics, electricians in our own right. Our husbandry of their well-supplied larders has given us such leisure from the immediate necessities that we have been able to make researches of our own. But we have now drained them dry as a sucked orange, empty as the shells upon the beach when the birds have fed. Wherefore I submit, with all humility but with firm conviction, there are but two courses open to us: Either this young life for which we have endured so much must go to the mainland, and there take its chances with the other young life of the race, or—we must *take our Island back!*"

With that amazing sentence he was seated, and there was a long silence. The only comment made by the calm white shoes of old Beeson was the lifting of one foot to cross one knee over the other. It also moved slightly as with negation; so might there be a flicker of motion in the tip of a lion's tail long before he had made up his mind to roar.

Upon the sound and fury of old Devries followed the harsh voice of some man not accustomed to expressing himself in public: a shy man, but terribly in earnest, and the shoes that he stood in were also upon the elders' side of the table.

"I stand with Devries here," he said. "We want our Island back. And we don't care how we get it. I wonder our grandfathers don't turn in their graves, that I do; but their bones are scattered at the bottoms of all the seas there are, and their souls—able seamen every one—are in a blessed place where no knowledge of their blood's degeneracy can trouble them. Get it back for our children. Give them the moors to run free upon as we did before them. Give them back the ocean and the man's work to their hands that lies in the handling of one poor smack, to say naught of the old whaling-vessels. How does wealth come to be polluting this honest sea air? What did the land lubbers want of this island, anyhow? I say let the money go back to the cities and the half-men it breeds there, or by the Lord, we'll send it all to Davy Jones! We're a nation all by ourselves, you keep saying; well, then, let's declare war and do as other nations do in war—scuttle their ships, while they are in 'em, by thunder, and give it out 'twas a tidal wave did it! We haven't played a part all these years without getting smart enough to put through one more deal. Then the boys out there could go to colleges on the mainland or stay here as they liked, with equal freedom and safety. I expect to be howled down by the humane contingent here, but I tell you the things done in this world that stay once they are done have to be glued together with somebody's blood. You can't make an omelet without breaking eggs, and you can't

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make a nation, even in miniature, without cracking the heads of those who stand in your way."

He sat down with a thump and straightway the room was buzzing. I was comforted by the many hisses that greeted the bloodthirsty old pirate, but there were fierce sounds of approval, too, and the feet, the expressive feet that I had been watching—as one watches the emotions of a face, were all flat-soled upon the floor and at alert right angles to the legs they supported.

The next speaker rose from the side where the young men sat, and before he had spoken I recognized the softly padding rubber-soled beach shoes that had brought me to this pass. It was young Devries helping his father.

"I go with Prado," he said, shouting to make himself heard above a din which seemed to make nothing of the usual parliamentary rules. They subsided sufficiently to listen. "We take back the Island any way we can get it. We go to the mainland, too. We go when we want to, and come back when we want to. If it's the younger generation for whom you are anxious, give us freedom! Let us see what the world is like for ourselves. I'm too old to be of those out there"—he probably gesticulated toward the street—"but I'm young enough to want to live my life in the world—not here. You say we are better men than those who order us about. Let us go and prove it on their own ground!"

This was answered by a shout from that side of the table, and I saw that they were all upon their feet again. And then at last I saw old Beeson's legs uncross and he slowly rose.

He began by quoting impressively:

"'With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in.'"

He spoke these words solemnly before beginning his reply to those who had been assailing him and his policies. The room was so still that a bit of mortar, dislodged by me, and falling upon the bed of ashes at the cellar-bottom, resounded like an avalanche. But I do not think the telltale sound made an impression upon any ear there. I will not attempt to give that speech in full. A sentence here and there is all I can recover. To a certain extent, however, I can paraphrase.

He began by reminding them that not any of them there present except himself and Devries had ever had any experience of the world except that which had come to them upon their own peaceful Island. "You have never breathed the air of their cities; you have never seen their poor. I have been among their poor; I have accepted the icy charity of their rich. I have seen their pleasures. I have witnessed—and shared—their great, unnecessary sorrows. Among them there are giants; but also there are dwarfs, whose only weapon is a poison wherewith to defend their incapacity. Most terrible of all, however, is their pity, which preserves and caters to the unfit by every resource that their wonderful inventions have placed at their command, until the whole earth is sick with too much life. Not life of thought and high endeavor such as a man's life should be, but life that is little more than motion—foul, like maggots in a dead fish resolving into lower forms. And their law: merciful law, designed to shelter the new life beginning in the wilderness, as the fire-weed, the wild-cherry, and the birch protect the young growth of spruce that is eventually to become a forest, this law has so ramified, so spread its branches, that it has become a thing apart from the people, existing by itself and for itself; not part of their blood and sinew, subservient to their need, but feeding upon them—a cancerous growth. Should *I* not know?"

An impressive pause followed that question. That "I" seemed to hold a deeper meaning than appeared upon the surface. Who was he, then, that, knowing so much of the great nation, he had abandoned it to pour himself out for this toy replica of one?

"I, too, once thought that one should be in the world and of it to be wholly a man. And indeed, I passed for one—even over there."

He paused again, and there was a heavy answering silence. Then he resumed:

"It was as I was beginning to question my own usefulness that there came the knowledge of how this Island, where I had lived a wholesome boyhood, and where, as I seemed to remember, my soul had been made clean daily by the

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sea and its wind—this Island, I learned, was to pass into skilless and selfish hands, the same hands whose touch, I had begun to surmise, was responsible for the blight which I everywhere encountered in that other country—a blight which caused the fabric of great works to crumble to nothing under the fingers of those who might have wrought wonderfully. I returned, as you know, remembering my own people, and thinking that here a man's work among men might count. . . ."

His voice shook. "An Odysseus to his Ithaca," he muttered thickly, then slowly resuming:

"You know what we have done together. That sound of young marching feet along our streets to-day. . . . *Those* are the feet of a great hope! Let none stay them! They are the sons of the sea, but they have also been reared upon the richest food of civilization. And they have thriven—as that great young nation once throve. But they are not ready. If we let them go now they will be overcome by the same confusion that has overtaken that multitude upon the mainland. They would sicken in that air as in the poisonous exhalations of a marsh. But if we can keep them until their full manhood . . . *then* they can go out victorious. Then shall the sick Amfortas look upon the spear. Then shall Rome die again, but not with barbarous tribes upon her throat. Gently and honorably, the old order changing, 'lest one good custom should corrupt the world.'

"Let them then go in the strength of manhood, and they will lead a bewildered people. Let them, and you in their behalf, curb their impatience but a few more winters, endure bondage but a few more summers. I have much to teach you still, and that which I have planned for you lies farther on . . . much farther, yet I swear it is no empty vision nor old man's dream of Paradise. Remember that tale of a wilderness journey which lasted forty years. Shall we then cease our quest at twenty? I, who have humbly tried to be your Moses, I am not yet ready to lay down my rod of office. But let me see so much of accomplishment as that we shall be sending forth not babes to be slaughtered, but men to conquer, and I shall lay my authority at your feet. Until then," his voice rang out with military sharpness, "until then I will protect you against yourselves. Peacefully if I can, but not one life, nor two, nor two hundred shall stand between me and the accomplishment of that thing for which I have striven."

He had won. His little ship of state had ridden out the tempest in a teapot. A vote was taken and they agreed quietly enough to go on for at least another year without change in their peculiar form of rarefied brigandage.

And then . . . they began to talk about me. Great orators they were! I suppose they had been making Demostheneses of themselves through the winter evenings of twenty years, instead of swapping lies on cracker-boxes as their forebears had done. It was Billy Strait who presented my case. I did not at first recognize the character he gave me, and yet . . . I have been meeker since that day.

"It is not," said he in a kind and worried voice, "as in the case of Hathaway, that the intruder is pre-eminently one who should be weeded out of any community. This man is of a cleanly, quiet, studious type, practising virtues, negative as they are, in an environment so foreign to them that they take on an active value. He devotes, I understand, fully half of his great income to those charities which he is persuaded are most effective. He has courage, too, of a sort. I admit that I, for one, if his removal should be deemed necessary, should be saddened by a heavy misgiving as to our ultimate success.

"We are sprung, not so many generations ago, from a race of violent men, shedders of innocent blood. Were this man to die, our young men would hear whispers of it, however secret we might be, and I fear the knowledge would make a crevice for the advantage of an ancestry of evil-doers, who would rush in from that limbo which holds them now, and we should find that with all our care we had but bred a race of wolves.

"I admit the difficulty. That our careful structure should be at the mercy of a careless tongue is wrong, . . . yet . . . this man . . . I think I could trust him. It is not impossible that he might join us . . . with his wealth thrown upon our side. . . ."

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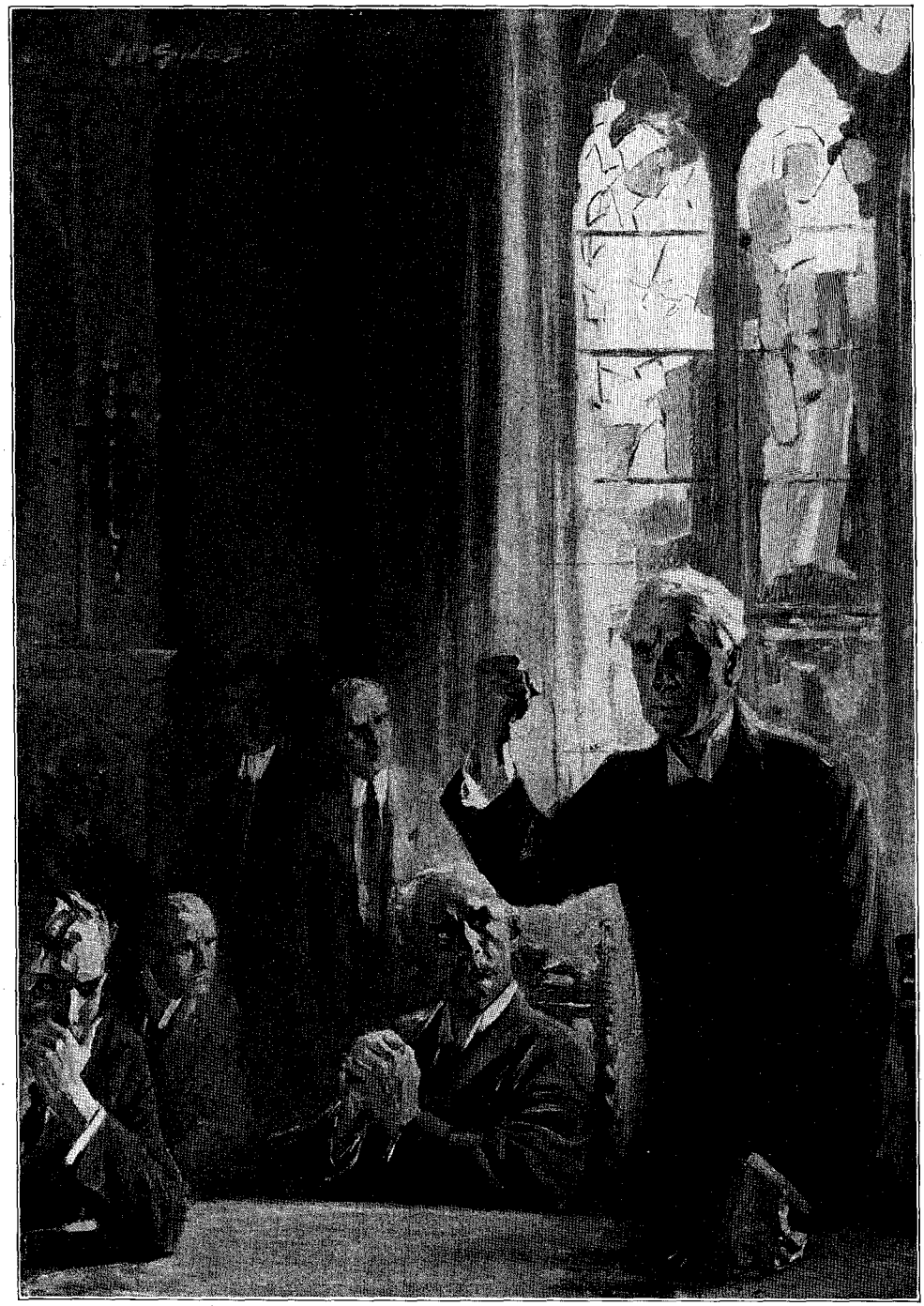

Drawn by Howard Giles.

His voice rang out with military sharpness, "until then I will protect you against yourselves."—Page 704.

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He was interrupted by a laugh.

"He wants Watkins to subsidize us"; it was the younger Devries, I think. "Talk about our ancestors! Captain Kidd himself would hardly have angled for a ransom of that size. You're coming on, Billy!"

"We-ell," Billy defended himself with a kind of rueful good humor, "he might at least have his choice. Think how bully it would be for us to be able to come out in the open. . . ."

Then Beeson's grave voice broke in:

"Bring him up."

There was a stir of feet in obedience. I swung myself lightly down, not being able to climb higher, and returned to my old place in the bin. I had no sooner simulated my bonds and sleep than the lights flashed up throughout the cellar. I heard many feet on the stairs, and as I looked up into the faces of men to whose service I had been accustomed for years, I felt the same amazement that must fill the breast of a fine pig that has been catered to and petted and admired for a long and satisfying summer until it must think—if there is such a process as thought in that thick skull—that it surely is of the fit and admirable, loved of its Maker, destined to special care both heavenly and terrestrial for many happy days. And then the day of the knife . . . *ultima necat* . . . the rest is pork!

"Hello, boys!" I said with a grin. These were men neither young nor old, but of my own age, the doubtful thirties. And I had to admit, now that I really saw them for the first time, that there was a height and breadth to them, a clearness of eye, a grace and sureness of carriage, that, in fine, they were better men than I, so I looked up at them with what courage I might in my rôle of useful pork and said, "Hello, boys!" with humility and respect.

They did not observe that my bonds were no bonds at all, but carefully undid me knot by knot and kindly rubbed my supposedly stiff ankles and wrists, but to me as an individual they paid as little attention as I had been wont to accord them when in livery they had made a discreet part of the room's furniture. They talked among themselves as I and my friends had been wont to talk before them, but I walked among them solitary to my judgment before Old Beeson.

In my dungeon I had not known of the great autumn storm that had blown in as the fog blew out. Now as I entered the great dining-room I was aware of rain against the windows; the room was dark, and the beating of the surf was plain. The faces turned toward me were vague in the storm's twilight and pale. Beeson sat with his back to the leaded window, and as I stood silently before him something within me, like the jarring of a shifting mechanism, seemed to place me back somewhere in obsolete centuries, a frightened vassal before his lord. This was not the first time that a sea-wind had blown past leaded Gothic windows while Beeson and I faced each other across a table, he seated and I standing.

And then, at the moment, I think, that he was opening his lips . . . I shall never know whether he intended life or death for me, there sounded the screaming of women, . . . distant at first, then hurrying nearer like the wind itself. Beeson forgot me and turned toward the door as did all the rest. It was flung inward as by the wind's violence, and we saw a woman with streaming gray hair, her arms raised above her head, her mouth opening and shutting voicelessly; then she began to scream curses, while the space behind her filled with a crowd of other women, all dishevelled and wailing. From somewhere among them little Polly darted in and, throwing her arms about her father's neck, whispered in his ear. He rose and put her aside, turning to the men with sharp orders to get out the boats, but at this the women broke into dreadful laughter.

"Boats! Do you think they didn't think of that? Those they have not taken will never sail again."

Devries muttered:

"And with no knowledge of the sea! The Rip will have them by now."

I found myself borne forward by the rush of men to the beach and with the others stood upon a bluff straining my eyes against a veil of gray rain which now and again was thrust aside by the wind so that something of the sea was murkily vis-

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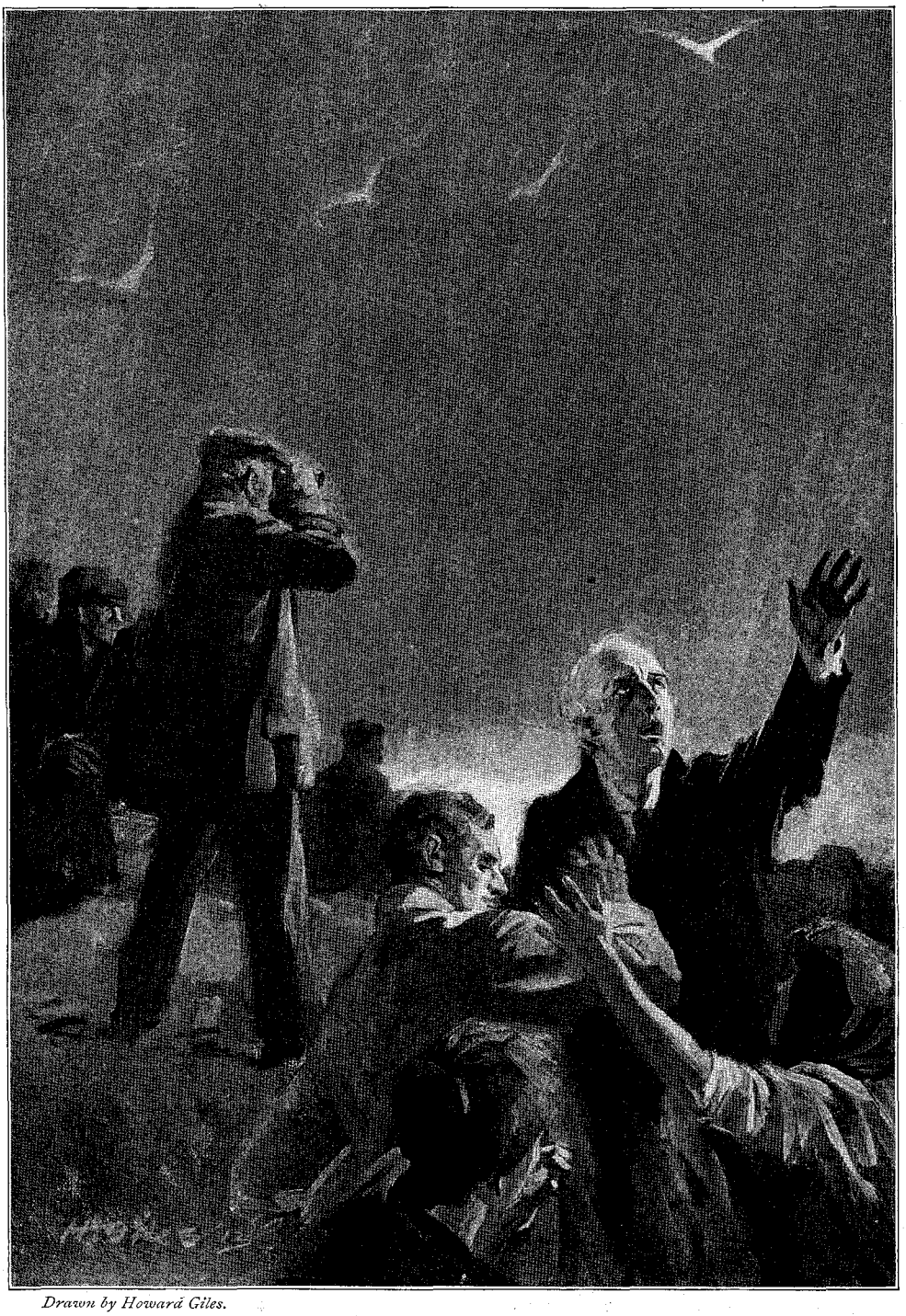

Drawn by Howard Giles.

"They . . . shall make port in safety. The sea could not . . . it could not . . . lives of such value."—Page 708.

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ible. And so even I had one glimpse of a little fleet of fishing-boats stepping bravely out to sea in all that weather.

Some one took my arm and leaned upon it; I turned to see Old Beeson. I do not think he knew me. His lips were moving with words. Leaning close, I distinguished out of the mutter, . . . "the impatience of youth. I had not sufficiently reckoned with it, . . . nor with its indifference toward those who . . . have borne the agony. They planned for themselves. While we were planing for them, they planned for themselves."

Devries from behind his binoculars interrupted with a roar of savage approval:

"Well handled! Able seamen every one!"

At that Beeson drew himself erect and turned to the frantic women a face as bloodless as the foam:

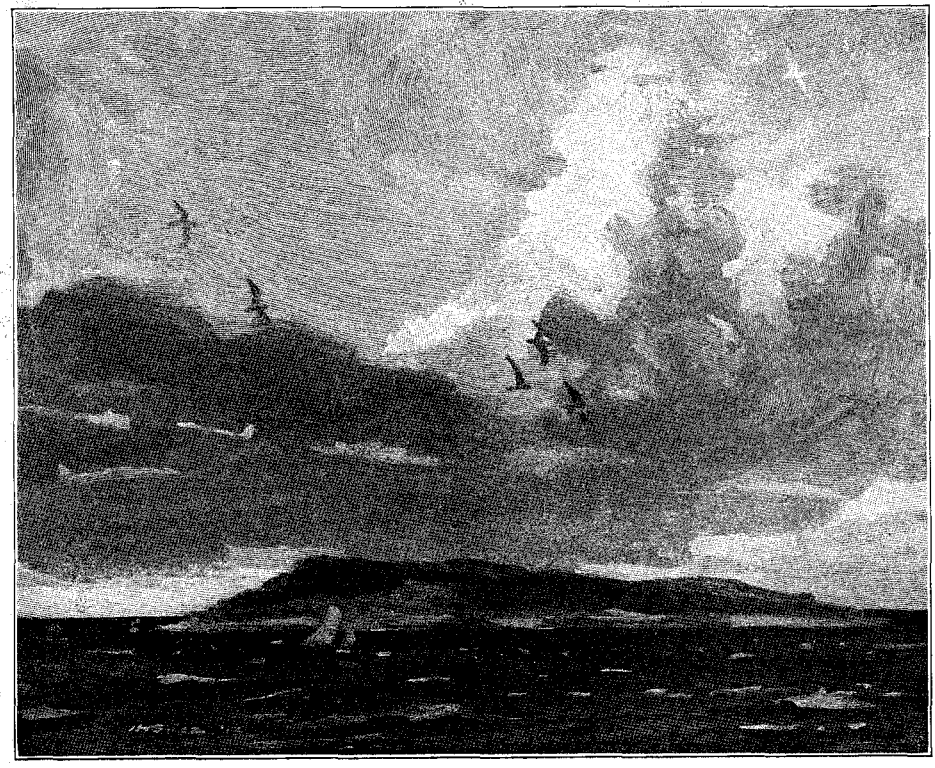
"They . . . shall make port in safety. The sea could not . . . it could not . . . lives of such value . . ."

He turned, staggered, and fell. Polly threw herself upon him with wild tears, but Billy Strait, having felt for the heart and found it silent, spread a handkerchief over the face and drew Polly's head to his shoulder.

As for me, I might have been a bit of driftwood for all the attention they paid me, until finally young Wireless, having fairly tripped over me, recognized me with an abstracted stare and said civilly enough: "You'll be wanting to send a message. I'll attend to it directly, sir."

It was plain enough that with the death of Beeson and the children's departure, the tiny nation's mainspring was broken. I doubted that its machinery would ever be set in motion again.

Yet if the boats ever reached the mainland—not that any shipping news has ever reported such an arrival . . . but somehow, I think with Old Beeson that the sea itself would turn aside from the destruction of *that* Argosy.



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A SCHOOLBOY'S INTERVIEW WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By William Agnew Paton

ONE of the most vivid and inspiring memories of my boyhood is of my interview with Abraham Lincoln in October, 1862.

I, a lad going on fourteen years of age, called at the Executive Mansion in Washington and handed to the doorkeeper a card which I had caused to be written especially for use on what was for me a very great occasion by the expert "calligraphist," as he called himself, of Willard's Hotel. Beneath my name, which the card-writer had inscribed with elaborate if not altogether appropriate flourishes, I had appended in my own schoolboy hand-writing, "Nephew of Dr. Cornelius Rea Agnew." My uncle was well known to Mr. Lincoln and this use of his name doubtless facilitated my admission to the office of the private secretary to the President, where I found the chief magistrate of my country at a desk in conversation with a gentleman, the only other occupant of the room, who was, as I afterward learned, the minister of France. When I entered the office the President was seated in a curiously constructed armchair made after a design suggested by himself. The left arm of this unique piece of furniture began low and, rising in a spiral to form the back, terminated on the right side of the seat at the height of the shoulders of the person seated thereon. Mr. Lincoln had placed himself crosswise in this chair with his long legs hanging over its lower arm, his back supported by the higher side. When the attendant who had presented my card to the President, and had then ushered me into the secretary's office, closed the door behind me and I found myself actually in the presence of Abraham Lincoln, I had the grace to feel embarrassed, for I then realized that I, a mere schoolboy, was intruding upon the patience and good-nature of a very busy overwrought man, the great and honored President of a country in the agony of a civil war. Noting my hesitation, Mr. Lincoln very gently said: "Come in, my son." Then he arose, disentangling himself, as it were, from the chair, advanced to meet me, and it seemed to me that I had never beheld so tall a man, so dignified and impressive a personage, and certainly I had never felt so small, so insignificant, "so unpardonably young." As we met, the President gave me his hand, smiled down upon me, and, playing upon the similarity in the sound of my name with that of the person to whom he was about to refer, lightly asked: "Are you Bailey Peyton, the rebel guerilla we captured the other day?" I stammered an incoherent disclaimer of any relationship with the famous Confederate free-lance, of whose exploits and recent capture the newspapers had had much to say. Mr. Lincoln asked me if my uncle was well and charged me to deliver a kind message to my kinsman when I returned home to New York. Then, laying his hand upon my head, he said (how well I remember his words!) "You come of good people, you will soon be a grown man. Be a good man. Be a good American. Our country may have need of your services some day."

I had thought up a little speech to deliver when I met the President whom I had been taught to love and revere, but when I stood before him, felt his hand on my head, heard his voice, looked up into his wonderfully expressive, kindly eyes, my emotions were so deeply stirred that I could but smile through tears, and dared only to take his hand, which had dropped from my head, and press it. I looked down, abashed, not knowing what to say or do. Mr. Lincoln, evidently noting my confusion, placed his hand on my shoulder and drew me to him, saying, "What can I do for you, sonny?" Encouraged and heartened by his kindly manner, his sympathetic tone of voice, my eyes sought his again and I managed to blurt out: "Mr. Lincoln, all the boys in my school are for

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you." His smile broadened, he seemed much amused. Then I remember very distinctly the troubled, weary, careworn expression that passed over his face as he replied: "I wish everybody, Congress, all the people, were like you boys." I could say nothing, could only gaze into his benevolent eyes that seemed to look into my very heart. Presently he asked me how old I was, where I went to school, and a few other questions of like familiar sort. And then again, giving me his hand he said: "Now, you must excuse me; I have important business with this gentleman," indicating the personage with whom he had been conversing when I entered the room. I shook hands with the President, turned and walked to the door, faced about, made my manners, as he, reseating himself in the curious armchair, resumed his interview with the minister of France.

I passed from the room and never again saw that wonderful, kindly face until as one of thousands upon thousands of grief-stricken, almost heart-broken fellow countrymen, I passed by his open coffin and beheld for a moment the body of "the murdered President" as it lay in state in the rotunda of the city hall of my native New York.

Through all the years that have passed since I stood in the living presence of the great leader of my people and he laid his hand gently on my head my memory has held an undimmed, imperishable picture of the good and kindly man, the war-worn, overwrought President, who, in the unbounded goodness of his heart, turned from his work, his crowding duties, forgetting for a few brief moments his cruel anxieties, to treat with sweet patience and speak gently to a schoolboy who had no claim on his attention and courtesy save that the boy was growing up to be an American citizen, one of the multitude of "the plain people" of whom Lincoln himself quaintly said: "the good Lord must love them, he made so many of them." This incident of my boyhood, this great event in my life, of all events the most memorable and inspiring, this meeting with Abraham Lincoln, was altogether charming. The memory of it is to me inexpressibly sacred.

When I recall vividly, as I do, the form and face of Lincoln as it appeared to my young eyes, I can appreciate the significance of a remark made to me by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, as he stood modelling "the Chicago Lincoln": "When I began this work I despaired of making a worthy or satisfactory statue. So many, almost all, of the likenesses of Lincoln represent him as ungainly, uncouth, homely, unpicturesque; but when I had made a study of his life, had learned more and more of his character, of his natural nobility and lovableness, his deep and true human sympathy, had read of him, talked of him with men who knew him and loved him, I became more and more convinced that his face must have been the most truly beautiful of all I have tried to model." As my good friend the great sculptor created his mind-picture of Abraham Lincoln which he realized in his masterpiece, so I recall to mind his face and form after all the years that have passed since I, a small boy, stood in the living presence of the greatest of Americans. As I think of him now, his greatness of spirit, his worth, integrity, honesty of purpose, his kindliness, his wit and wisdom, his patience—all shone in his countenance and through his wonderful eyes and, as the man was altogether lovable and admirable in the highest sense, I believe that the face that smiled down upon me years ago was in the highest sense beautiful. That I am justified in my belief there is the testimony of his private secretary and co-biographer, Honorable J. G. Nicolay, who says of him: "There was neither oddity, eccentricity, awkwardness, or grotesqueness in his face, figure, or movement"; and men and women who knew Lincoln remember his "soft, tender, dreamy, patient, loving eyes —the kindest eyes ever placed in mortal head." As to his wisdom, his genius, his inestimable greatness of spirit, "his nobly humane simplicity of character," there is no need to speak.

When Edwin M. Stanton, who was standing by the death-bed of his revered chieftain, closed the eyes of the sacred dead, the great war secretary uttered what seems to me the most fitting and enduring epitaph on Abraham Lincoln:

"There lies a man for the ages."

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A LIKENESS

(PORTRAIT BUST OF AN UNKNOWN, CAPITOL, ROME)

By Willa Sibert Cather

In every line a supple beauty—
The restless head a little bent—
Disgust of pleasure, scorn of duty,
The unseeing eyes of discontent.
I often come to sit beside him,
This youth who passed and left no trace
Of good or ill that did betide him,
Save the disdain upon his face.

The hope of all his House, the brother
Adored, the golden-hearted son,
Whom Fortune pampered like a mother;
And then—a shadow on the sun.
Whether he followed Cæsar's trumpet,
Or chanced the riskier game at home
To find how favor played the strumpet
In fickle politics at Rome;

Whether he dreamed a dream in Asia
He never could forget by day,
Or gave his youth to some Aspasia,
Or gamed his heritage away;
Once lost, across the Empire's border
This man would seek his peace in vain;
His look arraigns a social order
Somehow entrammelled with his pain.

"The dice of gods are always loaded";
One gambler, arrogant as they,
Fierce, and by fierce injustice goaded,
Left both his hazard and the play.
Incapable of compromises,
Unable to forgive or spare,
The strange awarding of the prizes
He had no fortitude to bear.

Tricked by the forms of things material,—
The solid-seeming arch and stone,
The noise of war, the pomp imperial,
The heights and depths about a throne—

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He missed, among the shapes diurnal,
The old, deep-travelled road from pain,
The thoughts of men, which are eternal,
In which, eternal, men remain.

Ritratto d'ignoto; defying
Things unsubstantial as a dream—
An Empire, long in ashes lying—
His face still set against the stream.
Yes, so he looked, that gifted brother
I loved, who passed and left no trace,
Not even—luckier than this other—
His sorrow in a marble face.

AN ENGLISH WRITER'S NOTES ON ENGLAND

BY VERNON LEE

THE CELTIC WEST (CORNWALL, WALES, IRELAND)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD GILES

NEAR TINTAGIL

MY first walk in Cornwall was at sunset, up and down the gray granite roads, sunk deep between high banks and shorn hedges; the cold wind whistling and rain falling from unseen clouds. Over the stone walls and hedgetops a moving wall of toppling cumulus, black illumined crimson from a hidden sunset; the sky above pale amber, blue, and wind-swept. Where a gate or fence breaks through the endless bank a view of green hilly pasture cut with endless dark hedge, and long distant hillsides, flat almost as the sea, which is hidden behind them—a bleak, monotonous country, dreary beyond words, and intolerable save for its keen air; houses next to none; this village consists of five or six granite, slate-covered cottages, flowerless. The roads for miles without a creature on them. The pastures empty. I was quite superstitiously frightened in this solitude by the sudden grunting of two huge hogs behind a hedge; and the great black brutes looked bogeyish as elephants as they tugged with their tusks at the fence. The wind whistled among hedges and thistles, and moaned round the earthworks of what was once a British camp. A scarecrow man, in a sodden potato field hard by, gave me a start in that solitude. The sun slowly emerged, a red wafer from under the clouds, and disappeared, leaving no glow behind.

TINTAGIL

Yesterday Tintagil. Endless drive across these uplands, dreary even under the bright, harsh sun. Long, low, sad lines of reaped fields and distant moors: no birds save swarms of sparrows flying before us from bush to bush of the endless, roughly hacked hedge.

At last a wave-shaped crag rises into sight—black, curling as about to break: Roughtor (pronounced Row-tor), the mountain of the district, a granite bowlder among the

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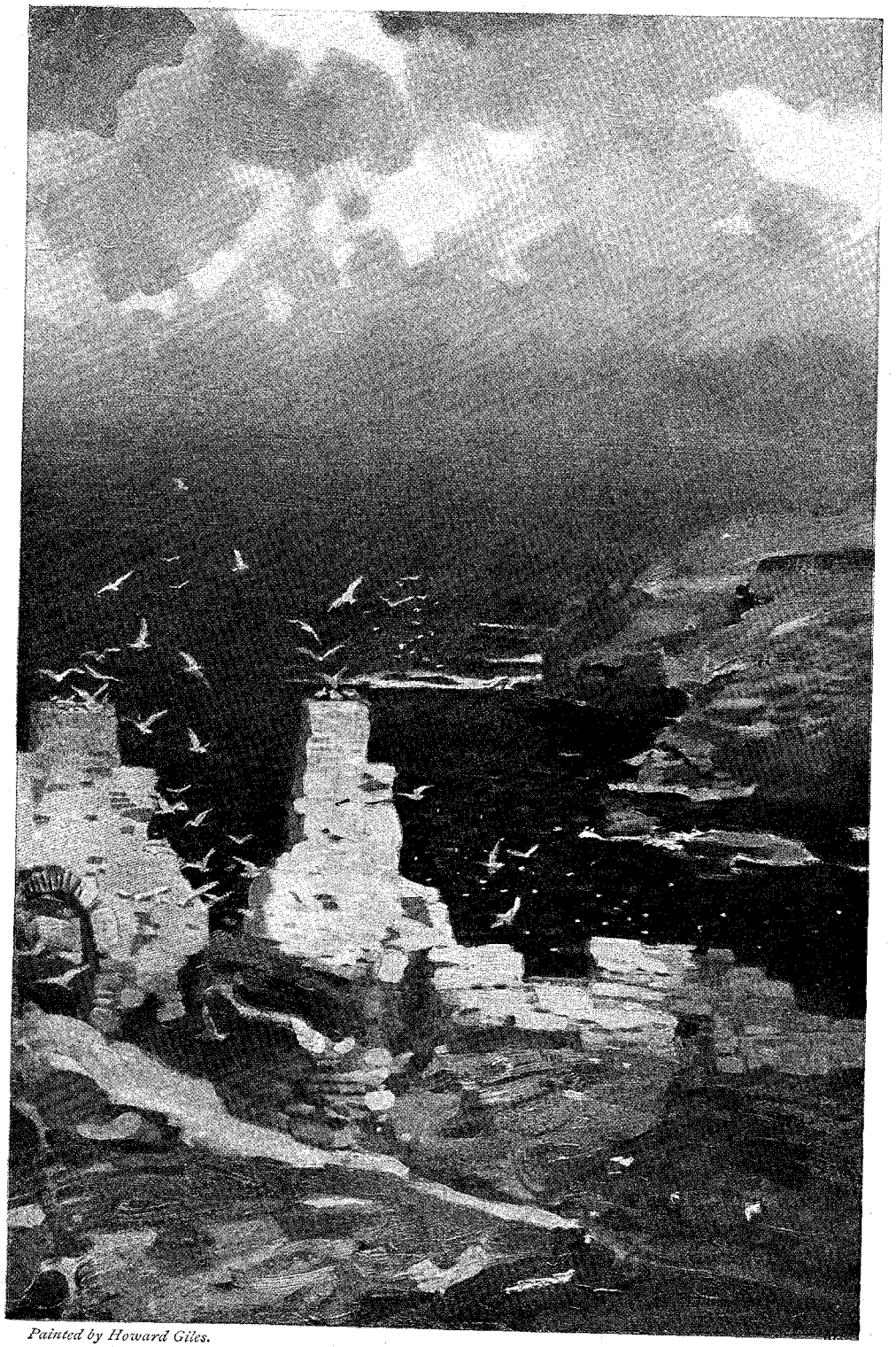

Painted by Howard Giles.

Bleak, grassy rocks above the harborless sea.

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A little cruciform church overlooks the sea. . . . Not a bush or flower or hedge in the churchyard.

moors. Here a giant, they say, is pursued by the devil's hounds, whose bay is heard on stormy nights (and here it must surely be stormy always). A certain neighboring clergyman, who camped one night on Rough-tor, where there are ruined chapels and a rocking stone, said he was prevented sleeping by the strange noises on the moor, which, treeless and echoless should have been so silent. The legends here seem melancholy and regretful of the Past. When it soughs in these hedges, and among the scant trees in the little valleys, the country folk, it seems, say that Queen Jennifer weeps.

Tintagil! This tiny, remote village of granite and slate cottages, of modern boarding-houses on the bleak, grassy rocks above the harborless sea; how its fame has gone abroad in all the poetry of every country! Its name become familiar as that of Sparta or Troy, its little chieftains gathered with the demigods of Homer in the triumphant processions of Petrarch, and the viewless winds of Dante! The sea—to-day it was blue, tipped with white as with sea-gulls, but barely amounting to waves—breaks on the rocks and reefs, from Boscastle to Tintagil, leaving no stretch, not the tiniest, of sands, in the great cliffs, of which the ruined castle, with walls of uncemented granite, seems a part. Squat among the short grass a little cruciform church overlooks the sea. Its imperishable material makes it seem built yesterday, young, new, like the sea and rocks, save in the rude stone shutters of the belfry and the cusps of the windows. Not a bush or flower or hedge in the church-

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yard: only the sad-colored, pale grass, nibbled as much by the cold winds as by the scant sheep; and for hedges those odd walls of slates stuck edgeways in a sort of barbaric herringbone pattern which tell of Celtic art. The castle extends on to an almost separate, outlying rock, which the sea is cutting through, cutting away from the land, and where with a crane (no kind of harbor) they load slate on small boats when they can draw them in. By the castle side, on the strand where Merlin is said to have found the child Arthur, two quaint old women have a tea-house—a kitchen where I was glad to warm myself, and a parlor stuck about with Princess Mays and Prince of Wales, and, oddest, in connection with that poor drowned boy, Domenico Cataneo, who lies under the life-belt in the churchyard, Vesuvius in eruption by day and by night. This tea-house, and the knickerbockered people rambling, teapot in hand, on the cliffs, do not diminish the sense of utter dreariness and desolation of this kingdom of Arthur—or was it of King Mark? A charm of humanity is lent the place by some very bad but very felt sketches (bought by the lady of the tea-house for a shilling) by a deceased old incumbent of the church, who, having been called Constable of the Castle in joke by the Prince's equerry, took it so seriously that none ever dared undeceive him, so that he would explain his duties, and how, had he gone to London, he must have gone to levies, cocked hat on head and sword on thigh—a clerical Don Quixote.

Among the Welsh collieries.—The viaduct.

Returned home among deserted slate quarries, their mounds and shoots of rubbish grown over with rusty bracken and gorse. A rusty-iron colored country, the clear sky and sea unable to brighten it with their steel-blue. It had been fine for several hours. But toward sunset, as we got the hill called Rough-Tor (where the devil's hounds are heard in full cry) within sight, great cumulus clouds came up and formed an unbroken pall over the dreary uplands. I cannot imagine a starry night in this country. Whatever it be by day, the clouds must gather and cover it at night, wiping it out of reality, separating it from less legendary lands.

ON THE MOORS

Yesterday we spent the afternoon on these Cornish moors. We passed by the village of St. Symphorian, which in this country is called a town: a little place of rough stone and slate, granite cattle troughs, a granite church and granite walls, treeless, on the top of a hill of rough, rusty gorse and yellow grass, wind-nipped even they: a queer almost Alpine-feeling little place, looking down on folds and folds of uninhabited hills and valleys, to where the shimmer of an estuary leads to a steely streak of sea. The moor where Rough-Tor rises (Rough-Tor of the Hell-Hounds) is quite different from any moor I have ever seen; not lilac as in Scotland, nor pale green as in Northumberland, but tawny and black, like rusty iron, so that the brown cows on its dry bracken and gorse disappear in its color. These Cornish moors have something angry and sinister in that reddish, yellowish darkness of theirs, so that the blackish rocks, Rough-Tor and the other Tors, seem merely to concentrate, as it were, to be spokesmen of their threat. It seems in character that the sheep on these moors should run about coupled with chains.

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By the castle side, . . . two quaint old women have a tea-house.—Page 716.

On the side of Rough-Tor lies Dozmary (Dozmare) Pool, the place, according to local tradition, where King Arthur was drowned and whence the arm stretched Excalibur. Between this and Camelford is *Slaughter-bridge*, the scene, I believe, of Arthur's last fight with Mordred.

I am not at all surprised that the previous occupant of this little, gray, stone house, in its hole upon the green, dreary slope, saw ghosts, and that the previous rector, after being persecuted by a ghostly woman in his own church, is said himself to walk in the churchyard.

This scantily inhabited end of Europe seems given up to dead folk: Arthurian heroes at every step, and odd local saints, unheard of in other parts of the world, and whom one suspects of having been originally giants, and perhaps ogres.

AMONG THE WELSH COLLIERIES

Yesterday evening I waited for a friend at the little local station. It was still light, and only one red signal was lit. Rain was driving down the valley, veiling its green slopes, making its dark tree knolls uncertain. Above, a few thatched cottages, which might be of any antiquity; the castle, the gray four gables above the green wall, like a little background of a fifteenth-century Flemish picture; all vague, unlikely, and strangely poetic. And meanwhile, during the ten minutes I waited, train on train passing—five or six at least, puffing with

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empty coal vans, or full ones, between the pit and the dock.

I am sitting, writing these notes, in the little green churchyard round a dissenting chapel; green, high-lying fields all round, a few wind-blown trees under the gray sky, and one or two thatched roofs in the distance. All round are buried small folk, farmers and miners, with Welsh inscriptions. And among them is a long, reddish, irregular stone with debased Roman lettering very much worn. I think I can spell it out: *Vendvoire Hic Jacet.* My hostess calls it Guinevere's tomb. Why not? It would not be odder than the other things of this country; this depopulated country of empty grass-fields and empty roads crowded with birds, very much, one might think, as it was in the days of an unreal Arthur, to the back of a seaboard simply black with coal-pits and chimneys, and traversed on all sides by long black trains carrying coal to and fro the great docks, in vans inscribed with names which sound quite as far from our civilization as those of the heroes of Ossian or the Mabinogion. On the low, green, wind-swept horizon I can see a distant little gray church and conical tower, seemingly half in ruins. And, when I take notice, there is always a sound of trains.

A seaboard simply black with coal-pits and chimneys.

A CASTLE ON THE BRITISH CHANNEL

To-day taken to St. D.'s castle on the sea. A drive of two hours up and down, across a green country, here and there only a pale reaped field, veiled in mist and rain; scant cottages with gray thatch roofs, rough hedges, long gray walls with projecting stones like battlements: every now and then, among distant trees, the square gray tower of a distant little church; inland dim in rain, mountain outlines like great cliffs; and at last, over the pale green fields and the blackish tree-tops, the sea. A sea pale and white as the Forth; the British Channel at its widest, with the line of Exmoor and the Quantocks hazy opposite. St. D.'s is built above this sea, half-hidden in woods; its towns and battlemented walls scarce visible from inland. You pass under a great outer tower, with broken escutcheon, and into an irregular yard, with paved paths across the lawn; buildings like a miniature Oxford Cottage, or Hampton Court, built of delicate cold gray stone, irregular all round, battlemented and towered, with here and there an Italian-looking terra-cotta head, surrounded by a big garland, set in the wall; gray roofs above the battlements, of stony slate, faintly yellowed over by age. On the other side the terraces of an old-fashioned garden, where, under the walls, bay-trees and great climbing roses grow almost as in Italy. The house, with its Elizabethan mullion windows, has evidently been built into the original castle walls; a great vine and pear-tree hang about them, scarce pruned. One goes down the garden terraces, and along overgrown paths in the thicket of trees and ferns, to the bottom of the hill, passes through some ruined

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And, when I take notice, there is always a sound of trains.—Page 718.

buildings, once the barracks of the horsemen, across a half-boggy field, full of flag leaves and yellow rag-wort, and mounts upon a wall. On the other side, across the wall, dashing against a bit of sand and low, pale rocks, is the white, northern-looking, misty sea; a great clump of wind-bent trees; further along the beach a wraith of headland cliffs appearing and disappearing with the light through the mist, and opposite across the white water, an occasional purple gleam, which is Exmoor. Dunster is opposite, and it was above St. D.'s that I saw the moon shine over the sea, filling me with an odd sense of romance the evening I arrived there, some years ago. St. D.'s belonged to people called Stradling, one of whom is called on his tomb (in the little church in the glen under the castle) Second Baronet of England, and the castle dates from about 1000—having first belonged to Welsh princes. The house as at present is Tudor; with towers remaining, the inside and the inner "Quad" (they call it Quad) eighteenth-centurized. These Stradlings were Catholics (one was reprehended and prosecuted under Elizabeth for finding the image of a cross in the hollow of an ash-tree and allowing people to flock to see the miracle) and royalists; the house was besieged by Cromwell. The Stradlings, one of whom went to Rome in the fifteenth century, ended in the person of a Sir Thomas, who was killed in a brawl after a love-affair at Montpelier, in 1738, aged thirty. He had made a will (Lady W.'s story) in favor of a Lord

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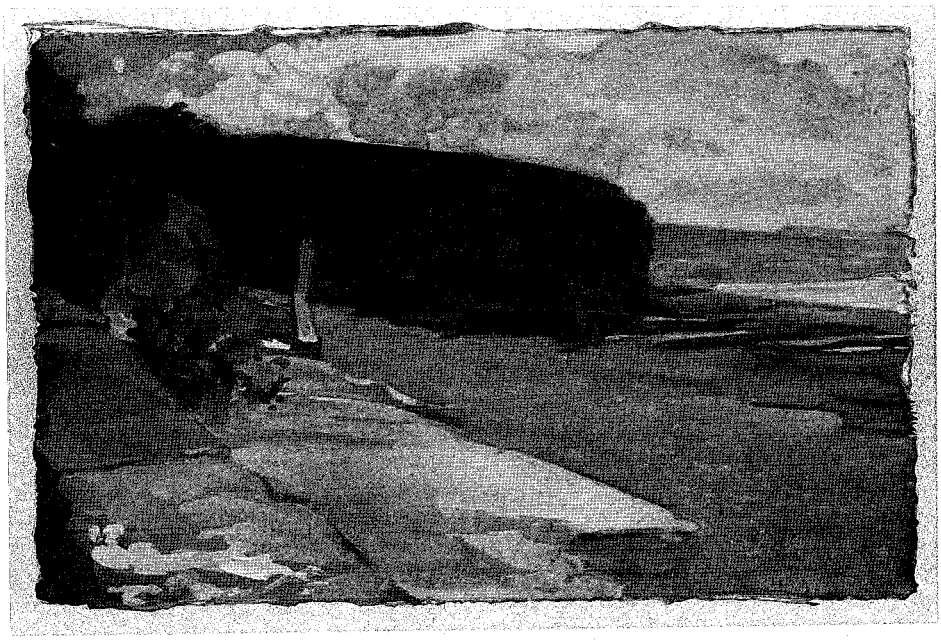
Mandel, his travelling companion, and foul play was suspected. It is said his nurse declared the body brought back from Montpelier to have been not his—anyhow, the library appears to have been burnt down at his wake. The place, while having a wonderful romantic quality which, with its white sea, justifies Lady W.'s wish that it *might* have been Joyous Guard, haunts me with much more of a Master of Ballantrae romance. These Stradlings were men of violence (twenty-two skeletons were discovered in the walls by the present owners). They had a torture chamber! We saw it; boards given away, remains of Queen Elizabeth's bed thrown in corner, and two ominous pulleys in ceiling; and Lady W. says that on that coast people were often wreckers—the former owners of Dunraven, for instance.

In the church are two funereal portraits of Stradlings kneeling with wives, said to be made of Armada wood. Myself, I think the Stradlings did not content themselves with Armada spoils. The Bristol Channel hereabouts is narrow, and that coast extremely dangerous, full of reefs. Yes, Stradlings, knightly smugglers, wreckers, buccaneers, using their woods and castle for unholy work of all kinds hidden in that glen by the sea, their towers scarcely emerging. Remote in that sort of peninsula of South Wales, which even now seems left aside by the movement, coaling, etc., of our day. The nearest place is Llantwit Major, a squalid little village, but once a university, a sort of St. Andrew's by the sea, among whitewashed cottages, a church with remains of dignity, and among the tombs of the usual John Jones and David Davies of "this place," some Celtic Byzantine-patterned pillars, and a Gothic cross. There is also such a cross, up steps (with really delicately carved figures) in that odd little cemetery of St. D.'s; the little church deep in the glen, in the park, inside the walls; immense trees all round, and the roaring sea close by, the tower and gables of the castle peeping over the trees above. A place, one would say, chosen for the burial of victims or of recalcitrant members of the family.

To me, St. D.'s, seen after that long drive through rain and mist, hidden among its trees, above its angry white sea, will always seem the home of some eighteenth-century villain rather than a Joyous Guard.

Little Phyllis told me, with much indignation, that the present owner of St. D.'s threatened to clean a pond in the garden and kill a long water-snake which has been



A sea pale and white as the Forth.—Page 718.

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there "for hundreds of years, but seen only three times." *

IRELAND: THE ENCHANTED WOODS

Returning to these woods, I am struck, once more, by the peculiar character of their romance. It is so different from that of a German forest, where the imagination is lured and lost in the depth of thickets and baffled by the endless lines of serried trunks, brooded over by the canopy of dark, high, bluish fir boughs, interwoven, solid.

The poetry of these Irish woods —and not merely from a resemblance they certainly bear to the Pinetas of Italy —is southern, or perhaps Celtic passed through Southern imagination, alluring, fascinating, but not quite to be taken seriously.

You pass . . . into an irregular yard, with paved paths.—Page 718.

. . .

Enchantment without end and endless adventures; in and out, in their filtered green light among the big twisted may bushes under the oaks, and the high grasses and meadowsweet, and into their open spaces, marshy, and flowered with pale lilac scabius, where the sunset sky is wide, and there is the gibbet for wicked hawks; and where not merely wild duck rustle up, but a great heraldic heron; where at dusk it becomes rather frightening among the immense pale oak trunks.

. . . . . .

A wayward, in-and-out romance, as in the pages of a book, that one indulges in because one chooses [not under the terrifying necessity of the German and Alpine forests], in these Irish woods, and along this brown, clear river, which under the great oak boughs has tortoise-shell flickers and transparencies. On it and into the very deepest forest heart, I imagine boats steered by enchantresses, like those that carried Sir Guyon or Rinaldo, passing up or down like the broken-off narratives of the poets. But the enchanter of these woods is no longer the mysterious, bona-fide Celtic one, with difficult w's and y's and h's in his name, but the Merlin we know in French or Italian romances.

I cannot quite express the sense of its all being enchantment, but that of a capricious fairy, dispensing love-philtres, changing identities, making the fancies gallop and rove through these woods, all for her amusement.

In the hurry of writing, the other day, I forgot, perhaps just because I took it all along for granted, the chief peculiarity of these woods, on which all the rest depends. They are not in the world of reality, and wander as one may through them, one does not find one's way into it. So that one knows, but barely recollects, its existence, there beyond, all round outside with its life and its adventures and its breed of creatures, so unlike those haunting these woods. All round the woods the reality of Ireland spreads, but separate from them, not touch-

* Those of my readers who have read "Penelope Brandling" may be interested in the impressions which gave rise to that story.

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St. Donant's Castle, built of delicate cold gray stone, irregular all round, battlemented and towered.—Page 718.

ing them; invisible from them and inaudible, as those woods are inconceivable from its highways and hedgerows and lanes.

This suits the spirit of mediæval romance; feudal, a thing of privileged creatures in a world which is held of no account. In one place only, that I know, in the sudden apparition of the serf to Aucassin bewailing Nicolette, has a thing from the real world entered this world of romance; but in the whole cycle of Arthur, in the whole series of Amadises and Orlando's, Innamorato or Furioso, in the whole enchantments of Tasso and of Spenser, never, *so* far as I know, again.

It is different in Italy: as it is different in antiquity. The village, the fisherman's huts are always at hand; there is the shepherd and the swineherd, just after the disappearance of the gods; there is, in Virgil particularly, the pious peasant; and there is, on the shores of that humane, antique sea, in those kindly, democratic olive groves, Nausicaa herself, not chasing around on a palfrey like Angelica or Britomart, but harnessing the wagon and washing the linen.

A SCHOOLHOUSE

Lough Quittane, near Killarney: absolute solitude amongst moors and furze fields. A little, dark, steel-blue lake, under its bare rocks, lashed up into long white-lipped dark waves. The big gorse bushes along the road rustling like wind in armor, and mixing with the little growl of the water a little way from the lake. And in the middle of that rough moorland, hedged with loose stones and gorse, and just sheltered by a melancholy little wood from the wind which seemed to haunt those heights of ill-grown larch and spruce, is a solitary white house, roofed with slate, windows standing open. On it is written in mean letters:

LOUGH QUITTANE
NATIONAL SCHOOL

The five or six houses visible within a couple of miles' radius are virtually hovels, and some tumbling down. But all the tattered people (women with heavy shawls over their heads, in this broiling heat) look amused; and perhaps Lough Quittane National School may be of good in amusing them.

KILLARNEY

Gorse or heather and black stones, and violent sea wind, and coarse grass fields: such is the country of the Celt everywhere —Cornwall, Wales, Brittany, the Highlands; but down by the Killarney lakes with their Italian vegetation, just as near Oban with its Greek hills, one comes upon the dream of an Earthly Paradise, a St. Brandan's isle, which never ceased haunting the Celt, and to which, perhaps, we owe Spenser.

Yesterday afternoon we rowed about on the Lower Lake. The hills, at least the lower part, are densely grown with oaks, separated by high heather and arbutus-trees; and particularly when veiled in bluish shadow, they look strangely, in color and in very concave modelling, like a lower Apennine slope. The lake was very rough; its odd blue (violet, or rather jasper), due to the

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water being brown, not white (as one remarks where it breaks), broke into short, angry little waves. A small island; apparently an impassable tangle of arbutus-trees grown to wood and heather; all the look of an enchanted forest: as dense as the bits of *macchia* at Arzio. A little boy, about seven, sent on errand, had recently been lost three days and nights in one of these woods near the K.'s house.

But Killarney has another characteristic, and that is undoubtedly English. Indeed, it is, I think, the most perfect illustration of one side of English life that I ever met. These lakes, these woods, islands, rocks, are not only private property, but private pleasure ground. Two immense parks enclose them; there is no vestige of a cottage, let alone village, along the banks; what village there is being tucked away quite viewless far inland. Two or three hotels have been allowed to spring up on ground bought or rented from the park owners; but every road along the water seems to be private, and open only by the free kindness of the people who fly flags at either end of the lake. The very ruinous Muckross Abbey, with its little cloister roofed over by a great yew-tree; Ross Castle, and what remains of Innisfallen, are kept as ornaments of pleasure grounds, and look almost as if built there on purpose, follies. One can understand the haunting water-ghosts, the spirit of the O'Donaghue riding across the lake on stormy nights, as having been kept there, almost like heraldic ornaments. But there can be no spirit so popular as a river-god, or a dryad, or the Germanic sprites who took their place. Compare, good heavens, the German forests, the Italian lakes—the ruins and village and orchards of Sirmio on Garda!

WITHIN THE PALE

How strange in this tragic, squalid country, the enclosed romance of those park woods: the exquisiteness of the gardens —the whole perfection of all those dear people. People such as only privilege can make: beyond covetousness, pride, or any of the passions bred by struggle, or struggle's necessity; with a simplicity, modesty, graciousness, a belief only in the beautiful and grave (if sad) sides of life, such as must soon, I think, disappear. Lilies of the field! But let us remember and take example of them, we who must fight and work, and get ugly and grimy therewith.

Lough Quittane National School . . . a solitary white house, roofed with slate, windows standing open.—Page 722

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A WISHING WELL AND A FUNERAL

Three days ago we went to see a "Wishing Well"; a long expedition, some in a rattling wagonette, others on bicycles, along the slippery mud of these vague and empty Irish roads.

What remains of Innisfallen.—Page 723.

Nothing can come up to the tragic splendor of color of these autumn days, icy, with colossal Atlantic cumulus piles against the wind-swept sky, above the low ultramarine line of hills, and the green, brown, desolate, chilly, soaked fields and bogs. For miles not a farm or a village visible. At last we came to a few wretched white cabins on the high road, with cars and carts drawn up.

A few hundred yards beyond the hedges suddenly widened into a sort of court, and there was the object of our quest: the "Wishing Well" of St. Finton—a flat, green space hedged in; a rough trough filled with water, and a little tabernacle like a Punch and Judy box with colored plaster little figures and hung-up rosaries; while over it arched a great thorn, a great, old, old gnarled ash, roofing in the spring. In front two japanned cups. Above the hedge those dark blue mountains, and in its gaps a glimpse of wet, reaped field, a few corn stacks!—and grass and marsh. A place oddly sylvan, inconceivable in that open plain, and sheltered as in a gorge or in a forest. We drank some water in our hands, exchanged some pebbles to "wish by," and our hostess gave us each a spray of ivy. I gathered a large bunch of hawthorn berries and laid them on the stone among the ash's roots; I cut a long trail of eglantine with its yellow leaves, twisted its ends, and made Elsie, as the youngest (a dear little bride, joining her sailor the next day), hang it on a branch over the spring for the divinities of the place. For they are divinities, cousins of the dear nymphs. And coming home we trailed after a dreary, draggle-tailed funeral, and scrambled into the churchyard: a field of wild grass, tombstones embedded, a few recent graves scratched on the surface; and over it all only the ivied wall and ruined belfry of the isolated, forlorn little chapel.

The "Wishing Well," . . . over it arched a great old, old gnarled ash.

BACK IN ENGLAND

Tarnished fields of tender yellow grass, with black hedges; a low sky, gray but dry—dim countless chimneys against it. What a change since not twenty hours ago: the great beeches, mysterious interlacings of green boughs over ground rosy and pale gold with fallen pine needles and beech mast; the purple peat-bog; the enchanted garden, on the site of the vanished Abbey (only the recumbent statue of a fifteenth-century Irish king worn to nothing, and used by the people as a holy-water stoup); the border of pale phloxes and chalk-white anemones; the great conflagration of red-hot pokers, the circle of sunflowers and white tobacco round the sun-dial: the whole enclosed and hidden away in huge forest trees. Was all that a dream?

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SAPPHO

By Sara Teasdale

MIDNIGHT, and in the darkness not a sound;
So, with hushed breathing, sleeps the autumn night.
Only the white immortal stars shall know,
Here in the house by the low-lintelled door,
How for the last time I have lit the lamp.
I think you are not wholly careless now,
Walls, that have sheltered me so many an hour,
Bed, that has brought me ecstasy and sleep,
Floors, that have borne me when a gale of joy
Lifted my soul and made me half a god.
Farewell; across the threshold many feet
Shall pass, but never Sappho's feet again.
Girls shall come in whom love has made aware
Of all their swaying beauty—they shall sing,
But never Sappho's voice like golden fire
Shall seek for heaven thro' your echoing rafters;
There shall be sparrows bringing back the spring
Over the long blue meadows of the sea,
And south wind playing on the reeds of rain,
But never Sappho's whisper in the night,
Never her love-cry when the lover comes.
Farewell, I close the door and make it fast.

. . . . . .

The little street lies meek beneath the moon,
Running, as rivers run, to meet the sea.
I too go seaward and shall not return.
Oh, garlands on the door-posts that I pass,
Woven of asters and of autumn leaves,
I make a prayer for you: Cypris, be kind,
That every lover may be given love.
I shall not hasten lest the paving-stones
Should echo with my sandals and awake
Those who are warm beneath the cloak of sleep;
Lest they should rise and see me and should say:
"Whither goes Sappho lonely in the night?"
Whither goes Sappho? Whither all men go,
But they go driven, straining back with fear,
And Sappho goes as lightly as a leaf
Blown from brown autumn forests to the sea.

. . . . . .

Here on the rock Zeus lifted from the waves,
I shall await the waking of the dawn,
Lying beneath the weight of dark as one
Lies breathless till the lover shall awake.
And with the sun, the sea shall cover me;
I shall be less than the dissolving foam,
Murmuring and melting on the ebbing tide.
I shall be less than spindrift, less than shells—
And yet I shall be greater than the gods;
For destiny no more can bow my soul
As rain bows down the watch-fires on the hills.

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Yea, if my soul escape, it shall aspire
Toward the white heaven as flame that has its will.
I go not bitterly, not dumb with grief,
Not broken by the ache of love—I go
As one grown tired lies down and hopes to sleep.
Yet they shall say: "It was for Cercolas—
She died because she could not bear her love."
They shall remember how we used to walk
Here on the cliff beneath the oleanders,
In the long limpid twilight of the spring,
Looking toward Khios where the amber sky
Was pierced by the faint arrow of a star.
How should they know the wind of a new beauty
Sweeping my soul had winnowed it with song?
I have been glad tho' love should come or go,
Happy as trees that find a wind to sway them,
Happy again when it has left them rest.
Others shall say: "Grave Dica wrought her death."
She would not lift her lips to take a kiss,
Or ever lift her eyes to take a smile.
She was a pool the winter paves with ice,
That the wild hunter in the hills must leave
With thirst unslaked in the brief southward sun.
Ah, Dica, it is not for thee I go.
And not for Phaon, tho' his ship lifts sail
Here in the windless harbor, for the south.
Oh, darkling deities that guard the Nile,
Watch over one whose gods are far away;
Egypt, be kind to him—his eyes are deep.
Yet they are wrong who say, it was for him.
How should they know that Sappho lived and died
Faithful to love, not faithful to the lover,
Never transfused and lost in what she loved,
Never so wholly loving nor at peace.
I asked for something greater than I found,
And every time that love has made me weep,
I have rejoiced that love could be so strong;
For I have stood apart and watched my soul
Caught in the gust of passion, as a bird
With baffled wings against the dusty whirlwind
Struggles and frees itself to find the sky.
. . . . . .
It is not for a single god, I go.
I have grown weary of the winds of heaven.
I will not be a reed to hold the sound
Of whatsoever breath the gods may blow,
Turning my torment into music for them.
They gave me life—the gift was bountiful,
I lived with the swift singing strength of fire,
Seeking for beauty as a flame for fuel,
Beauty in all things and in every hour.
The gods have given life, I gave them song;
The debt is paid and now I turn to go.
The breath of dawn blows the stars out like lamps,
There is a rim of silver on the sea.
As one grown tired, who hopes to sleep, I go.

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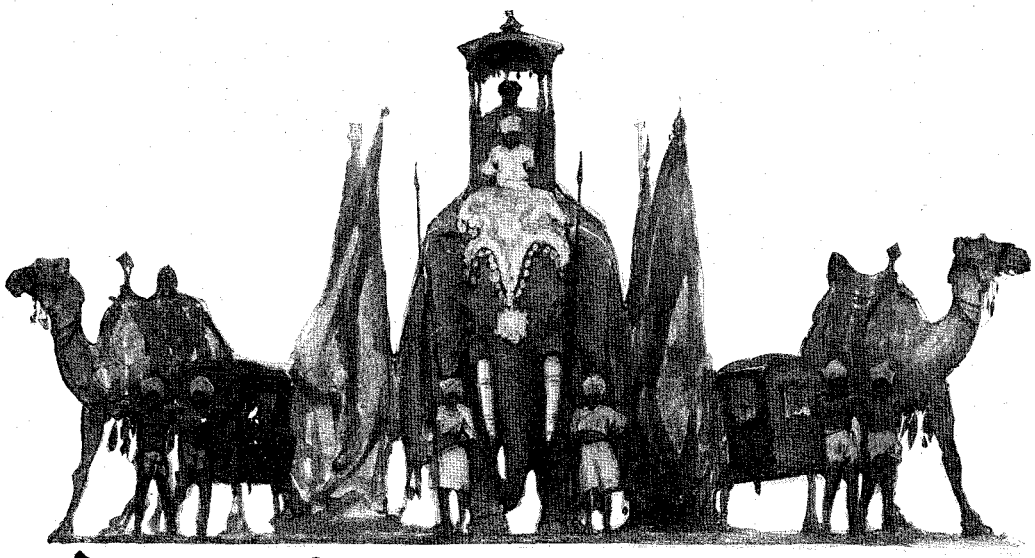


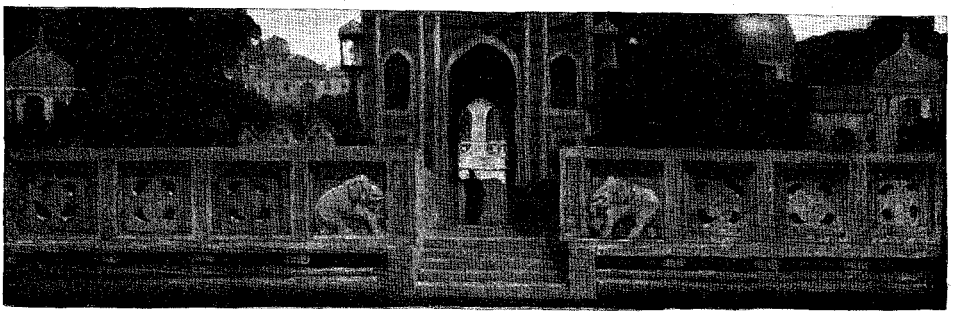
The Way to Inde

By
L·BROOKE

Decorations by
W. Aylward

THE land that drives her lovers mad,
For whom Clive died and Hastings sinned,
And England gave the best she had,—
And all to hold the way to Inde.

SO first, we keep the beetling rock
By loud Atlantic surges dinned.
Hold they the gate, but we the lock
That bars and keeps the way to Inde.



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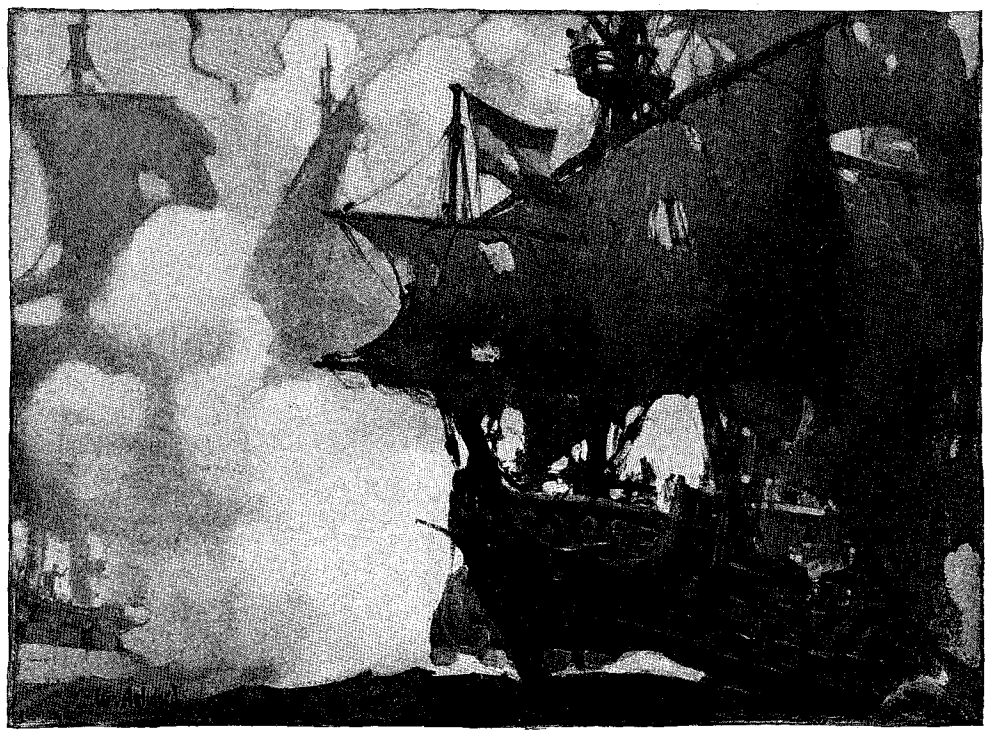
AND that great dike from sea to sea,
That, breathless, knows no favoring wind,
And Aden's hill, and Kurrachee
We guard, that hold the way to Inde.

FAR to the north our legions press,
Among the clouded peaks of Hind,
By desert and by wilderness,
And all to hold the way to Inde.



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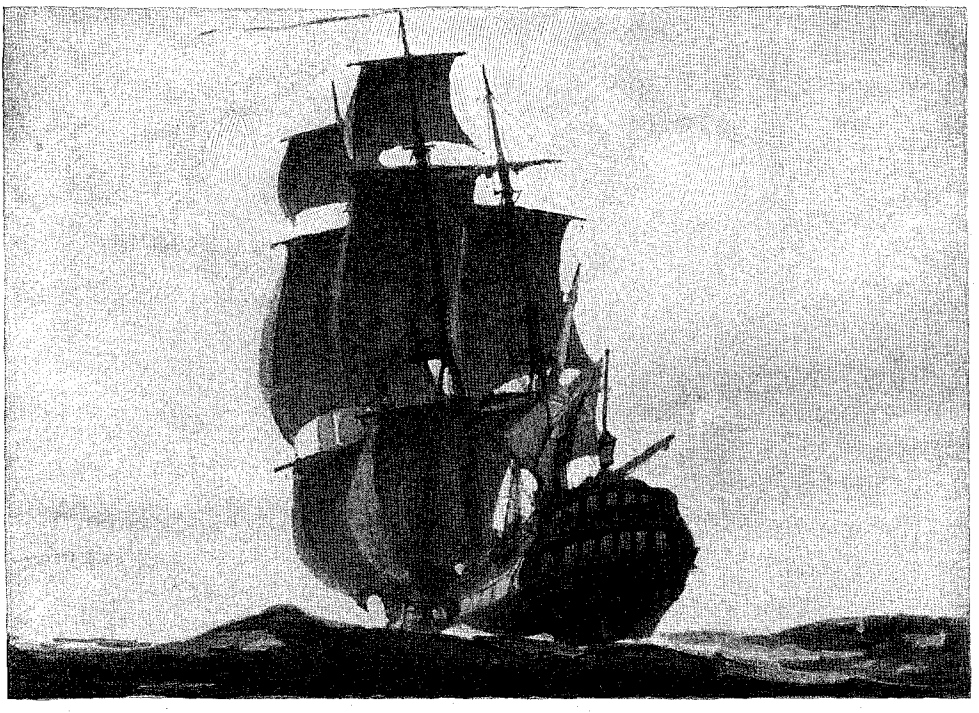

BETWEEN the Khyber's dusky bands
That saw our lusty legions thinned,
In peace go down the caravans,
Because we hold the way to Inde.

IN Persian empire by the sea,
From far Kabul to distant Scinde,
They watch to know if Muscovy
Or England hold the way to Inde.

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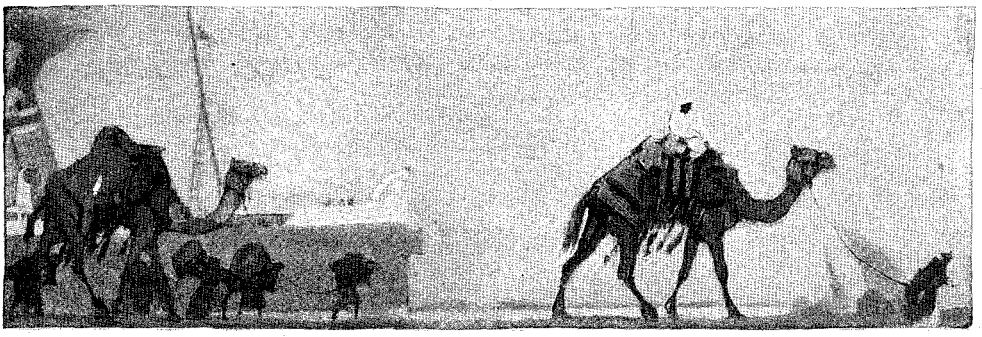
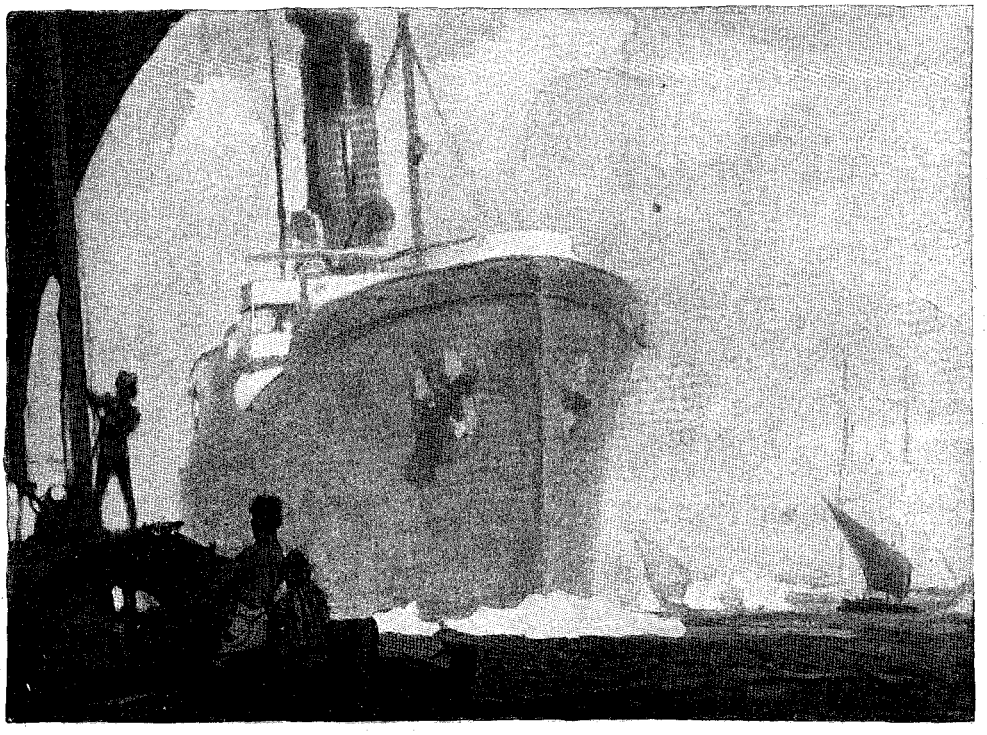


SO we will keep our ancient fame,
The creed to which our faith is pinned,
And guard the Empire in their name
Who fought to hold the way to Inde.



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ON THE STAIRCASE

By Katharine Fullerton Gerould

PROBABLY the least wise way to begin a ghost-story is to say that one does not believe in ghosts. It suggests that one has never seen the real article. Perhaps, in one sense, I never have; yet I am tempted to set down a few facts that I have never turned over to the Society for Psychical Research or discussed at my club. The fact is that I had ingeniously forgotten them until I saw Harry Medway, the specialist—my old classmate—a few years ago. I say "forgotten"; of course, I had not forgotten them, but, in order to carry on the business of life, I had managed to record them, as it were, in sympathetic ink. After I heard what Harry Medway had to say, I took out the loose sheets and turned them to the fire. Then the writing came out strong and clear again—letter by letter, line by line, as fatefully as Belshazzar's "immortal postscript." Did I say that I do not believe in ghosts? Well—I am getting toward the end, and a few inconsistencies may be forgiven to one who is not far from discoveries that will certainly be inconsistent with much that we have learned by heart in this interesting world. Perhaps it will be pardoned me as a last flicker of moribund pride if I say that in my younger days I was a crack shot, and to the best of my belief never refused a bet or a drink or an adventure. I do not remember ever having been afraid of a human being; and yet I have known fear. There are weeks, still, when I live in a bath of it. I think I will amend my first statement, and say instead that I do not believe in any ghosts except my own—oh, and in Wender's and Lithway's, of course.

Some people still remember Lithway for the sake of his personal charm. He never achieved anything, so far as I know, except his own delightful personality. He was a classmate of mine, and we saw a great deal of each other both in and after college—until he married, indeed. His marriage coincided with my own appointment to a small diplomatic post in the East; and by the time that I had served my apprenticeship, come into my property, resigned from the service, and returned to America, Lithway's wife had suddenly and tragically died. I had never seen her but once—on her wedding-day—but I had reason to believe that Lithway had every right to be as inconsolable as he was. If he had ever had any ambition in his own profession—which was law—he lost it all when he lost her. He retired to the suburban country, where he bought a new house that had just been put up. He was its first tenant, I remember. That fact, later, grew to seem important. There he relapsed into a semi-populated solitude, with a few visitors, a great many books, and an inordinate amount of tobacco. These details I gathered from Wender in town, while I was adjusting my affairs.

Never had an inheritance come so pat as mine. There were all sorts of places I wanted to go to, and now I had money enough to do it. The wanderlust had nearly eaten my heart out during those years when I had kicked my heels in that third-rate legation. I wanted to see Lithway, but a dozen minor catastrophes prevented us from meeting during those breathless weeks, and as soon as I could I positively had to be off. Youth is like that. So that, although Lithway's bereavement had been very recent, at the time when I was in America settling my affairs and drawing the first instalment of my beautiful income—there is no beauty like that of unearned increment—I did not see him until he had been a widower for more than two years.

The first times I visited Lithway were near together. I had begun what was to be my almost lifelong holiday by spending two months alone—save for servants—on a house-boat in the Vale of Cashmere; and my next flights were very short. When I came back from those, I rested on

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level wing at Braythe. Lithway was a little bothered, on one of these occasions, about the will of a cousin who had died in Germany, leaving an orphan daughter, a child of six or seven. His conscience troubled him sometimes, and occasionally he said he ought to go over and see that the child's inheritance was properly administered. But there was an aunt—a mother's sister—to look after the child, and her letters indicated that there was plenty of money and a good lawyer to look after the investments. Since his wife's death Lithway had sunk into lethargy. He had enough to live on, and he drew out of business entirely, putting everything he had into government bonds. When he hadn't energy enough left to cut off coupons, he said, he should know that it was time for him to commit suicide. He really spoke as if he thought that final indolence might arrive any day. I read the aunt's letters. She seemed to be a good sort, and the pages reeked of luxury and the maternal instinct. I rather thought it would be a good excuse to get Lithway out of his rut, and advised him to go; but, when he seemed so unwilling, I couldn't conscientiously say I thought the duty imperative. I had long ago exhausted Germany—I had no instinct to accompany him.

Lithway, then, was perfectly idle. His complete lack of the executive gift made him an incomparable host. He had been in the house three years, and I was visiting him there for perhaps the third time, when he told me that it was haunted. He didn't seem inclined to give details, and above all didn't seem inclined to be worried. He sat up very late always, and preferably alone, a fact that in itself proved that he was not nervous. As I said, I had never been interested in ghosts, and the newness of the house robbed fear of all seriousness. Ghosts batten on legend and decay. There wasn't any legend, and the house was almost shockingly clean. When he told me of the ghost, then, I forebore to ask for any more information than he, of his own volition, gave me. If he had wanted advice or assistance, he would, of course, have said so. The servants seemed utterly unaware of anything queer, and servants leave a haunted house as rats a sinking ship. It really did not seem worth inquiring into. I referred occasionally to Lithway's ghost as I might have done to a Syracusan coin which I should know him proud to possess but loath to show.

On my return from Yucatan, one early spring, Lithway welcomed me as usual. He seemed lazier than ever, and I noticed that he had moved his books down from a second-story to a ground-floor room. He slept outdoors summer and winter, and he had an outside stairway built to lead from his library up to the sleeping-porch. A door from the sleeping-porch led straight into his dressing-room. I laughed at his arrangements a little.

"You live on this side of the house entirely now—cut off, actually, from the other side. What is the matter with the east?"

He pointed out to me that the dining-room and the billiard-room were on the eastern side, and that he never shunned them. "It's just a notion," he said. "Mrs. Jayne" (the housekeeper) "sleeps on the second floor, and I don't like to wake her when I go up at three in the morning. She is a light sleeper."

I laughed outright. "Lithway, you're getting to be an old maid."

It was natural that I should dispose my effects in the rooms least likely to be used by Lithway. I took over his discarded up-stairs study, and with a bedroom next door was very comfortable. He assured me that he had no reason to suppose that I should ever be disturbed in either room. Moving his own things, he said, had been purely a precautionary measure in behalf of Mrs. Jayne. Curiously enough, I was perfectly sure that his first statement was absolutely true and his second absolutely false. Only the first one, however, seemed to be really my affair. I could hardly complain.

Lithway did seem changed; but I have such an involuntary trick of comparing my rediscovered friends with the human beings I have most recently been seeing, that I did not take the change too seriously. He was perfectly unlike the Yucatan Indians; but, on reflection, why shouldn't he be, I asked myself. Probably he had always been just like that. I couldn't prove that he hadn't. Yet I did think there was something back of his listlessness other than mere prolonged grief

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for his wife. Occasionally, I confess, I thought about the ghost in this connection.

One morning I was leaving my sitting-room to go down to Lithway's library. The door of the room faced the staircase to the third story, and as I came out I could always see, directly opposite and above me, a line of white banisters that ran along the narrow third-story hall. Mechanically, this time, I looked up, and saw —I need not say, to my surprise—a burly negro leaning over the white rail looking down at me. The servants were all white, and the man had besides a very definite look of not belonging there. He didn't, in any way, fit into his background. I ran up the stairs to investigate. When I got just beneath him he bent over towards me with a malicious gesture. All I saw for an instant was an naked brown arm holding up a curious jagged knife. The edge caught the little light there was in the dim hall, as he struck at me. I hit back, but he had gone before I reached him—simply ceased to be. There was no Cheshire-cat vanishing process. I was staring again into the dim hall, over the white banisters. There were no rooms on that side of the hall, and consequently no doors.

A light broke in on me. I went downstairs to Lithway. "I've seen your ghost," I said bluntly.

What seemed to be a great relief relaxed his features. "You have! And isn't she extraordinary?"

"She?"

"You say you've seen her," he went on hurriedly.

"Her? *Him*, man—black as Tartarus. And he cut me over the head."

"There?" Lithway drew his finger down the place.

"Yes. How did you know? I don't feel it now."

"Look at yourself."

He handed me a mirror. The slash was indicated clearly by a white line, but there was no abrasion.

"That is very interesting"—I managed to say it, but I really did not half like it. Two or three times during the day I examined it. By evening it was quite gone.

Lithway looked at me incredulously. "She has never had a weapon before," he murmured.

"She? This was a man."

"Oh, no!" he contradicted. "That's impossible."

"He was a hairy brute and full-bearded besides," I calmly insisted.

Lithway jumped up. "My God! there's some one in the house." He caught up a revolver. "Let us go and look. He'll have made off with the silver."

"Look here, Lithway," I protested. "I tell you this man wasn't real. He vanished into thin air—like any other ghost."

"But the ghost is a woman." He was as stupid as a child about it.

"Then there are two." I didn't really believe it, but it seemed clear that we could never settle the dispute. Each at least would have to pretend to believe the other, for the sake of peace.

"Suppose you tell me about your ghost," I suggested soothingly. But Lithway was dogged, and we had to spend an hour exploring the house, and counting up Lithway's valuables. Needless to say, there was no sign of invasion anywhere. At the end of the hour, I repeated my demand. The scar was beginning to fade, I noted in the mirror, though still clearly visible.

"Suppose you tell me about *your* ghost. You never have, you know."

"I've only seen her a few times."

"Where?"

"Leaning over the banisters in the third-floor hall."

"What is she like?"

"A slip of a girl. Rather fair and drooping, but a strange look in her eyes. Dressed in white, with a blue sash. That's all."

"Does she speak?"

"No; but she waves a folded paper at me."

"What time of day have you seen her?"

"About eleven in the morning."

The clocks were then striking twelve.

"Well," I ventured, "that's clearly the ghost's hour. But the two of them couldn't be more different."

He made me describe the savage again. The extraordinary part of it was that in spite of his baffling blackness, I could do so perfectly. He was as individual to me as a white man—more than that, as a friend. He had personality, that ghost.

"What race should you say his was?"

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I thought. "Some race I don't know; Zulu, perhaps. A well-built beggar."

"And you're perfectly sure he was real—I mean, wasn't human?"

The distinction made me smile, though the question irritated me. "You can see that if his object was murder he made a poor job. You found all your silver, didn't you?" Then I played my trump-card. "And do you suppose that a burglar would wander round this countryside in a nose-ring and a loin-cloth? Nice disguise!"

Lithway looked disturbed. "But the other one," he murmured. "I don't understand the other."

"She seems much easier to understand than mine," I protested.

"Oh, I don't mean *her!*" he said. "I mean *it*."

For the first time I began to be afraid that Lithway had left the straight track of common sense. It was silly enough to have two ghosts in a new house—but three!

"It?" I asked.

"The one Wender saw."

"Oh! Wender has seen one?"

"Six months ago. I've never been able to get him here since. It *was* rather nasty, and Wender—well, Wender's sensitive. And he's a little dotty on the occult in any case."

"Did he see it at eleven in the morning?"

Lithway seemed irritated. "Of course!" he snapped out. He spoke as if the idiosyncrasy of his damned house had a dignity that he was bound to defend.

"And what was it?"

"A big rattlesnake coiled to strike."

Even then, I could not take it seriously. "That's not a ghost; it's a symptom."

"It *did* strike," Lithway went on.

"Did he have a scar?"

"No. He couldn't even swear that it quite touched him."

"Then why did it worry him?"

Lithway hesitated. "I suppose the uncertainty——"

"Uncertainty! If there's anything less dreadful than an imaginary snake that has struck, it is an imaginary snake that hasn't struck. What has got into Wender?"

"Fear, apparently," said Lithway shortly. "He won't come back. Says a real rattlesnake probably wouldn't get into a house in Braythe more than once, but an unreal rattlesnake might get in any day. I don't blame him."

"May I ask," I said blandly, "if you are so far gone that you think rattlesnakes have ghosts?"

Lithway lost his temper. "If you want to jeer at the thing, for God's sake have the manners not to do it in this house! I tell you we have all three seen ghosts."

"The ghost of a rattlesnake," I murmured to myself. "It beats everything!" And I looked once more into the mirror. The scar that the knife had made was still perceptible, but very faint. "Did you hunt the house over for the snake?"

"Of course we did."

"Did you find it?"

"Of course we didn't. Any more than we found your Zulu."

"Then why did you insist so on hunting the Zulu?"

Lithway colored a little. "Well, to tell the truth, I never wholly believed in that snake. If you or Wender had only seen *her*, now!"

"I don't see why Wender was so worried," I said. "After all, a snake might have got in—and got out."

"He saw it twice," explained Lithway.

"Symptoms," I murmured. "Had he ever had an adventure with a rattlesnake?"

"No."

"Then why should it make him nervous?"

"I suppose—" Lithway looked at me a little cautiously, I thought—"just because he never *had* seen one. He said, I remember, that that rattlesnake hadn't been born yet."

I laughed. "Wender *is* sensitive. The ghost of a rattlesnake that has never lived—well, you can't be more fantastic than that!"

"Wender has a theory," Lithway said.

But he seemed actually to want to change the subject. Accordingly, I did change it—a little. I didn't really care for Wender's theories. I had heard some of them. They included elementals.

"Tell me some more about yours. She's the most convincing of the three. Do you recognize her?"

"Never saw any one that looked remotely like her."

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"And you are the first occupant of this house," I mused. "Was she dressed in an old-fashioned way?"

Lithway actually blushed. "She is dressed rather oddly—her hair is done queerly. I've hunted the fashion-books through, and I can't find such a fashion anywhere in the last century. I'm not in the least afraid, but I am curious about her, I admit."

"Was Wender's rattlesnake old-fashioned?"

Lithway got up. "See here," he said, "I'm not going to stand jollying. That's the one thing I *am* afraid of. Should you like to hear Wender's theory?"

"Not I," I said firmly. "He believes in two kinds of magic—white and black—and has eaten the fruit of the mango-tree that a fakir has just induced to grow out of the seed before his eyes. He told me once that devils were square. I'm not in the least interested in Wender's rattlesnake. The wonder is, with his peculiar twist of mind, that he doesn't insist on living in this house."

"He particularly hates snakes," answered Lithway. "He was hoping to see *her*, but he never could. Nor you, apparently."

"How often do you see her?"

"About once in six months."

"And you're not afraid?"

"Well—she doesn't *do* anything to me, you know." He was very serious.

"Probably couldn't hurt you if she did—a young thing like that. But why don't you move out?"

Lithway frankly crimsoned. "I—like her."

"In spite of her eyes?"

"In spite of her eyes. And—I've thought that look in them might be the cross-light on the staircase."

I burst out laughing. "Lithway, come away with me. Solitude is getting on your nerves. We'll go to Germany and look after your little cousin and the aunt who writes such wonderful letters."

"No." Lithway was firm. "It's too much like work."

I was serious, for he really seemed to me, at the time of this visit, in rather a bad way. I urged him with every argument I could think of. He had no counter arguments, but finally he broke out: "Well, if you will have it, I feel safer here."

"You've never seen her anywhere else, have you?"

"No."

"Then this seems to be the one point of danger."

"Wender's theory is that—" he began.

But I persisted in not hearing Wender's theory. Even when, a week later, my own experience was exactly duplicated, and I had spent another day in watching a white line fade off my forehead, I still persisted. But, as Lithway wouldn't leave the house, I did. I began, even, to have a sneaking sympathy for Wender. But I didn't want to hear his theory. Indeed, to this day, I never have heard it. Oddly enough, though, I should be willing to wager a good sum that it was accurate.

I was arranging for a considerable flight—something faddier and more dangerous than I had hitherto attempted—and to a friend as indolent as Lithway I could only prepare to bid a long farewell. He positively refused to accompany me even on the earlier and less difficult stages of my journey. "I'll stick to my home," he declared. It was a queer home to want to stick to, I thought privately, especially as the ghost was obviously local. He had never seen an apparition except at Braythe—nor had I, nor had Wender. I worried about leaving him there, for the one danger I apprehended was the danger of overwrought nerves; but Lithway refused to budge, and you can't coerce a sane and able-bodied man with a private fortune. I did carry my own precautions to the point of looking up the history of the house. The man from whom Lithway had bought it while it was still unfinished had intended it for his own occupancy; but a lucrative post in a foreign country had determined him to leave America. The very architect was a church-warden, the husband of one wife and the father of eight children. I even hunted up the contractor: not one accident had occurred while the house was building, and he had employed throughout, most amicably, union labor on its own terms. It was silly of me, if you like, but I had really been shaken by the unpleasant powers of the place. After my researches it seemed clear that in objecting to it any further I shouldn't have a leg

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to stand on. In any case, Lithway would probably rather live in a charnel-house than move. I had to wash my hands of it all.

The last weeks of my visit were perfectly uneventful, both for Lithway and me—as if the house, too, were on its guard. I came to believe that there was nothing in it, and if either of us had been given to drinking I should have called the eleven-o'clock visitation a new form of hangover. I was a little inclined, in defiance of medical authorities, to consider it an original and interesting form of indigestion. By degrees I imposed upon myself to that extent. I did not impose on myself, however, to the extent of wanting to hear Wender talk about it; and I still blush to think how shallow were the excuses that I mustered for not meeting him at any of the times that he proposed.

This is a bad narrative, for the reason that it must be so fragmentary. It is riddled with lapses of time. Ghosts may get in their fine work in an hour, but they have always been preparing their *coup* for years. Every ghost, compared with us, is Methuselah. We have to fight in a vulnerable and dissolving body; but they aren't pressed for time. They've only to lie low until the psychologic moment. Oh, I'd undertake to accomplish almost anything, if you'd give me the ghost's chance. If he can't get what he wants out of this generation, he can get it out of the next. Grand thing, to be a ghost!

It was some years before I went back to Braythe. Wender, I happen to know, never went back. Lithway used to write to me now and then, but seldom referred to my adventure. He couldn't very well, since the chief burden of his letters was always "When are you coming to visit me?" Once, when I had pressed him to join me for a season in Japan, he virtually consented, but at the last moment I got a telegram, saying, "I can't leave her. *Bon voyage!*" That didn't make we want to go back to Braythe. I was worried about him, but his persistent refusal to act on any one's advice made it impossible to do anything for him. I thought once of hiring some one to burn the house down; but Lithway wouldn't leave it, and I didn't want to do anything clumsy that would imperil him. I was much too far away to arrange it neatly. I suggested it once to Wender, when we happened to meet in London, and he was exceedingly taken with the idea. I half-hoped, for a moment, that he would do it himself. But the next afternoon he came back with a lot of reasons why it wouldn't do—he had been grubbing in the British Museum all day. I very nearly heard Wender's theory that time, but I pleaded a dinner engagement and got off.

You can imagine that I was delighted when I heard from Lithway, some years after my own encounter with the savage on the staircase, that he had decided to pull out and go to Europe. He had the most fantastic reasons for doing it—this time, he wrote me fully. It seems he had become convinced that his apparition was displeased with him—didn't like the look in her eyes, found it critical. As he wasn't doing anything in particular except live like a hermit at Braythe, the only thing he could think of to propitiate her was to leave. Perhaps there was a sort of withered coquetry in it, too: he may have thought the lady would miss him if he departed and shut up the house. You see, by this time, she was about the most real thing in his life. I don't defend Lithway; but I thought then that, whatever the impelling motive, it would be an excellent thing for him to leave Braythe for a time. Perhaps, once free of it, he would develop a normal and effectual repugnance to going back, and then we should all have our dear, delightful Lithway again. I wrote triumphantly to Wender, and he replied hopefully, but on a more subdued note.

Lithway came over to Europe. He wrote to me, making tentative suggestions that I should join him; but as he refused to join me, and I didn't care at all about the sort of thing he was planning, we didn't meet. I was all for the Peloponnesus, and he was for a wretched tourist's itinerary that I couldn't stomach. I hoped to get him, in the end, to wander about in more interesting places, but as he had announced that he was going first to Berlin to look up the little cousin and her maternal aunt, I thought I would wait until he had satisfied his clannish conscience. Then, one fine day, his old curiosity would waken, and we should perhaps start out together to get new im-

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pressions. That fine day never dawned, however. He lingered on in Germany, following his relatives to Marienbad when they left Berlin for the summer. I hoped, with each mail, that he would announce his arrival in some spot where I could conceivably meet him; but the particular letter announcing that never came. He was quite taken up with the cousins. He said nothing about going home, and I was thoroughly glad of that, at least.

I was not wholly glad, just at the moment, when a letter bounced out at me one morning announcing that he was to marry the little cousin—by this time, as I had understood from earlier correspondence, a lovely girl of eighteen. I had looked forward to much companionship with the Lithway I had known of old, when he should be free of his obsession. I had thought him on the way to freedom; and here he was, caught by a flesh-and-blood damsel who thrust me out quite as decisively as the phantasmal lady on the staircase. I had decency enough to be glad for Lithway: glad that he could strike the old idyllic note and live again delightfully in the moment. I didn't go to Berlin to see them married, but I sent them my blessing and a very curious and beautiful eighteenth-century clock. I also promised to visit them in America. I felt that, if necessary, I could face Braythe, now that the ghost was so sure to be laid. No woman would stay in a house where her husband was carrying on, however unwillingly, an affair with an apparition; and, as their address remained the same, I believed that the ghost had given up the fight.

This story has almost the gait of history. I have to sum up decades in a phrase. It is really the span of one man's whole life that I am covering, you see. But have patience with me while I skim the intervening voids, and hover meticulously over the vivid patches of detail. . . . It was some two years before I reached Braythe. I don't remember particularly what went on during those two years; I only know that I was a happy wanderer. I was always a happy wanderer, it seems to me as I look back on life, except for the times when I sank by Lithway's side into his lethargy—a lucid lethargy, in which unaccountable things happened very quietly, with an utter stillness of context. I do know that I was planning a hunting-trip in British Central Africa, and wrote Lithway that I had better postpone my visit until that was over. He seemed so hurt to think that I could prefer any place to him, that I did put it off until the next year, and made a point of going to the Lithways.

I had no forebodings, when I got out of Lithway's car at his gate and faced the second Mrs. Lithway, who had framed her beauty in the clustering wistaria of the porch. I was immensely glad for Lithway that he had a creature like that to companion him. Youth and beauty are wonderful things to keep by one's fireside. There was more than a touch of vicarious gratitude in my open admiration of Mrs. Lithway. He was a person one couldn't help wanting good things for; and one felt it a delicate personal attention to oneself when they came to him.

Nothing changes a man, however, after he has once achieved his type: that was what I felt most keenly, at the end of the evening, as I sat with Lithway in his library. Mrs. Lithway had trailed her light skirts up the staircase with incomparable grace, smiling back at us over her shoulder; and I had gone with Lithway to the library, wondering how long I could hold him with talk of anything but her. I soon saw that he didn't want to talk of her. That, after all, was comprehensible—you could take it in so many ways; but it was with real surprise that I saw him sink almost immediately into gloom. Gloom had never been a gift of Lithway's; his indolence had always been shot through with mirth. Even his absorption in the ghost had been whimsical—almost as if he had deliberately let himself go, had chosen to be obsessed. I didn't know what to make of the gloom, the unresilient heaviness with which he met my congratulations and my sallies. They had been perfect together at dinner and through the early evening. Now he fell slack in every muscle and feature, as if the preceding hours had been a diabolic strain. I wondered a little if he could be worried about money. I supposed Lithway had enough—and his bride too, if it came to that—though I didn't know how much. But one could not be long in the house without notic-

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ing luxuries that had nothing to do with its original unpretending comfort. You were met at every turn by some æsthetic refinement as costly as the lace and jewels in which Mrs. Lithway's own loveliness was wrapped. It was evident from all her talk that her standard of civilization was very high; that she had a natural attachment to shining non-essentials. I was at a loss; I didn't know what to say to him, he looked so tired. Such silence, even between Lithway and me, was awkward.

Finally he spoke. "Do you remember my ghost?"

"I remember your deafening me with talk of her. I never saw her."

"No, of course you wouldn't have seen her."

"I saw one of my own, you remember."

"Oh, yes! A black man who struck at you. You never have had a black man strike at you in real life, have you?" He turned to me with a faint flicker of interest.

"Never. We threshed all that out before, you know. I never even saw that particular nigger except at Braythe."

"You will see him, perhaps, if you are fool enough to go to British Central Africa," he jerked out.

"Perhaps," I answered. But I was more interested in Lithway's adventure. "Do you see your ghost now?" I had been itching to ask, and it seemed to me that he had given me a fair opening.

Lithway passed his hand across his brows. "I don't know. I'm not quite sure. Sometimes I think so. But I couldn't swear to it."

"Has she grown dimmer, then—more hazy? You used to speak of her as if she were a real woman coming to a tryst: flesh and blood, at the least."

He looked at me a little oddly. "I'm not awfully well. My eyes play me tricks sometimes. . . . When you got off the train to-night, I could have sworn you had a white scar on your forehead. As soon as we got out here and I had a good look at you, I saw you hadn't, of course." Then he went back. "I don't believe I really do see her now. I think it may be a hallucination when occasionally I think I do. Yes, I'm pretty sure that, when I think I do, it's pure hallucination. I don't like it; I wish she'd either go or stay."

"My dear fellow, you speak as if she had ever, in her palmiest days, been anything but a hallucination. Did you get to the point of believing that the girl you say used to hang over the staircase was real?"

"She was more real than the one that sometimes I see there now. Oh, yes, she was real! What I see now—when I see it at all—is just the ghost of her."

"The ghost of a ghost!" I ejaculated. "It's as bad as Wender's rattlesnake."

Lithway turned to me suddenly. "Where is Wender?"

"Why, don't you know? Working on American archæology at some university—I don't know which. He hadn't decided on the place, when he last wrote. I was going to get his address from you."

"He won't come here, you know. And Margaret's feelings are a little hurt—he has often been quite near. So there's a kind of official coolness. She doesn't know about the ghosts, and therefore I can't quite explain Wender's refusals to her. Of course, I know it's on that account; he's as superstitious as a woman. But poor Margaret, I suppose, believes he doesn't approve of my having taken a wife. She's as sweet as possible about it, but I can see she's hurt. And yet I'd rather she would be hurt than to know about the house."

"Why, in Heaven's name, don't you sell it and move, Lithway?" I cried.

He colored faintly. "Margaret is very fond of the place. I couldn't, considering its idiosyncrasy, sell with a good conscience, and if I didn't sell, it would mean losing a pretty penny—more, certainly, than Margaret and I can afford to. She lost most of her own money, you know, a few years ago."

"The aunt?"

"Oh, dear, no!" He said it rather hastily. "But you were quite right at the time. I ought to have gone out there ten years ago. Women never know how to manage money."

I looked him in the eyes. "Lithway, anything in the world is better than staying in this house. You're in a bad way. You admit, yourself, you're not well. And Mrs. Lithway would rather cut out the

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motor and live anywhere than have you go to pieces."

He laughed: "Tell Margaret that I'm going to pieces—if you dare!"

"I'm not afraid of you, even if I should."

"No; but wouldn't you be afraid of her?"

I thought of the utter youth of Mrs. Lithway; the little white teeth that showed so childishly when she laughed; her small white hands that had seemed so weighed down with a heavy piece of embroidery; her tiny foot that slipped along the polished floors—a girl that you could pick up and throw out of the window.

"Certainly not. Would you?"

"I should think so!" He smiled. "We've been very happy here. I don't think she would like to move. I sha'n't suggest it to her. And mind"—he turned to me rather sharply—"don't you hint to her that the house is the uncanny thing you and that fool Wender seem to think it is."

I saw that there was no going ahead on that tack. Beyond a certain point, you can't interfere with mature human beings. But certainly Lithway looked ill; and if he admitted ill health, there must be something in it. It was extraordinary that Mrs. Lithway saw nothing. I was almost sorry—in spite of the remembered radiance of that vision on the porch—that Lithway had chosen to fall in love with a young fool. I rose.

"Love must be blind, if your wife doesn't see you're pulled down."

"Oh, love—it's the blindest thing going, thank God!" He was silent for a moment. "There are a great many things that I can't explain," he said. "But you can be sure that everything's all right."

I was quite sure, though I couldn't wholly have told why, that everything was at least moderately wrong. But I decided to say nothing more that night. I went to bed.

Lithway *was* ill: only so could I account for his nervousness that sometimes, in the next days, mounted to irritability. He was never irritable with his wife; when the tenser moods were on he simply ceased to address her, and turned his attention to me. We motored a good deal; that seemed to agree with him. But one morning he failed to appear at breakfast, and Mrs. Lithway seemed surprised that I had heard nothing during the night. He had had an attack of acuter pain—the doctor had been sent for. There had been telephoning, running to and fro, and talk in the corridors that no one had thought of keying down on my account. I was a little ashamed of not having waked, and more than a little cross at not having been called. She assured me that I could have done nothing, and apologized as prettily as possible for having to leave me to myself during the day. Lithway was suffering less, but of course she would be at his bedside. Naturally, I made no objections to her wifely solicitude. I was allowed to see Lithway for a few minutes, but the pain was severe and I cut my conversation short. The doctor suspected the necessity for an operation, and they sent to New York for a consulting specialist. I determined to wait until they should have reached their grewsome decision, on the off chance that I might, in the event of his being moved, be of service to Mrs. Lithway. In spite of her calm and sweetness and the perfect working of the household mechanism—no flurry, no fright, no delays or hitches—I thought her, still, a young fool. Any woman, of any age, was a fool if she had not seen Lithway withering under her very eyes.

It was a dreary day during which we waited for the New York physician; one of those days when sunlight seems drearier than mist—a monotonous and hostile glare. I tried reading Lithway's books, but the mere fact that they were his got on my nerves. I decided to go to my room and throw myself on the resources of my own luggage. There would be something there to read, I knew. I closed the library door quietly and went up-stairs. Outside my own door I stopped and looked—involuntarily, with no conscious curiosity—up to the third-story hall. There, in that dim corridor, leaning over the balustrade in one thin shaft of sunlight that struck up from the big window on the landing, stood Mrs. Lithway, with a folded paper in her hand, looking down at me. I did not wish to raise my voice—Lithway, I thought, might be sleeping—so did

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not speak to her. I don't think, in any case, I should have wanted to speak to her. The look in her eyes was distinctly unpleasant—the kind of look people don't usually face you with. I remember wondering, as our surprised glances met, why the deuce she should hate me like that—how the deuce a nice young thing could hate any one like that. It must be personal to me, I thought—no nice young thing would envisage the world at large with such venom. I turned away; and as I turned, I saw her, out of the tail of my eye, walk, with her peculiar lightness of step, along the upper corridor to the trunk-loft. She had the air of being caught, of not having wished to be seen. I opened my bedroom door immediately, but as I opened it I heard a sound behind me. Margaret Lithway stood on the threshold of her husband's room with an empty bottle.

"Would you mind taking the car into the village and getting this filled again?" she asked. Her eyes had dark shadows beneath them: she had evidently not slept the night before.

I flatter myself that I did not betray to her in any way my perturbation. Indeed, the event had fallen on a mind so ripe for solutions that, in the very instant of my facing her, I realized that what I had just seen above-stairs (and seen by mistake, I can assure you; she had fled from me) was Lithway's old ghost—no less. I took the bottle, read the label, and assured Mrs. Lithway that I would go at once. Mrs. Lithway was wrapped in a darkish house-gown of some sort. The lady in the upper hall had been in white, with a blue sash. . . . I was very glad when I saw Mrs. Lithway go into her husband's room and shut the door. I was having hard work to keep my expression where it belonged. For five minutes I stood in the hall, five minutes of unbroken stillness. Then I went to the garage, ordered out the car, and ran into the village, where I presented the bottle to the apothecary. He filled it immediately. As I re-entered the house, the great hall-clock struck; it was half past eleven. I sent the stuff—lime-water, I believe—up to Mrs. Lithway by a servant, and went into my room and locked the door.

I cannot say that I solved the whole enigma of Braythe in the hour before luncheon; but I faced for the first time the seriousness of a situation that had always seemed to me, save for Lithway's curious reactions upon it, more than half fantastic, if not imaginary. I had seen, actually seen, Lithway's ghost. I had not been meant to see her, and I was half-inclined to regret the sudden impulse that had led me to leave Lithway's library and go to my own room. The identity of the "ghost" with Mrs. Lithway was appalling to me—the more so, that there could have been no mistake about the nature of the personality that had reluctantly presented itself to my vision. I found myself saying: "Could that look in her eyes be the cross-light on the stairs?" and then suddenly remembered that I was only echoing the Lithway of years ago. It was incredible that any man should have liked the creature I had seen; and I could account for Lithway's long and sentimental relation with the apparition only by supposing that he had never seen her, as I had, quite off her guard. But if, according to his hint of the night before, he had come to confound the ghost with the real woman—what sort of marriage was *that*, I asked myself. The ghost was a bad lot, straight through. It brought me into the realm of pure horror. The event explained—oh, I raised my hands to wave away the throng of things that it explained! Indeed, until I could talk once more with Lithway, I didn't want to face them; I didn't want to see clear. I had a horrid sense of being left alone with the phantoms that infested the house: alone, with a helpless, bedridden friend to protect. Mrs. Lithway didn't need protection—that was clearer than anything else. Mrs. Lithway was safe.

Before night the consultation had been held, and it was decided that Lithway should be rushed straight to town for an operation. The pain was not absolutely constant; he had tranquil moments; but the symptoms were alarming enough to make them afraid of even a brief delay. We were to take him up the next morning. To all my offers of help Mrs. Lithway gave a smiling refusal. She could manage perfectly, she said. I am bound to say that she did manage perfectly, thinking of everything, never losing her head, unfailingly adequate, though the shad-

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ows under her eyes seemed to grow darker hour by hour. A nurse had come down from town, but I could hardly see what tasks Mrs. Lithway left to the nurse. I did my best, out of loyalty to the loyal Lithway, to subdue my aversion to his wife. I hoped that my aversion was quite unreasonable, and that, safe in Europe, I should feel it so. I ventured to say, after dinner, that I hoped she would try to get some sleep.

"Oh, yes, I shall!" She smiled. "There will be a great deal to do to-morrow, and the day after, when they operate, will be a strain. There's nothing harder than waiting outside. I know." Her eyes filled, but she went on very calmly. "I am so grateful to you for being here and for going up with us. I have no people of my own, you know, to call on. You have been the greatest comfort." She gave me a cool hand, said "Good night," and left me.

I do not know whether or not Mrs. Lithway slept, but I certainly did not, save in fitful dozes. I was troubled about Lithway: I thought him in very bad shape for an operation; and I had, besides, nameless forebodings of every sort. It was a comfort, the next morning, to hear him, through an open door, giving practical suggestions to his wife and the nurse about packing his things. I went in to see him before we started off. The doctor was down-stairs with Mrs. Lithway.

"Sorry to let you in for this, my boy. But you are a great help."

"Mrs. Lithway is wonderful," I said. "I congratulate you."

His sombre eyes held me. "Ah, you will never know how wonderful—never!" He said it with a kind of brooding triumph which, at the moment, I did not wholly understand. Now, long afterwards, I think I do.

I left him, and crossed the corridor to my own room. A slight rustle made me turn. Mrs. Lithway stood in the upper hall, looking down at me—the same creature, to every detail of dress, even to the folded paper in her hand, that I had seen the previous morning. This time I braced myself to face the ghost, to examine her with a passionate keenness. I hoped to find her a less appalling creature. But, at once, Mrs. Lithway leaned over the rail and spoke to me—a little sharply, I remember.

"Would you please telephone to the garage and say that the doctor thinks we ought to start ten minutes earlier than we had planned? I shall be down directly."

The hand that held the paper was by this time hidden in the folds of her skirt. She turned and sped lightly along the corridor to the trunk-loft. Save for the voice, it was a precise repetition of what had happened the day before.

"Certainly," I said; but I did not turn away until she had disappeared into the trunk-loft. I went to the telephone and gave the message; it took only a few seconds. Then I went to my own room, leaving the door open so that I commanded the hall. In a few minutes Mrs. Lithway came down the stairs from the third story. "Did you telephone?" she asked accusingly, as she caught my eye. I bowed. She passed on into Lithway's room. There was no paper in her hand. I knew that this time there had been no ghost.

Well. . . . Lithway, as every one knows, died under the ether. His heart suddenly and unaccountably went back on him. He left no will; and, as he had no relations exept the cousin whom he had married, everything went to her. I had once, before his second marriage, witnessed a will of Lithway's myself; but I didn't care to go into court with that information, especially as, in that will, he had left me his library. I should have liked, for old sake's sake, to have Lithway's library. His widow sold it, and it is, by now, dispersed about the land. She told me after the funeral that she should go on at Braythe, that she never wanted to leave it; but, for whatever reason, she did, after a few years, sell the place suddenly and go to Europe. I have never happened to see her since she sold it, and I did not know the people she sold it to. The house was burned many years ago, I believe, and an elaborate golf-course now covers the place where it stood. I have not been to Braythe since poor Lithway was buried.

I took the hunting-trip that Lithway had been so violently and inexplicably opposed to. I think I was rather a fool to do it, for I ought to have realized, after Lithway's death, the secret of the house, its

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absolutely unique specialty. But such is the peacock heart of man that I still, for myself, trusted in "common sense"—in my personal immunity, at least, from every supernatural law. Indeed, it was not until I had actually encountered my savage, and got the wound that I bear the scar of, that I gave entire credence to Lithway's tragedy. I put some time into recovering from the effect of that midnight skirmish in the jungle, and during my recovery I had full opportunity to pity Lithway.

It became quite clear to me that the presences at Braythe concerned themselves only with major dooms. If Lithway's ghost had been his wife, his wife must have been a bad lot. I am as certain as I can be of anything that he was exceedingly unhappy with her. It was a thousand pities that, for so many years, he had misunderstood the vision: that he had permitted himself—for that was what it amounted to—to fall in love with her in advance. She was, quite literally, his "fate." Of course, by this time, I feel sure that he couldn't have escaped her. I don't believe the house went in for kindly warnings; I think it merely, with the utmost insolence, foretold the inevitable and dared you to escape it. If I hadn't gone out for big game in Africa, I am quite sure that my nigger would have got at me somewhere else—even if he had to be a cannibal out of a circus running amuck down Broadway. That was the trick of the house: the worst thing that was going to happen to you leered at you authentically over that staircase. I have never understood why I saw Lithway's apparition; but I can bear witness to the fact that she was furious at my having seen her—as furious as Mrs. Lithway was, the next day, if it comes to that. It was a mistake. My step may have sounded like Lithway's. Who knows? At least it should be clear what Lithway meant when he said that he didn't always know whether he saw her or not. The two were pin for pin alike. The apparition, of course, had from the beginning worn the dress that Mrs. Lithway was to wear on the day that Lithway was taken to the hospital. I have never liked to penetrate further into the Lithways' intimate history. I am quite sure that the folded paper was the old will, but I have always endeavored, in my own mind, not to implicate Margaret Lithway more than that. Of course there could never have been any question of implicating her before the public.

I never had a chance, after my own accident, to consult Wender. I stuck to Europe unbrokenly for many years, as he stuck to America. Both Wender and I, I fancy, were chary of writing what might have been written. Some day, I thought, we would meet and have the whole thing out; but that day never came. Suddenly, one autumn, I had news of his death. He was a member of a summer expedition in Utah and northern Arizona —I think I mentioned that he had gone in for American ethnology. There are, as every one knows, rich finds in our western States for any one who will dig long enough; and they were hoping to get aboriginal skulls and mummies. All this his sister referred to when she wrote me the particulars of his death. She dwelt with forgivable bitterness on the fact that Wender had been told beforehand that the particular section he was assigned to was free from rattlesnakes. "Perhaps you know," she wrote, "that my brother had had, since childhood, a morbid horror of reptiles." I did know it—Lithway had told me. Wender's death from the bite of a rattlesnake was perhaps the most ironic of the three adventures; for Wender was the one of us who put most faith in the scenes produced on the stage of Braythe. I never heard Wender's theory; but I fancy he realized, as Lithway and I did not, that since the "ghosts" we saw were not of the past they must be of the future —a most logical step, which I am surprised none of us should have taken until after the event.

Wender's catastrophe killed in me much of my love of wandering. At least, it drove me to Harry Medway; and Harry Medway did the rest. I am not afraid of another warrior's cutting at me with his assegai; but I do not like to be too far from specialists. I have already been warned that I may sometime go blind; and I know that other complications may be expected. Pathology and surgery are sealed books to me; but I still hold so far to logic that I expect fully to die some-

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time as an indirect result of that wound. The scar reminds me daily that its last word has not been said.

I am a fairly old man—the older that I no longer wander, and that I cling so weakly to the great capitals which hold the great physicians. The only thing that I was ever good at I can no longer do. Curiosity has died in me, for the most part; one or two such mighty curiosities have been, you see, already so terribly appeased. But I think I would rise from my death-bed, and wipe away, with my own hand, the mortal sweat from my face, for the chance of learning what it was that drove Mrs. Lithway, in midwinter, from Braythe. If I could once know what she saw on the staircase, I think I should ask no more respite. The scar might fulfil its mission.

THE DEAD FORERUNNER

By C. W.

Do you hear the women marching, little mother,
Where you slumber in your narrow bed apart,
With your little hands locked fast,
Icy, motionless, at last,
Above the ashen crater of your heart?
You, the passionate forerunner of the morrow,
You, who died before the breaking of the light,
Frail, Promethean foe of hoary wrong and sorrow,
Can you hear the women marching through the night?

Not so piteous the lot of those who perished
Long years before the breaking of the day,
Who took into their graves the vision cherished,
With fruition still millenniums away!
But the army you awaited, Banner-bearer,
Was just around the corner of the years!
O little dauntless ghost,
Was it you who led the host,
When I watched it flashing past me, through my tears?

Can you hear the women marching, little mother,
In the narrow little bed where you sleep?
All the crowding, hurrying feet,
Marching with victorious beat
Above the graves of sowers—these who reap?
O, I think my heart could bear its mem'ries better,
Recall, without so passionate a tear,
Your soul's unconquered wearing of the fetter,
If only you could know the day is here!

They are coming, they are coming, little mother,
Some with fierce, fanatic sword and foolish spear,
But the many girt with love of son and brother,
Mother-tolerance, and sturdy mother-cheer.
But I wish that you could see them thronging, singing,
Up the lonely path the lantern-bearers trod,
On the journey of the soul
Toward the ever-luring goal
Of man, the tireless traveller to God!

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IN THE MATTER OF A BALE OF BLANKETS

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

THEY were holding what was almost a public reception in the ward-room of the *Missalanna*. The Honorable J. J. Flavin, having appeased his hunger and slaked his thirst, signalled the Filipino mess-boy for a smoke; and having decided as to what was the most expensive cigar on the tray, he took two, and moved on to where, through a shining air-port, a fresh sea-breeze might find its cooling way to his beaded brow, for it was a warm summer's day and at trencher-play the Honorable Flavin had been no laggard.

As the Honorable J. J. smoked, so did he take the time to observe; and, observing, he vouchsafed the opinion to a thin-faced, high-shouldered young fellow who happened to halt near him: "These navy fellows must have a fat time of it, huh, Carlin?"

Carlin flashed a glance of something like resentment on Flavin. "How do you figure that?"

"Why, look at the swell feed—and the champagne here to-day. And look!" He slid off for inspection the band of the cigar he was smoking. "I paid three for a dollar for that same cigar the other day at a big hotel in Washin'ton. They must have money to throw overboard to be givin' that kind away."

Carlin knew the brand. He also knew that only two, or it might be three, officers of that ward-room mess could afford to smoke that make of cigar regularly; but he did not tell Flavin that. "They get those cigars for twelve cents apiece—buying 'em by the hundred—in Cuba, J. J.," he suggested mildly.

"And the dealers stick us thirty-five cents for 'em up here! Anyway, a fat time they have swelling 'round in uniforms given 'em by the gover'ment for the ladies to admire 'em."

Two years of political reporting in his home city and two more as Washington correspondent for the paper of most vital circulation in that same home city had not made of Carlin a politician, and it is to be doubted if ten times four years in a political atmosphere would have so made him; possibly because he wished no ambition to be so distinguished, but more likely because ancestrally implanted in Carlin's breast was an inextinguishable desire to speak what he thought, and usually as soon as he thought it.

He said now—sharply: "What do you know about naval officers or navy life, J. J.?"

The Honorable J. J. Flavin had never, not even when he was only ward-leader, and therefore much more disposed to humility than now, been able to reconcile Carlin's unworshipful tongue with his own sense of what was due a man of importance in the political world. And Judas priest, he had a tongue of his own if it came to that! "Of course, you know all about it!" he retorted.

"No, I don't," replied Carlin promptly and placidly. "But I probably know more than do you or almost anybody else who has never had the chance to live aboard ship and see some of it. This afternoon the officers of this ship are spreading themselves according to service traditions to give you and me and all aboard here a good time. To-morrow they'll be to sea and on the job, a simple-living, busy crowd—working hard, taking chances, and making no talk about it."

Flavin whoofed a funnel of doubting cigar-smoke into the teeth of the air-port breeze. "Taking chances! How? And where?"

"Everywhere. Day and night—battle-ships, destroyers, in submarines, and aeroplanes. Thirty men and officers killed in one turret explosion only last month."

"Taking chances—huh! Foolish chances!"

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"Anybody who isn't living to see how long he can live takes a foolish chance once in a while. That turret crew were on the battle-range trying to make big-gun records."

"And did they make 'em?"

"They did. And their seven-inch batteries made 'em too. Single guns and broadsides at ten thousand five hundred yards."

"I didn't hear about that," growled Flavin.

"No? That's a shame, J. J. The department ought to 've wired you about it."

Flavin eyed Carlin sidewise. No use—he would never change. Would he never get on to himself? Flavin wondered. He ought to have been one of the best-advertised men in his line in the country, as everybody around Washington said, but a fellow liable to hop out any time and bat somebody that could be of use to him over the eye, how could anybody go boosting him?

"They must 'a' treated you pretty well, Carlin?" he hazarded slyly.

"They treated me well—yes," snapped Carlin. "And they're treating you pretty decently now, aren't they?"

"I'd like to see 'em treat me, or any member o' Congress, any other way!"

"A member of Congress—that's right. And as a member of Congress you're drawing down how much, J. J.?"

"Seventy-five hundred a year—and allowances," replied Flavin, looking around the ward-room and not caring particularly who might hear the figures.

"And before you were sent to Washington you never made more than fifteen dollars a week in your life," thought Carlin. Aloud he said, in as gentle a tone as he could on short order muster, "And did you ever stop to think, J. J., that while you're being paid that seventy-five hundred a year—and allowances—the captain of this ship, with nine hundred and forty lives and a nine-million-dollar war-machine to look out for, gets less than five thousand a year—and that only after thirty-odd years of professional study and practice? And that almost all of these other officers you see standing around here will regularly have to go up on the bridge and take full charge of this ship and all on her, and let 'em, some night or day, make a mistake, lose their nerve, or close their eyes for an instant and—bing! All off with the nine hundred and forty lives, not to mention the nine-million-dollar plant! And these officers under the captain have had all the way from seven or eight to thirty years of continuous professional study and practice, and yet some of them are getting less than one-third of the money you get."

To which the Honorable J. J. responded blandly: "Well, what of it? Their pay and my pay is fixed by the same gover'-ment. If they don't pay more, it's because the people who regulate their pay and my pay think they ain't worth any more."

"Fine!" said Carlin—"seeing that Congress regulates them both!"

"Huh!" Flavin hadn't foreseen that. "Here, you!" he roared to the mess-boy with the tray of cigars; and the little brown boy, with no inclining admiration for stout-waisted, loud-voiced men in splendid new gray trousers and frock coats, but always well drilled, floated himself and his tray respectfully, if not overhurriedly, across the ward-room deck to Flavin.

"If you worked for me I'd soon learn you to move faster," growled Flavin. He began to paw through the tray. "Where's that cigar I had before? This it?" He read the name on the band. "Yes, that's it. Twelve cents apiece in Cuba, did y'say, Carlin? I wonder couldn't I get somebody to get me some of 'em? Here, ain't you having one?"

"No, I've smoked enough."

"Enough?—and swell smokes like this kind being passed round!" He took two.

Suddenly, smoking anew, Flavin cast a suspicious glance at the newspaper man. "What you getting at, Carlin—trying to drive into me all this talk about the navy? Is it because I'm a member o' Congress?"

"I don't know that I've been trying to drive anything into you," retorted Carlin. "But you made a crack about the navy, and after you've been in Washington awhile longer somebody will be sure to tell you that my favorite monologue is the navy. They'll probably tell you, too, that if I couldn't get anything more intelligent to listen I'd hold up a row of trolley-poles and pump it into 'em. And

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so long as we are at it—take the officers' case again. As a member of Congress, J. J., you ought to know these things. When from out of his pay an officer deducts the cost of his grub and uniforms, not to speak of other items——"

"Huh!" Flavin had before this decided on the framework of a new speech. Its theme was to be the soft times of certain pampered government servants, this for the undistinguished but unterrified voter of his district; but this item of grub and clothes was disturbing. "The gover'ment don't furnish 'em grub and clothes?"

"It doesn't. And the special full-dress coat of that officer standing there, or any of those younger officers, happens to cost nearly one-half of one month's pay—just the coat. And being naval officers they have to live up to a certain standard aboard ship, as do their families, if they have any, ashore. And a lot of other items. Take this reception this afternoon—they have to pay for it out of their own pocket."

Flavin whoofed two, three funnels of smoke thoughtfully toward the air-port. That speech would sure have to be given up, or vamped up in some new way, or saved for prudent delivery before closed secret organizations—that was sure. An impressive speech, too, he could have made of it. Confound Carlin butting in with his inside information! And Carlin not being a politician either, what could a fellow do with him?

Carlin waited for the words of wisdom to flow. They flowed. "Y'know, Carlin, there's nothing to be gained in my district by voting for any naval bill."

"Is there anything to be lost?

"Suppose I could swap a vote with somebody for a federal building or something in my district, for something in his district?"

"Go ahead and swap it!" barked Carlin. "And keep on swapping till your district wakes up to you and swaps you for somebody else!"

Flavin shook his head in triumphant prophecy. "They won't—not in my district, Carlin. It's too solid. A nomination is an election in my district, and the machine says who'll be nominated. But I tell you what, Carlin—a man like you in Washin'ton could help me out a lot through your paper up home." He eyed Carlin narrowly to see how he took that. Carlin said nothing. Flavin continued: "You weren't born in the bushes yesterday, Carlin, for all you're no pol. You know enough about the game to know there's nobody giving somethin' for nothing in politics. And——"

Carlin raised a warning palm. "Pull up, pull up! You don't have to do any trading in this thing. You want to remember, J. J., that I'm a newspaper man even before I'm a navy man, and whatever you do you'll get what's coming to you from me."

The Honorable Flavin, not without doubt in his eyes, stared out of the air-port. Presently he said: "I'll take a look over the ship, I guess. See you later." He threw his cigar-stub through the air-port and moved away.

The eyes of Carlin, searching the ward-room for such officers of the ship as he had not yet greeted, encountered the quizzical and questioning glance of "Sharkey," otherwise Lieutenant, Trainor, United States Navy. "Who is your large and sonorous friend?" queried Trainor. Being a host he did not put it in words, but being human he could not help looking it.

The spoken answer to the unspoken question would probably have horrified the Honorable Flavin. "He's a man from up my way who made himself useful to the machine, and so they sent him to Washington. He's pretty raw, Sharkey, but I suppose he could be worse. At least we know where he will always be found."

"And where, Carl, will he always be found?"

Carlin smiled with Trainor. "Where the votes are. That's his idea of supreme political genius—playing for the votes of the moment. I was talking up the navy to him, with an increased navy-pay bill in mind for this session. But I don't suppose that interests you, Sharkey."

"Thanks to the thrift and thoughtfulness of an acquisitive ancestry," smiled Trainor, "I suppose I could worry along if there was never a pay-day in the service. But most of the rest of the fellows would surely be interested. There's Pay Totten now. He'd——"

"Where is Pay? I haven't seen him since I came aboard."

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"These navy fellows must have a fat time of it, huh, Carlin?"—Page 744.

"Nor you won't for a long time again, unless you carry a longer than regulation glass, for Pay's by this time on the high seas and southward bound. That's why I spoke of him. But come into my room."

From a pigeonhole in his desk in his room Trainor pulled out several typewritten pages. "Ever hear, Carl, of Pay's bale of blankets?"

"Nope."

"Ah-h—yours shall be the joy of hearing the tale from the lips of the poet-author himself. You may elevate your high literary eyebrows at the construction, but recalling that you, or some other competent critic, told me once that construction was after all subordinate—that is, physical, not psychological, construction—I venture to tell this story in my own way. Hark, now!" Trainor smoothed out his sheets of paper and read:

"She was the war-ship *Missalam*, which lay out in the stream
Of a port in Chinese waters which translated means Cold Cream.
A wireless comes from the admiral—he flew two stars on blue—
And the message read: 'At once cast free and join me in Chee Foo.
But bring along all packages, all bundles, and all mail—
Our need is great, the fleet does wait, come forced draft, do not fail.'

"And the *Missalam's* commander says, 'Whatever shall I do?
'Tis a two days' Chinese holiday, don't they know that in Chee Foo?
And a thousand tons of coal we'll need, and merchandise in dock
Fills half the tin-clad warehouse, and immovable as a rock
Are sampan men and coolies when they've knocked off for the day—
And now 'tis snow and hail and sleet and a two days' holiday!'

"But he wakes up good old Totten
Sleeping soundly in his bed,
And showing the admiral's wireless,
Mutters, 'This is what he said.'"

Trainor looked over the top of his first page. "How's it so far, Carl?"

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"They've put men in the brig for less. But go ahead."

"Thanks. I proceed:

"'I was dreaming,' says good old Totten, 'I was writing to my wife
Of Chinese native customs and the joys of navy life.
But two hundred coolie men we'll need and a score of sampans wide
To get that coal aboard the ship and sail by morning tide.
No night for honest men to roam, but be sure ashore I'll go—
Mayhap in a shack on the water-side I'll find my friend Jim Joe.'

"Pay found his old-time Chinese friend and tells him what's to do.
'A thousand tons of coal I want and I'm putting it up to you.'
But Joe he looks at his Melican fiend and he says, 'Me no can do—
To-night good Chinese mens they go and burn the joss-sticks—so—
And bad Chinese mens, my fiend,' says Joe, with a wink or two,
'They play fan-a-tan, low-lee and mot.' Says Joe, 'Me no can do.'

"And saying the last part over again—
With another wink or two,
'They play fan-a-tan, low-lee and mot.'
Says Joe, 'Me no can do.'

"Then Pay, with a grip of Joe's pigtail, 'You mind the time—you do?—
When I pulled you out from a gunboat's snout? —and you now say, "No can do"?
Two hundred coolie boys I want and twenty sampans wide,
And twice five hundred tons aboard, so we sail by morning tide.
When I left the ship the skipper says, "Now, Pay, it's up to you!"'
Pay gives Joe's tail a gentle twitch—'Now, Joe, you must can do!'

"And Joe, with queue curled all anew, in the sleet and hail he goes
And two-score crews of coolie boys he drags out by their toes.

"Two hundred coolie boys we want and twenty sampans wide."—Page 749

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Imagine him on a slushy, snowy night . . . tearing out those packages.—Page 750.

'Two hundred coolie boys we want and twenty
sampans wide,
And tice fi' hundled tlons on ship so she sail by
morning tlide.'
And some he tore from their honest beds and
some from loud wassail,
But all came out, for Joe was stout, into the sleet
and hail.

"And two hundred lusty coolie boys
With twenty sampans wide,
Laid twice five hundred tons to where
The ship in stream did ride."

Trainor laid down the sheets.

"That's not the end, Sharkey?"

"No, no. But that's the end of the Jim Joe part, which was hailed as so masterly a performance on Pay's part—getting those sampan men and coolies out of their beds on a night like that and to work at coaling ship for us—that I, the uncrowned poet laureate of the Asiatic squadron, was commissioned to do it in verse, which I proceeded to do one night; and got that far, swinging along fine and dandy, when the messenger called me for the mid-watch."

"And you never finished it?"

"I couldn't," wailed Sharkey—"not in rhyme. After that four hours' night-watch the rhymes were all gone from me. It was a rough night. A monsoon made out of the southeast——"

"Omit the professional jargon, Sharkey, and your professional troubles, and remember the first law of story-telling is to tell the story."

"Wizz!" murmured Sharkey, softly. "Thus encouraged, I proceed. Well, getting Jim Joe started with his twenty sampans and his two hundred coolies was only part of Pay's job that night. The big warehouse, where goods for our fleet and other craft were stored, was in charge of a Chinaman we called Hoo Ling, and he knew less English than Joe, and appreciated even less than Joe the need of quick action. The admiral's wireless message looked just like any other wireless message to this big chink, Hoo Ling. But it's a great thing to be a student of the Chi-

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There were a dozen ship's boats and two hundred ship's men coming and going.—Page 751.

nese and of Chinese customs and of Chinese mental processes. Pay wheedled Ling a little, bluffed him a little, touched on past friendships a little, on possible future business a lot, painted a picture of our warlike forces over to Chee Foo, touched—not too casually—on the so much greater love which the officers and men of the United States Navy bore for China than for Japan, and such other little subtleties as he could invoke or invent. At last the old fellow was moved to open up and let Pay pick out what packages were for the fleet.

"And so, with four yeomen of the ship roused from restful hammocks to make memoranda of the addresses as fast as he pried them loose from the main pile and called them out, and with twelve able seamen of the watch to hustle the packages along as fast as the yeomen recorded them, and with forty other bustling bluejackets to load them into the boats, Pay tore into that pile of freight, which was about as high and twice as long and wide as a three-apartment house. There were probably four or five thousand packages of various kinds to be overhauled, and they were addressed in four languages—English, German, French, and Chinese. If Pay was the only white man in that part of China who could have charmed that impassive old storekeeper out of his bamboo bed that time of night, he was probably likewise the only white man in port that night who could read those Chinese shopkeepers' addresses.

"Dry goods, wet goods, hardware, grocery stuff, butcher's stuff, jeweller's stuff, ship's stores, bales of cotton, bales of silk, curios, souvenirs, bicycles, sewing-machines, sacks of rice, sacks of coffee, sacks of potatoes, barrels of flour and of gasolene, auto tires, boxes of tea, quarters of beef and of mutton, cases of breakfast-food and of oil, packages all the way from the size of a finger-ring to packages the size of an auto-truck. You know what a big, husky chap Pay Totten is? Imagine him on a slushy, snowy night, stripped to the waist, wading into that pile—feet, shoulders, knees, hands, elbows, with his teeth almost—tearing out those packages, and from addresses in English, French, German, and especially Chinese, picking out flying such as were for our ships."

Trainor paused. A reminiscent smile was parting his lips.

"Hurry up. Did you sail on time next morning?" demanded Carlin.

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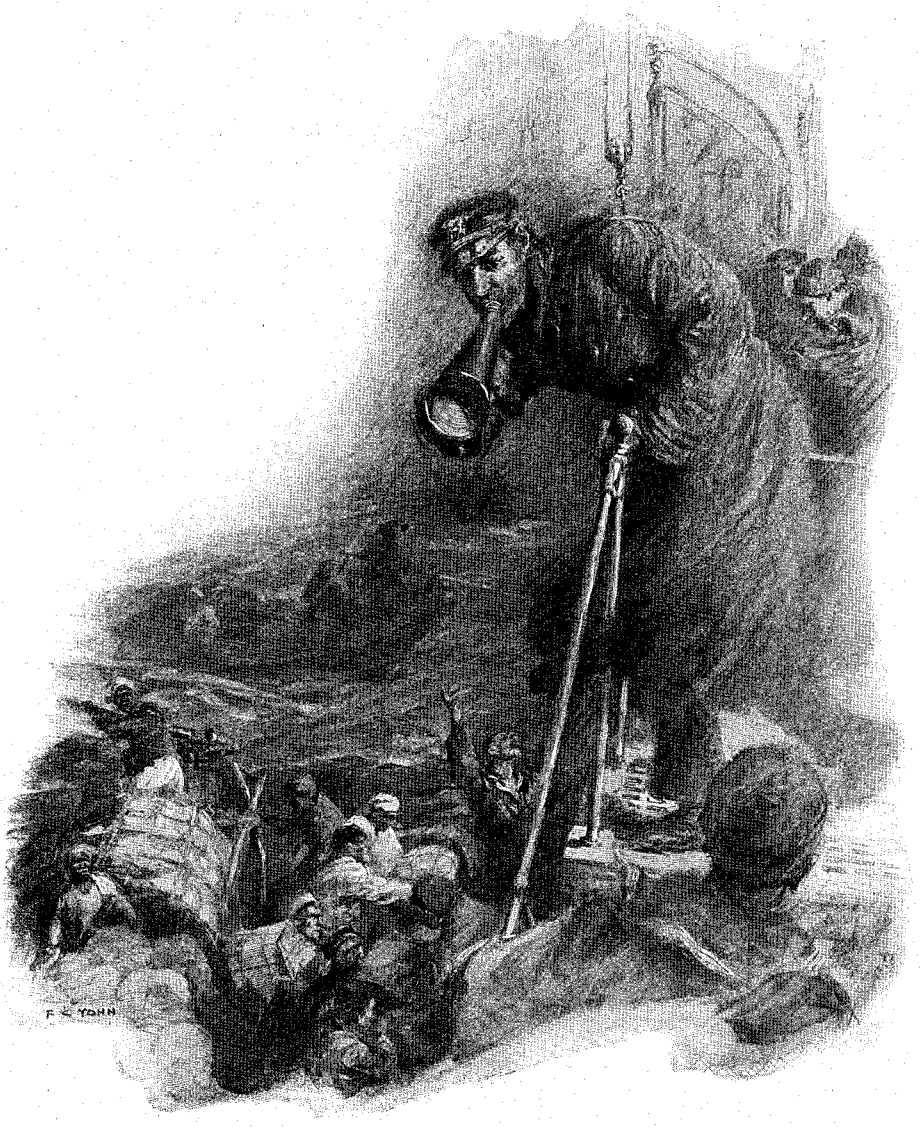
"We did. With our coal aboard and the packages for the fleet, we made a record run and arrived in Chee Foo hours before the admiral was looking for us. And it was the day before Christmas and our coming made the whole fleet happy for Christmas week, and our skipper got 'Well done!' from the flag-bridge, but—" Trainor looked at Carlin and smiled ruefully. "There's so often a but, isn't there, to the otherwise happy tale? Among the seven hundred and odd packages receipted for by Paymaster Totten it seems there was missing one bale of blankets. What happened to the bale of blankets? they queried Paymaster Totten, and 'Lord!' says poor Pay, 'how do I know? It might 've been stolen on the wharf, or dropped overboard between the wharf and one of the ship's boats, or lost in rowing out to the ship or hoisting it over the ship's side. There were a dozen ship's boats and two hundred ship's men coming and going, and half a mile between



It was drive, drive, drive, from midnight to daylight.—Page 752.

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the ship and shore; and it was a black, blustering night of sleet and hail, and there were also hundreds of coolies and dozens of sampans on the coal. It was drive, drive, drive, from midnight to daylight—how do I know what happened to one lone bale of blankets?'

"However, Pay nor anybody else worried much about the blankets at the time. Our skipper recommended, in view of Paymaster Totten's extraordinary exertions on that night, that the bale of blankets be not charged against his accounts. And the admiral, when he heard all the story, approved and passed it along to Washington. But it came back. And by and by it was sent on to Washington again. And by and by it came back.

"And forth from us it went in due time, and for the last time, we thought, on leaving for home by way of Suez and Guantanamo. In the Mediterranean we picked up the European squadron and with them enjoyed several gala occasions, notably at Alexandria, Naples, Villefranche, and Gibraltar, at each of which ports we deemed it incumbent upon the service to spread itself a little. And during these festivities Pay was there with the rest of us, but between the gala days going without his bottle of beer with lunch, his cigar after dinner, in order that on the great days he might be able to contribute his share toward these receptions and yet not impair that sum—three-quarters of his pay it was—which he sent home monthly, in order that Mrs. Pay and the five little Pays might have food, lodging, clothes, and otherwise maintain the little social standard of living imposed upon a naval officer's family.

"'Thank God,' says Pay on our last day in the Mediterranean, 'we are leaving here to-morrow!' and he hauls out his aged special full-dress suit, and looks it over, and says with a sigh, 'I'm afraid I'll have to lay you away, old friend; but a few thrifty months in West India winter quarters and I may be able to replace you with a grand new shining fellow, and so come up the home coast the gayly apparelled, dashing naval officer of tradition.'

"And we went on to the West Indies and put in the rest of the winter there, with Pay forgetting all about the bale of blankets, until the night before we were to go north. On that night a steamer from New York puts into where the fleet is, and in her mail for us is our old friend the letter of the indorsements as to the loss of the blankets, and now with one more indorsement since we'd last seen it, to wit: the department saw no reason to change its original ruling as to the responsibility for the loss of the bale of blankets, and Paymaster Totten's accounts would be charged with the loss thereof."

Trainor paused to allow a swift hot blast from Carlin to sweep through the room. "The archaic bureaucrats!" concluded Carlin fervently.

"Yes," agreed Trainor, "and yet, Carl, from their point of view——"

"A point of view which impairs high service is criminal."

Trainor knitted his brows. "Maybe you're right, Carl, but—recalling your advice about story-telling—Pay Totten, foreseeing a battle-ship cruise along the North Atlantic coast this summer, with certain pleasant but expensive ports in sight, could see where it might well behoove him to ask for a change of venue—that is, if he ever hoped to settle for that bale of blankets. It was costing him thirty dollars on the ship for his grub, which, as you know, didn't include any smokes or an occasional bottle of beer, nor the laundry for fifteen white suits—a fresh one every day in the tropics—and a few other sundry items, not to mention other minor but inescapable items.

"So Pay thought it all over, and on his way north he put in his request, and two days ago he got his orders; and yesterday he left us. And this morning—look!" —from the pile of letters atop of his desk Trainor selected one. "This came. Listen." Trainor read:

"Dear Sharkey:

"We're sailing to-day for the West African coast to look into Liberian matters. And in that country, where you're likely any time to fall in with a member of the cabinet sitting barefooted in the middle of the road peeling potatoes, the wear and tear on uniforms won't probably be overheavy. And if there should happen to be any *recherché* affairs when we move onto the Congo coast, I am only hoping that the natives won't inspect too closely any

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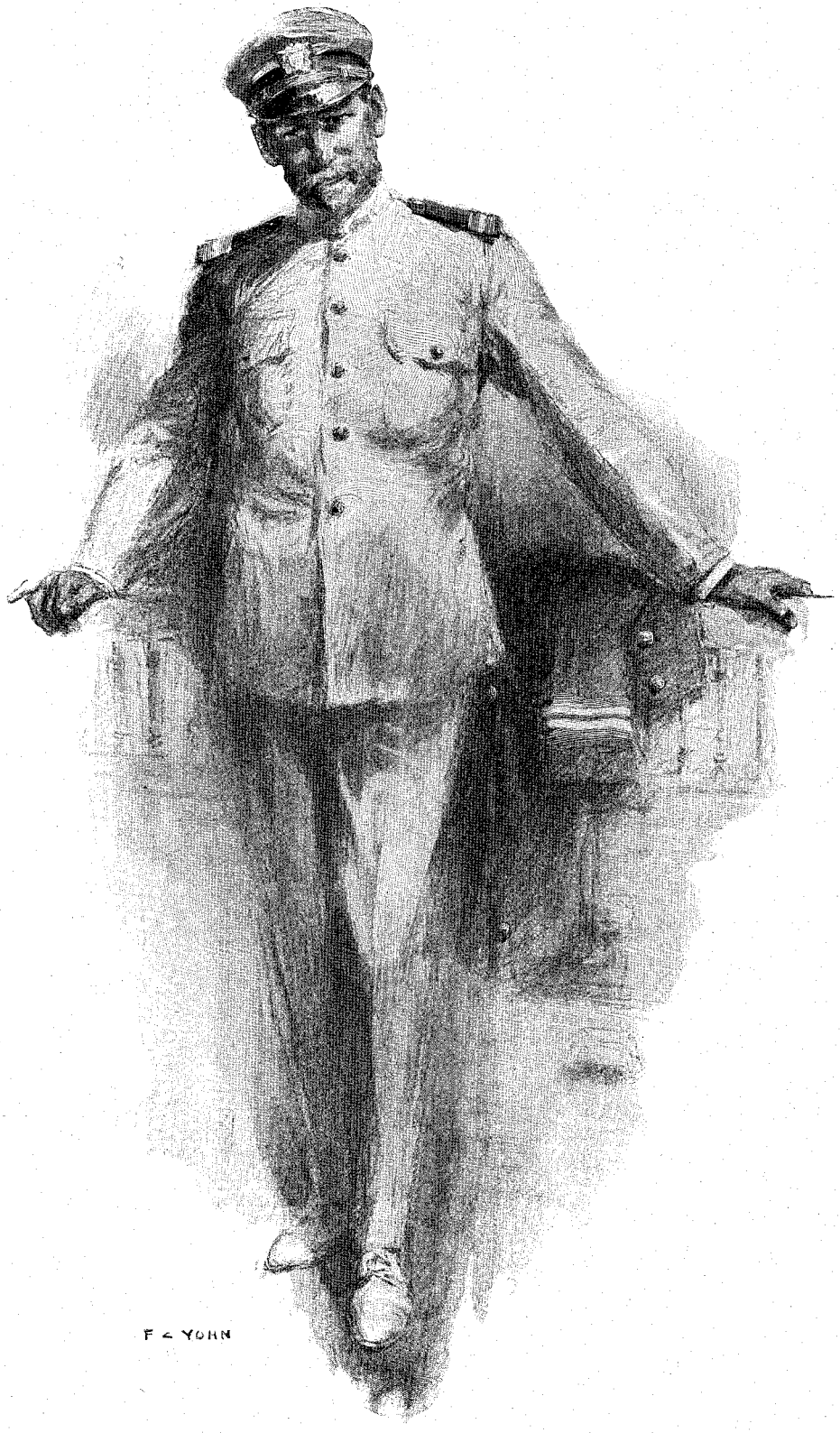

Paymaster Totten.

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special full-dress paymaster's coat which should be blue but, as it happens, is green in the region of the seams. And after the West African sojourn we are bound for a little jaunt of a thousand miles or so up the Amazon, where I learn—and I've taken some trouble to learn—we won't have to wear full dress at all, not even when calling upon the tribal high chiefs. I'll come home yet with that old full-dress standby—if it isn't blown off my back during some tropical typhoon.

"It's a great thing, Sharkey, the being allowed two months' advance pay on leaving for foreign service. For me it means that Mrs. Totten and the children can have their little place and their one little maid at the little beach which did them all so much good last summer, and, if they're economical, maybe an occasional trip to the movies.

"And so I am leaving almost happy. Of course, the good-by and that two years made me feel a bit lumpy and lonesome leaving them, but the race would be too easy if we didn't carry some little extra weight, wouldn't it? As to the bale——"

Trainor stopped reading. "There's something else, personal stuff, which doesn't concern the story." He laid down the letter and looked up. "I couldn't help hearing a word or two of what your friend the congressman was saying to-day—half the ward-room also heard it, I guess. There's a case for him, Carl, if he's the right kind—a special bill to reimburse Totten."

Carlin jumped to his feet. "You're right, Sharkey. And he isn't the worst in the world. I'll put it up to him right now, if he's still aboard."

Congressman Flavin was still aboard, but also was bursting with something to tell. "What d'y'know, Carlin—nine hundred and odd sailors aboard this ship and not one of 'em could vote in my State, not even if they all lived there and wanted to! How's that!"

"Why, of course. It's in our State law—service in the army or navy or marine corps——"

"And you ask me to vote for navy bills and not one of 'em got a vote! I wouldn't 'a' known only they told me themselves. I was speaking to a couple of 'em happened to live in my district, and they told me."

"That's all right, J. J., but forget that voting stuff for a minute and listen to me." And briefly, rapidly, and not without art, Carlin retold the story—retold it in prose entirely—of Paymaster Totten and the bale of blankets. When he had done he added, "Now, J. J., what do you think of a man doing a good job like that and losing out by it?"

"Always the way, Carlin—always," replied the Honorable Flavin briskly. "What most of these fellows on these ships need is a little course in practical politics. Why didn't that paymaster sit tight in his bunk, the time his captain came to him with that hurry-up message, and tell him he couldn't get any coolies or sampans? If he'd just rolled over in his bunk and said, 'Captain, it can't be done,' or if he'd gone ashore and made a bluff it couldn't be done, he wouldn't 'a' had any bale of blankets to pay for—see? This doing things you don't have to do, and nothing in it for yourself when you do do 'em—that's kid's work."

"All fine, J. J., but how about Christmas for the fleet?"

"Christmas? Let 'em look out for their own Christmas! He'd be getting his pay envelope every week just the same, wouldn't he?"

"Fine again—and as beautifully practical as you always are, J. J. But how about doing what Totten thought was his duty?"

"Duty? That ain't duty—that's foolishness. Duty's doing what you *got* to do, not doing something just to make a good fellow of yourself."

Slowly Carlin began to count: "One, two, three——"

"What's the matter?" demanded Flavin.

"A dream I had taking the count—eight, nine, ten, out! Say, Flavin, did it ever occur to you that your duty included knowing something about your business—who can vote, for instance, among a thousand other things, and who can't?"

"The mistake you make and all you wise high-brows make, Carlin"—and the Honorable Flavin fixed him with a knowing eye—"is in thinking I don't know my job. My job ain't in being in Congress. A hell of a lot they'll know at

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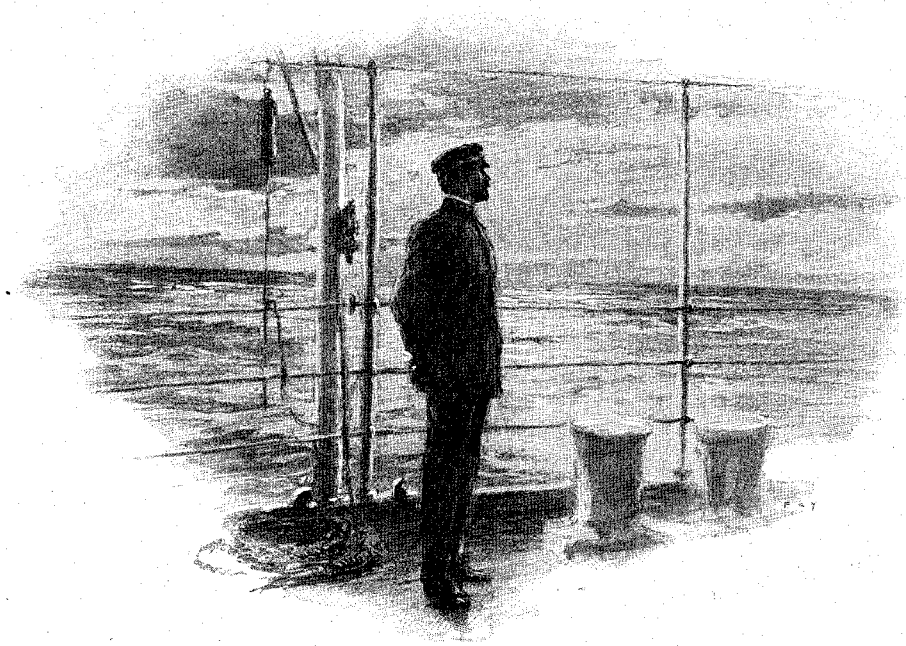
home what I'm doing in Washin'ton after I get there. My job is being *elected* to Congress. And getting elected means to be able to get votes, and getting votes means being with the people who'll give you the votes. And your paymaster friend"—the Honorable Flavin favored Carlin with a wink and another knowing smile—"and his push, they don't swing any votes. But o' course that's for them. With you it's different. Now, you being in Washin'ton with a string o' newspapers—huh?"

Carlin had walked off.

"There he goes," muttered Flavin, "pluggin' the game of a lot of people can never do a thing for him."

Trainor was shaking his head, half sadly and half seriously, at Carlin. He replaced Totten's letter on the pile on his desk. "One of the jokes of the mess is to accuse me of having so much money that I could publish my own books of foolish rhymes if I felt like it, but I haven't enough to pay for that bale of blankets for Pay Totten. Aboard ship Pay has just as much money as I have. But no matter—I'm one of those who believe that nobody beats the game in the long run. The eternal laws are against it. The people get everybody pretty near right in time. And fellows like Pay will get what's due them some time. And your congressional friend, too, I hope. But"—Trainor stood up—"what d'y'say, Carl, if we get out into the ward-room country again? It's been a long watch since you and I clinked glasses together."

And outside in the mess-room, standing almost under the air-port which opened out to sea, Trainor held his glass up to Carlin's, saying: "There was a bosun's mate I knew one time, named Cahalan. I used to absorb most of my philosophy from him. I was on the bridge one night, and in one of the wings was Cahalan and another lad of the watch. They were evidently having an argument about something, and Cahalan was trying to convince him. I couldn't hear what his watch-mate said, but from out of the dark all at once I heard Cahalan. Said Cahalan: 'When a man does a good job and gets rated up for it, he's a lucky geezer; when he does a good job and don't get rated up for it, he mayn't be a lucky geezer, but what th' hell, he's done a good job just the same, ain't he?' So, Carl, what d'y'say?—to Pay Totten, sailing lonesome through the Trades—a poor politician, but a damn good officer!"



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THE DEVIL-HEN

By Katherine Mayo

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER L. GREENE

BIG Mary, a strapping Barbadian negress, had strayed across the Caribbean to the Dutch colony of Surinam more vaguely than a bird strays in the air. So, also, came Moses, a black bulk from Demerara. And the two, being met, mated enduringly, yet by bonds far slighter than those that bind the feathered folk in springtime.

Big Mary attached to Maclise and his mining work in the gold bush; and here, indeed, grew no slight bond, but the single-souled devotion, the hot, inalienable loyalty of the old-time negro to the master. In many a pinch had she proved it—in one above all so stiff and wicked that the grateful Maclise had rewarded her gorgeously, even with the right to ride in his private launch whenever he himself should traverse the river between Paramaribo, the port town, and his placer in the jungle.

As this distinction pertained to Mary alone, of all the colored multitude of the colony, she wore it with sacerdotal majesty. And though it entailed her constant attendance afloat, Maclise found little objection, for the giant Barbadian was as silent as the rough-hewn wooden idol she resembled, while the sight of her burly form, squatting alert and motionless on the forward deck, imparted a sense of reserve force not always unwelcome.

Moses, her man, like the stolid ox he was, she kept to his work at the placer. To the mind of his mate Paramaribo was no place for Moses. In his first five minutes on Waterkant, she explained to him, some rapscallion would strip him of every cent he possessed, returning no benefit. Whereas, if she went down singly, drew his earnings, and spent them as her spirit moved, they served at least an agreeable purpose. So Moses continued to chop cord-wood and lay up treasure in the town office, while Mary, flitting at will and alone, disbursed that treasure to her own satisfaction.

To the other laborers Big Mary seemed a thing apart. The only woman allowed on the placer, her severity, her strength and courage, and her fierce faith to the master made her a sexless engine of wrath. They respected and feared her with a truth that afforded Maclise unending delight, and he never tired of observing that comic relationship.

Now it happened, on a season, that Maclise was called from the placer to town; and, the contracts of a gang of laborers expiring at the time, he determined, for convenience' sake, to take the gang with him. To them, at the last moment, accrued one alleged invalid. This fellow, a mulatto pump-hand named Banknote, lay under strong suspicion of malingering; but his pretence, if such it was, cleverly defied proof and enforced his plea for sick-leave.

"Banknote," said Maclise, as he stepped into the big fish-boat that should convey them all down creek to the launch's river anchorage, "Banknote, take an oar. It is good medicine. But, Mary, you sit opposite and watch he doesn't overwork himself. Banknote is sick, you know." He regarded the Amazon gravely.

"Yes, mahster," said Mary with a face of stone.

The men had stowed their luggage as best its motley form allowed. Canisters, boxes, sacks, and tools were packed compactly, while on top of all perched the inevitable chicken-crate crowded with melancholy fowls—property of the stroke-oar, Fitzjim.

Heavily stumbling, bitterly mumbling, Banknote slouched to place. Big Mary fronted him solemnly. Maclise, lighting a pipe, settled back in his deck-chair prepared for enjoyment. With a cloven howl Fitzjim hove his great voice into the swing of the old-time negro chanty:

"Wakti pikienso, joe sa si"—

The crew bent to their oars.

"Wait a little, you shall see
The Englishmen returning."

To the slow lunge of the song the blades swung and caught and the big boat slid

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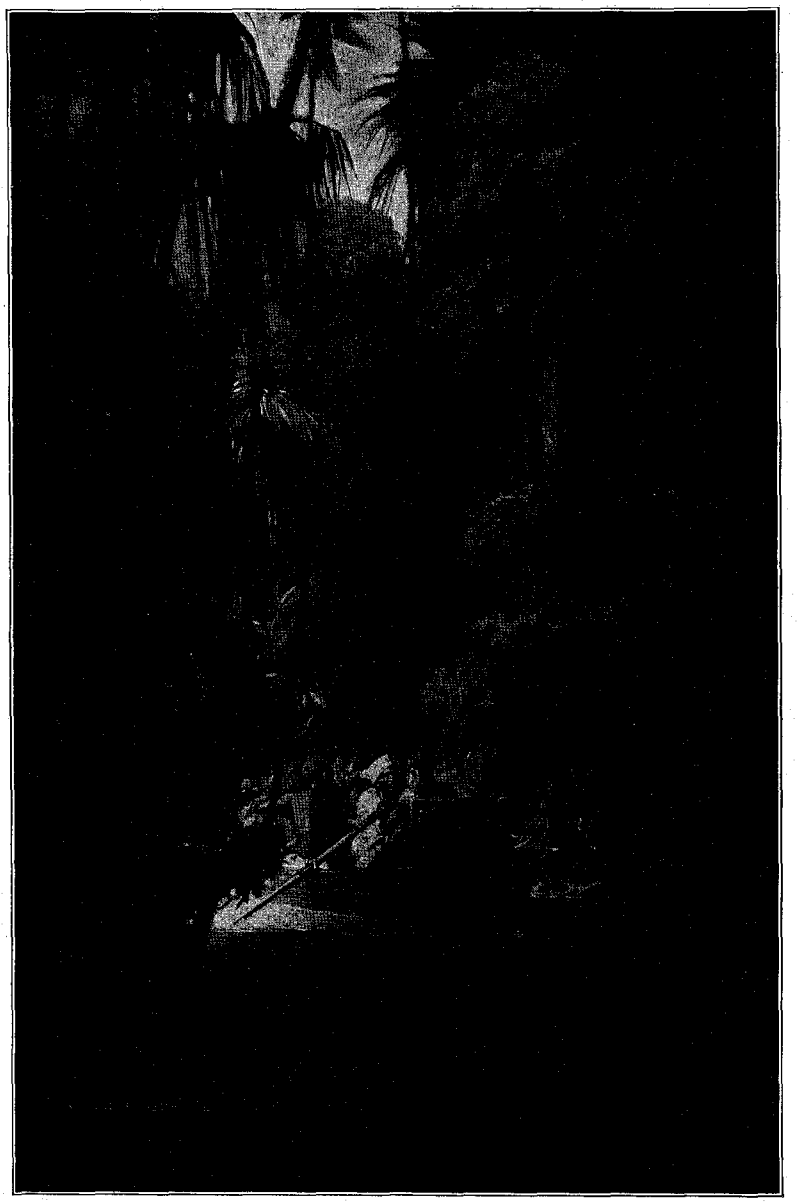
away upon her course to the river. Close on either hand the mass of the jungle rose from the creek's muddy edge. Overhead it met in a thick entanglement, where lianas, orchid-starred, bound palm to tree-fern, iron-heart to mora. Rarely a ray of sunlight filtered through that web. Neither bird nor beast appeared beneath it. Yet all the hot, green twilight throbbed with veiled vitalities, and the thousand golden butterflies dancing across its face seemed the surface spray of an ocean of life invisible.



Banknote slouched to place. Big Mary fronted him solemnly.—Page 756.

Keyed high by the joy of change the negroes rowed sturdily. The sweat rolled down their faces, and their oily palms

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slipped and slid on the oar-grips. Yet they bent their shining backs with a will and their snatches of speech bubbled child-like glee. Banknote alone bore himself as a man with a grievance, sourly, his rising lips the barometer of a stormy mind. By swift degrees his stroke weakened, his hand grew lax.

Mary bent forward, the points of her turban pricked like a terrier's ears.

"You, Banknote—" she murmured.

The man, scowling defiance, rested fair on the oar.

Then a subtile change welled through her, a deep wave of exultation. To the glinting windows of her little eyes sprang a quick, ancestral imp, black, cold, blood-lustful, and peered and grinned. Her brawny arm, rustling the folds of her skirt, drew forth a club and laid it across the pillars of her thighs.

"Sweet child," she breathed, swaying like an elephant ready for action, "*Pull!*"

One instant the malingerer paused, then, withered with rage, surrendered. The thing passed as naught and was over. Big Mary's gaze, wandering, flitted easily on and away, to alight at last on the chicken-coop and its occupants. Even for tropical fowls these made a sorry lot, but foremost among them, pressed miserably against the slats, drooped a hen of marvellous poverty—a dingy white hen whose every feather grew ruffling forward as if swept since birth by a steady gale from the stern.

"Mighty handsome hen, dat devil-hen Fitzjim got yonder," the negress soliloquized, as one already far afield among pleasant irrelevancies; "*mighty* handsome fowl is she!"

But Banknote sulked in silence. Not again was the rhythm of the oars jarred by one lapsed note.

The day sped. Twilight descended, sinking into night. The creek became a dreamland stream, shapeless, soundless, lurking through the lowest deeps of a chasm of inky shadows, the sky above almost shut out by monstrous wraiths of trees whose bush-rope garments hung like old shrouds, thin moonbeams filtering through their tatters. The air grew chill and dank. A little ghostly mist crept out from the darkest places to cling upon the breast of the waters. Far away in the grim unknown rang the faint, high wail of a beast of prey. The night thrilled to the sound, then sank again into grave-like stillness. And the small mist spread and thickened. The children of sunlight wrought on in silence—long strokes and heavy—hushed by the terror of the goblin-haunted night, while the wide eyes of the steersman prayed the blackness for beacons that only he and the bats could see.

Of a sudden rose his voice in that slow ululation, neither loud nor clear, that, like an arrow, pierces far jungle-reaches:

"Captain, make ready, the Master comes!
Stoker, light fire, the Master comes!"

The crew broke into senseless monkey-chatter, laughing their relief. And full two miles away, in the waiting launch, men heard the chant and obeyed.

At last, on an instant, the black banks fell away, the sky broadened, the boat, like one passing from a lane into a highway, slid from the creek into the great highway of the river, and lay at rest according to the law.

A drizzling rain was falling. The fire of the police-post glistened on the dripping, dangling finger-tips of its palm-leaf thatch, and licked with long tongues of light down the greasy clay of the landing-slope. A little group of policemen huddled in silence about the blaze, and the lamps of the launch twinkled near. But around and behind and over all, bigger and blacker than the big, black night, loomed the huge, vague body of the wilderness, more monstrous, more imminent, more darkly awful because of the puny intrusion of mankind.

Maclise, uncoiling, scrambled up the bank, carrying in his own hands his bar of bullion, product of the placer's last run, to record it with the commissary by the ordinance of the land. After him swarmed his crew, to be searched, in the interests of society, for smuggled gold. Meantime a pair of policemen ransacked the deserted boat, shaking out clothing, prying into canisters, scrutinizing cracks and crevices for signs of false woodwork or of freshly puttied holes. Nothing contraband appearing, the pair hurried home to the camp-fire, where all the placer people clung, steaming, around the flames.

Then it was that Big Mary, flying in

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Seizing his guitar, the artist, with a few woful chords, broke into a marrow-searching wail.—Page 762.

the face of sense, stole away down over the greasy slope back into the comfortless fish-boat. Fitzjim, furtively watchful, obscurely anxious, tracked after her to the water's edge, while at his heels lurched Banknote. Mary, arms akimbo, standing at ease on the broad bottom, surveyed their progress with satisfied eyes till they glowered upon her from the bank. Then, catching up a boat's lantern, she waded across the oar-benches and climbed the freight-pile to the chicken-crate. Bending low with the light held close, she pointed out that same white hen whose feathers, like the thoughts of the sorrowful, bent all the wrong way. The creature, dazzled, gasped, choked, and hung its feeble head.

"Hi, Fitzjim!" she observed cheerfully, "Ah done fall in love with dis white devil-hen you got here. Ah gwine pay you one whole guilder fo' she. She ain't wuff it, an' she ain't look lak she health too good, anyhow. But Ah want she. You willin'? Eh?"

Fitzjim, visibly troubled, growled out a churlish "no." Suddenly Mary snatched the crate, ripped off a slat, and reached inside. With smothered oaths Fitzjim and Banknote jumped for the boat. But, quicker than they, the great negress, bearing her prize with her, leaped from her vantage height clear to the bank. Mad with rage, howling blasphemies, the two men scrambled after, while the big boat slapped the water hysterically. Maclise and the police, alarmed by the noise, came pelting down the slope none too soon to save a mêlée.

Ignoring all else, Big Mary turned to the patroon. "Mahster," she said, settling her tidy turban with one broad hand while in the other she displayed the weakly shrieking cause of war, "Mahster, look!"

Then like a flash she whirled on Fitzjim. "Gimme dat knife!" she cried, and, reaching behind him, snatched the bare blade he hastily tried to conceal. One instant she confronted the cowering negro, then, laughing, looked down at the steel so nearly reddened with her blood. "Ah got a use fo' dat," said she.

Drawing the knife across the fowl's crop, she buried her fingers in its tormented feathers, fumbled a moment, and stretched forth her palm bright with small nuggets of gold.

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Mary grinned triumphantly. "Devil-hen looked mos' *too* much bowed down an' weighted wid affliction! An' she ain't de onliest sad one, nieder, in dat said crate o' Fitzjim's."

Fitzjim, crying bitterly, swearing by all the powers of heaven that he knew not who had stuffed his fowls, was reaped by the police. Maclise, ordering the company of the righteous to be towed in his wake, philosophically boarded the waiting launch. But as Mary, after him, stepped over the gunwale, one lurking at her ear hissed evilly:

"Woman, if Ah live Ah'll pay you well for this day!"

The giantess, turning, looked into hate-hot eyes. "Good dear! Banknote," she drawled insolently, "so you *is* wuss than sluggard. You is thief an' liard too. Jes' lak Ah thought!"

"Ah'll pay you, an' pay you well!" repeated the smuggler's baffled mate.

Big Mary threw back her head and laughed aloud.

"You poo', mis'able li'l' idjit! Ef you try yo' tricks on me you gwine be de wuss fool nigger in dis whole land!"

. . . . . .

Fitzjim naturally went to jail. There they dressed him one-half in blue, one-half in brown, divided perpendicularly, and assigned him to the chain-gang. And his daily sorties in that piebald train to dig from dawn to dark in noisome drainage trenches preached wisdom to the nether people. Banknote, joyless between the eye of the police and the shadow of his late ally, convalesced speedily and returned to the placer to serve out his unfinished contract.

But once safely back in the bush, the mulatto turned wholly to plots of vengeance. Mary by this time stood fast in his mind as a monster of unmitigated villany.

"Pharisee! Persecutor! Snake! She's proud as the devil himself because the master favors her! She grinds the face of the poor! She hates to see us prosper!"

So he brooded, gathering his cunning. And his cunning presently perceived that Mary's vulnerable point was Moses—Moses, whose doglike trust had for years been hers unquestioned—Moses, toward whom at heart she bore a fondness rare in her people. Forthwith he opened the siege of the big negro's loyalty.

That very evening, after the day's run was done and all the placer force had fed, bathed, and put on its white pajamas, he took his guitar and sauntered along the hillside to Moses's solitary camp. There, under his troolie thatch, resting at ease by his fire, sprawled the placid wood-chopper.

"Evenin', Br'er Moses. How is your health, Br'er Moses?" asked the wily one, squatting by the smoke. "My mind gave me to drop in to inquire."

The other stared in dull surprise; Moses was little used to visitors. Banknote gazed long and hard at him, then shook his head and looked away, sighing heavily.

"Ah sorry for Moses! Ah sure is sorry for poor Br'er Moses," he muttered.

"Sorry? Why is you sorry fo' me?" asked the negro, amazed.

"Oh, man, pardon! The word jest slipped out. Ah ain't mean to express my thought."

Nor would further questioning dislodge him that night from the formal lines of music and politest talk.

By the succeeding evening his sharp eyes saw how the poison had worked. He decanted another dose.

"Br'er Moses, it cuts my heart to see a fine man like you deceived."

Moses's jaw dropped.

"Br'er Moses, Mary ain't speak of you with the respeck she owe. She let everybody hear how she goes to town to enjoy liberty, an' she call you 'old fool' to stay behind. But she state *you can't help yourself*, Moses." Here the speaker leaned forward, staring hither and yon into the night as if fearful of the powers of the air, then fixing the shivering negro with an awful eye: "Moses," he hissed, "Mary stole a white devil-hen, goin' down to town. *Use you' reason. Think*, man, *think!* Now, *what for* do peoples want white devil-hens?"

The listener shivered through every nerve of his great bulk.

"*White devil-hens*, Moses, *is for makin' obea!*"

With a curdling howl the black man sprang to his feet. But the schemer pulled him back, pattering words of compassion.

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Drawn by Walter L. Greene.

"Li'l' mistress, dat ain't nuffin'."—Page 764.

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"No, no, Br'er Moses, don' take it so hard, man. Mary *said* she put obea on you so strong that nothin' can't go well with you while she's away. So strong you can't never leave her, never, never, no matter *what* she do to you. But *we* won't believe *that*, Br'er Moses. Maybe her obea ain't good. Maybe it won't work. Be of good cheer, dear Br'er Moses. Our Father above gwine proteck us from our spiritual enemy and from everlastin' death —*if* we is clean of all sin. *Is* you clean of all sin, Br'er Moses, or has the Bad Man got his claws in you? His claws, *an'* his teef, *an'* his hot an' spiky tail? O-oh, Br'er Moses! O-oh, Br'er Moses! Pray, Br'er Moses, an' let us join in song."

Seizing his guitar, the artist, with a few woful chords, broke into a marrow-searching wail:

"'Day of Wrath! that day of mournin',
Heaven an' Earth in ashes burnin'—'

Sing! Sing with me, poor hunted soul!"

But Moses lay groaning on the ground, face downward.

Next morning, however, when the whistle rang through the happy valley, he trudged away to work cheerful enough under the bright influence of sun, breeze, and all well-being, his child's mind for the moment unclouded by memories of dread. But fate willed that he should begin the day heavily.

It was a purple-heart, not large, but of formidable toughness. Many hours he hacked at it, he, the best chopper in the colony, before it fell. Then, ruefully feeling his axe-edge, chipped and toothed by the flinty wood, he swore he would not split the trunk by hand, and so began to bore for dynamite. His huge arms ached, his horny palms bled before the drill sufficed. Not till quitting-time could he fire the fuse. And even then, when he crawled from shelter after the explosion, his enemy lay before him scarcely scratched, one small spot of loosened fibre alone showing where the blast had passed. The thing was common enough; but now it seemed suspicious, to his mood. Was Mary's spell already acting? How many more holes must he drill, how many more days must he hew, to reduce this brute to firewood? In the worst of humors, the negro gathered his tools and started off for camp.

Ten minutes later the next thing happened. In the bush trail a tapir met him. There she stood, big and fat and gray, like a wabble-nosed, low-lying Shetland pony—stood in the narrow path while sunset and leaf-shadows dappled her broad back mother-of-pearl—stood among tree-ferns, motionless, and stared at Moses. Motionless, Moses stared at her. But Moses moved first.

"Well, auntie," said he, "sence you isn't in no haste, Ah beg you kin'ly rest whe' you is till Moses get a gun."

"So Ah jumped over to camp an' lended a gun," he told the sympathetic Banknote by that night's fireside. "But when Ah returned, sir, what you t'ink? Bush-cow *gone! Gone*, sir! Couldn't wait dat one li'l' minute, an' she wid not'in' in all God's worl' to do! Scan'lous onreasonable ole outlaw!"

"So true!" assented the sympathetic Banknote. "She *was* onnatural outlaw, vexin' a gen'leman like you. But"—and he sighed heavily—"Ah told you already, Ah sorry for you, Br'er Moses."

"You ain't t'ink—" gasped Moses.

Banknote, nodding his horror, stole away.

That night the negro tossed restlessly. At dawn he rose dour and savage. Toward evening David, the kindest little mule on the placer, gave him the kick he deserved.

"*Is* you goin' to endure it?" asked Banknote by the supper-pot, as Moses patched his barked shin.

"Not from no mule," growled Moses.

The cunning mulatto turned away to hide the joy in his eyes; Maclise kept scant mercy for the merciless to beasts. Then he made a suggestion. And, in accord with that suggestion, when the two met next morning on their way to work he slid into the black man's hand some four inches of small steel cable, stubbed at either end till its stiff component wires rayed out like bristles in a brush.

That very afternoon gentle little David trundled his cart around to Moses's clearing for a load of wood. Moses, with unprecedented interest, gave him a personal welcome, rubbing his head and ears, playing with his soft gray nose. But

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David, for the first time in history, fretted under caresses, stamped, jerked, lunged, and finally bolted clean away.

At breakneck speed he fled toward camp, thrashing the emptying cart hither and yon against trees and bowlders, to plunge at last into his stable-yard kicking and screaming, wreckage awhirl at his heels. The frightened foreman, thinking him utterly mad, would have had him forthwith shot, but Maclise, hastily called to the spot, pounced on the truth.

"He's in pain," he cried; "let's get at his mouth."

One glance told the story. The bristling barbs of the scrap of cable twisted around the bit, with its ends bent up and down, had cruelly lacerated tongue and gums and palate. The sight would have roused the angels. Maclise's face took on a look not difficult to read.

Yet, negro-like, Moses could find no natural sequence in events that followed.

"How de mahster *could* knowed Ah done it, widout de obea tell him? *Why* de mahster so outrageous fo' dat one li'l' foolish mule? Mules ain't got souls! Oh!" he groaned, when once again restored to his proper camp.

Banknote, ministering in spirit only, rolled eyes of deep understanding. His victim, gray with fear, moaned on, rapidly jetsamming his own vitality.

"Wai! wai! Ma haid killin' me! Ah cyant quench ma thirst! Ah gwine die, Ah gwine die! Obea compass me roun' an' roun'! De Bad Man draggin' me down!"

Then Banknote played his trump:

"Br'er Moses, raise up an' hearken to good tidin's. Last night in a dream it was told me how that white devil-hen *ain't hatch pure white*. She done growed three little gray feathers once, what Fitzjim pulled out. Br'er Moses, *that obea can't work no more. You is free.* You can *leave* Mary. You *can* leave her, *leave* her, hear? Br'er Moses, there's a Dutch girl down in town, *too* nice—*too* sweet—full black, like you. You say the word, an' I'll write her a letter. An' when we all go down at Easter *you passes your canister to she, eh?*"

. . . . . .

Late on Easter Even the placer fishboats pulled into Paramaribo. A gorgeous crowd of girls, brown, yellow, and black, waited on Waterkant to greet them, and, as the men jumped ashore, squawks of welcome split the night. Awhile the clamor lasted. Then, one by one, out of the tumult of jubilation, each pair emerged and moved away, swinging a canister between them, until at last none remained save the solitary guard.

"Where Big Mary?" marvelled he, as he curled down into the tarpaulins for his usual forbidden sleep. "Strange, Ah ain't seed Big Mary 'mongst de womens!"

Yet Mary, in her cabin, had slaved since dawn, baking, brewing, scrubbing, setting the place in order for the great holiday of the year. Dusk caught her still at the cheerful task. And when at last it was done she threw herself flat upon the floor to rest till news of the boats should come. But the negro sleeps the sleep of the drugged.

. . . . . .

Easter Monday was pay-day. Gay in their holiday garments, the laborers gathered in the compound of Maclise's own house. With them came many women, to draw the wages of their absent mates. At first the crowd stood quiet and orderly, according to its respectful wont; but soon a hot excitement burned through the veil of calm. Two voices soared in altercation. Others quickly joined, till the air choked with outcry such as never before had shamed the dignity of the place.

Nora Maclise, hurrying to her window, looked down. Below in the courtyard, lost to all law, the black folk swayed and screamed and scolded, with flapping hands and brandished fists and out-thrust chins. The thing was scandalous. And, strangest of all, there full in the midst sat Mary—Mary the arbiter, the order-maker, inactive in the heart of war.

Amazed beyond all guessing, Nora called. Another moment and the great negress stood courtesying in the door. Her huge bulk loomed its biggest in spotless church-going white. The snuggest and godliest of turbans swathed her head. Her clasped hands enfolded a brilliant Easter card and a prayer-book and hymnal of the Church of England, a sprig of green marking the proper Psalms for the Day. An odor of extraordinary sanctity enveloped her as a cloud.

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"Mary, what on earth do those people mean?"

Timidly deprecatory, the giantess replied:

"Li'l' mistress, dat ain't nuffin'. Dey's only exchanging dey opinions about me.

"You see, li'l' mistress," she pursued, "it's lak dis: Easter mornin' Ah hear how Moses done come to town and gone off to live wid a Dutch girl. Now, endurin' of de day my time were all took up by my duties to my church—partakin' of early sacrament, an' mornin' service, an' evensong and such. But when church outs at night, Ah say to myself, Ah say:

" '*Now*, let me tend to po' ole Moses!'

"So Ah go home and Ah get my cutlass, an' Ah walk over Combé way till Ah find where dat Dutch girl live. She givin' a party, jes' lak I expeck—a mighty fine party too. Look lak she proud of Moses, dat fool Dutch girl!

"She had a plenty o' guests invited, ladies an' gen'lmens bofe. *Dey* was all proud, too. Yass'm. Extra proud. Ah sure was obliged to nick 'em up befo' Ah could calm dey spirits an' cut my Moses out.

"But Ah brung him, yass'm. Oh, yass'm, Ah brung him! He safe at home now. Only, fo' de time bein' he feel mos' like restin' in baid.

"So Ah jes' dropped in by myself, after service dis mornin' to wish de mistress an' de mahster de peace of dese holy days, an' to bring a Easter text, wid bofe our loves an' duties."

Dropping her farewell courtesy, Mary turned to go; then, in a sudden burst of confidence and conviction, looked back for one final word:

"Li'l' mistress, dat yellow boy, Banknote, are *too* simple! Why, *Moses* ain't want no *Dutch* girl! What Moses want is a good woman to work an' a handsome lady to walk wid. *My Moses* want *ies' me!*"

THE GRIEF

By Theodosia Garrison

THE heart of me's an empty thing, that never stirs at all
For Moon-shine or Spring-time, or a far bird's call.
I only know 'tis living by a grief that shakes it so,—
Like an East wind in Autumn, when the old nests blow.

Gray Eyes and Black Hair, 'tis never you I blame;
'Tis long years and easy years since last I spoke your name.
And I'm long past the knife-thrust I got at wake or fair,
Or looking past the lighted door and fancying you there.

Gray Eyes and Black Hair—the grief is never this;
I've long forgot the soft arms—the first wild kiss.
But, oh, girl that tore my youth,—'tis this I have to bear,—
If you were kneeling at my feet, I'd neither stay nor care!

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THE MAN BEHIND THE BARS

By Winifred Louise Taylor

THIRD PAPER

AT the time of my first visit to the penitentiary of my native State the warden surprised me by saying: "Among the very best men in the prison are some of the 'life' men, the men here for murder."

This statement is not difficult to unravel, and my study of the "life" men has convinced me of its truth.

The law classes the killing of one person by another under three heads. The murder deliberately planned and executed is designated murder in the first degree, and for this in many of our States the penalty is still capital punishment; otherwise legal murder deliberately planned and officially executed, the penalty duplicating the offence in general outline. This is the popular conception of fitting the penalty to the crime; and its continuance ignores the obvious truth that just so long as the law justifies and sets the example of taking life under given circumstances the individual will justify himself in taking life under circumstances which seem to him to warrant it; the individual simply takes the law into his own hands. War and the death penalty are the two most potent sources of mental suggestion in the direction of murder. Statistics vary, but in the majority of countries and States in which capital punishment has been abolished, a decrease rather than an increase of murders has followed—a perfectly logical result.

For years I was an advocate of capital punishment as a merciful alternative to life imprisonment. Knowing that the certainty of approaching death is likely to produce spiritual awakening, and to bring to the surface all that is best in a man, as in "the penitent thief" of scriptural fame; believing that death is the great liberator and the gateway to higher things; knowing that a man imprisoned for life may become mentally and spiritually deadened by the hopeless tragedy of his fate, or may become so intent on excusing, palliating, or justifying his crime as in time to lose all sense of guilt, perhaps eventually to believe himself a victim rather than a criminal; knowing the unspeakable suffering of the prisoner who abandons himself to lifelong remorse, and knowing how often the "life" man becomes a prey to insanity, in sheer pity for the criminal I came to regard the death penalty as a merciful means of escape from an incomparably worse fate.

However, every other consideration becomes secondary to what measure will best protect human life. In my mind there is no question that in deliberately and in cold blood setting the example of the death penalty the state is justifying the taking of life. Still further, that in every execution within the walls of a penitentiary the suggestion of murder is sown broadcast among the other convicts, especially among the mentally unsound. If capital punishment is upheld as a measure necessary to the protection of society each State should have its State executioner, and executions should take place at the State capitol in the presence of the governor and of as many legislators as may be in the city. In relegating to the penitentiary the ugly office of Jack Ketch, we escape the realization of what it all is—how revolting, how barbarous—and we throw one more horror into the psychic atmosphere of prison life.

Throughout the United States the legal penalty for murder in the second degree is imprisonment for life; then follows the crime called manslaughter, when the act is commited in self-defence or under other extenuating circumstances, the penalty for which is imprisonment for a varying but limited term of years. Practically there is no definite line dividing murder in the second degree from

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manslaughter. A clever, expert lawyer, whether on the side of the prosecution or the defence, has little difficulty in carrying his case over the border in the one direction or the other. Money and the social position of the accused are important factors in adjusting the delicate balance between murder in the second degree and manslaughter.

Various are the pathways that lead to the illegal taking of life; terrible often the pressure brought to bear upon the man before the deed is done. Deadly fear, the fear common to humanity, has been the force that drove the hand of many a man to strike, stab, or shoot with fatal effect; while anger, righteous or unrighteous, the momentary impulse of intense emotional excitement to which we are all more or less liable, has gathered its host of victims and caused the tragic ruin of unnumbered men now wearing life away in our penitentiaries.

And terribly true it is that some of the "life" men are among the best in our prisons—the "life" men, who are all indiscriminately called murderers. That some of them were murderers at heart and a menace to the community we cannot doubt; doubtless also some are innocent of any crime; and there are others for whom it would be better for all concerned if they were given liberty to-day.

It seems to be assumed that a man unjustly imprisoned suffers more than the one who knows that he has only himself to blame. Much depends upon the nature of the man. Given two men of equally sound moral nature, while the one with a clear conscience may suffer intensely, from the sense of outrage and injustice, from the tearing of the heart-strings and the injury to business relations, his mental agony can hardly equal that of the man whose heart is eaten out with remorse. The best company any prisoner can have is his own self-respect, the best asset of a bankrupt life. I have been amazed to see for how much that counts in the peace and hope, and the great power of patience which makes for health and gives strength for endurance.

On a lovely evening some thirty years ago, there was a jolly wedding at the home of a young Irish girl in a Western city. Tom Evans, the groom, a big-hearted, jovial fellow, was deeply in love with the girl of his choice. He was earning good wages and he intended to take good care of his wife.

It was midnight, and the streets were flooded with brilliant moonlight when Evans started to take his bride from her home to his, accompanied on the way by Jim Maguire, Larry Flannigan, and Ned Foster, three of the wedding guests. They were not carriage folks, and were walking to the street-car when Jim Maguire, who had not been averse to the exhilarating liquids in hospitable circulation at the wedding-feast, became unduly hilarious and disported himself with song and dance along the sidewalk, a diversion in which the others took no part. This hilarity was summarily interrupted by a policeman, who attempted to arrest the young man for disorderly conduct, a proceeding vigorously resisted by Maguire.

This was the beginning of an affray in which the policeman was killed; and the whole party were arrested and taken into custody. As the policeman was well known, one of the most popular men on the force, naturally public indignation ran high and the feeling against his slayers was bitter and violent.

Tom Evans and Jim Maguire were held for murder, while Larry Flannigan, a boy of seventeen, and Ned Foster, as participants in the affair, were charged with manslaughter. The men were given fair trials —separate trials, I believe, in different courts; but it was impossible to get at the facts of the case, as there were no actual witnesses outside of those directly affected by the outcome; while each lawyer for the defence did his best to clear his own client from direct responsibility for the death of the policeman regardless of the deserts of the others under accusation.

And so it came to pass that Jim Maguire and Tom Evans were "sent up" for life, while the bride of an hour returned to her father's house and in the course of time became the bride of another. Larry Flannigan was sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment. Ned Foster, having served a shorter sentence, was released previous to my acquaintance with the others.

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Some five years later one of the prison officers interested in Jim Maguire asked me to interview the man. Maguire was a tall, muscular fellow, restive under confinement as a hound in leash; nervous, too, and with abounding vitality, ready at a moment's notice again to break out in song and dance if only the chance were given. This very overcharge of high animal spirits, excited by the wedding festivities, was the starting-point of all the tragedy. No doubt, too, in his make-up there were corresponding elements of recklessness and defiance.

Our first interview was the beginning of an acquaintance resulting in an interchange of letters; but it was not until a year afterward that in a long conversation Maguire gave me an account of his part in the midnight street encounter. Admitting disorderly conduct and resistance against the officer, he claimed that it was resistance only and not a counter attack: stating that the struggle between the two continued until the officer had the upper hand and then continued beating him into subjection so vigorously that Maguire called for help, and was rescued from the hands of the officer by "one of the other boys"; he did not say which one nor further implicate any one.

"Ask the other boys," he said. "Larry didn't have anything to do with the killing, but he saw the whole thing. Get Larry to tell the story," he urged.

And so I was introduced to Larry. He was altogether of another type from Maguire. I hardly knew whether he wore the convict stripes or broadcloth when I was looking into that face, so sunny, so kindly, so frank. After all these years I can never think of Larry without a glow in my heart. He alone of all my prisoners appeared to have no consciousness of degradation, of being a convict; but met me simply and naturally as if we had been introduced at a picnic.

I told him of my interview with Jim Maguire, and his immediate comment was, "Jim ought not to be here. He resisted arrest, but he did not kill the officer; he's here for life, and it's wrong, it's terrible. I hope you will do something for Jim."

"But what of yourself?" I asked. "You seem to have been outside of the affair altogether. I think I'd better do something for you."

"Oh, no!" he protested; "you can get one man out easier than two. I want to see Jim out, and I don't want to stand in his way. You know I am innocent; and all my friends believe me innocent; and I'm young and well and can stand my sentence; it will be less than ten years with good time off. My record is perfect and I shall get along all right. But Jim is here for life."

I felt as if I were dreaming. I knew it would be a simple matter to obtain release for Larry, who had already been there seven years; but no! the boy would not hear of it, would not even discuss it. His thought was all for Jim, and he was unconscious of self-sacrifice. He simply set aside what seemed to him the lesser good in order to secure the greater.

"Did you ever make a full statement in court?" I asked.

"No. We were only allowed to answer direct questions in the examinations. None of us were given a chance to tell the straight story."

"So the straight story never came out at any of the trials?"

"No."

Thinking it high time that the facts of a case in which two men were suffering imprisonment for life should be ascertained and put on record somewhere, it then remained for me to interview Evans, and to see how nearly the statements of the three men agreed, each given to me in private seven years after the occurrence of the event.

Tom Evans—I see him now clearly as if it were but yesterday—a thick-set, burly figure, with an intelligent face of good lines and strong character: a man of force, who, from his beginning as brakeman, might have worked his way up to superintending a railroad had the plan of his destiny been different.

I told him frankly that I had asked to see him in the interest of the other two, and that what I wanted first of all was to get the facts of the case, for the tragedy was still a "case" to me.

"And you want me to tell the story?" I felt the vibration of restrained emotion in the man from the first as he pictured the drama enacted in that midnight moonlight.

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"I had just been married and we were going to my home. The streets were light as day. Jim was singing and dancing, when the policeman seized him. I saw there was going to be a fight and I made up my mind to keep out of it; for when I let my temper go it gets away with me. So I stood back with my girl. Jim called for help, but I stood back till I really believed Jim might be killed. I couldn't stand by and see a friend beaten to death, or take any chance of that. And so I broke into the fight. I got hold of the policeman's club and began to beat the policeman. I am a strong man, and I can strike a powerful blow."

Here Evans paused, and there was silence between us until he said with a change of tone and expression:

"It was Larry who came to the help of the policeman and got the club away from me. It's Larry that ought to be out. Jim made the trouble and I killed the policeman, but Larry is wholly innocent. He is the one I want to see out."

At last we were down to bed-rock; there was no doubt now of the facts which the clumsy machinery of the courts had failed to reach.

I assured Evans that I would gladly do what I could for Larry, and then and there Evans and I joined hands to help "the other boys." I realized something of the sacrifice involved when I asked Evans if he was willing to make a sworn statement in the presence of the warden of the facts he had given me. What a touchstone of the man's nature! But he was following the lead of truth and justice and there was no turning back.

We all felt that it was a serious transaction in the warden's office next day when Evans came in, and, after a little quiet conversation with the warden, made and signed a statement to the effect that he, and he only, struck the blows that killed the policeman, and with hand on the Bible made oath to the truth of the statement, which was then signed, as witnesses, by the warden and a notary.

As Evans left the office the warden said to me: "Something ought to be done for that man also when the other boys are out."

I knew that in securing this confession I had committed myself to all the necessary steps involved before the prison doors could be opened to Maguire and Larry. And in my heart I was already pledged to befriend the man who, with unflinching courage, had imperilled his own chances of liberation in favor of the others; for I was now beginning to regard Evans as the central figure in the tragedy.

It is no brief nor simple matter to obtain the release of a man convicted of murder by the court and sentenced to life imprisonment unless one has political influence strong enough to override all obstacles. Almost endless are the delays likely to occur and the details to be worked out before one has in hand all the threads necessary to be woven into the fabric of a petition for executive clemency.

In order to come directly in touch with the families of Larry and Maguire, and with the competent lawyer already enlisted in their service and now in the possession of the statement of Evans, I went to the city where the crime was committed. The very saddest face that I had seen in connection with this affair was the face of Maguire's widowed mother. She was such a little woman, with spirit too crushed and broken by poverty and the fate of her son to revive even at the hope of his release. It was only the ghost of a smile with which she greeted me; but when we parted her gratitude called down the blessings of all the saints in the calendar to follow me all my days.

Larry's people I found much the same sort as he: cheerful, generous, bravely meeting their share of the hard luck that had befallen him, apparently cherishing the treasure of his innocence more than resenting the injustice; but most grateful for any assistance toward his liberation. The lawyer who had interviewed Larry and Maguire at the penitentiary expressed amazement at what he called "the unbelievable unselfishness" of Larry. "I did not suppose it possible to find that spirit anywhere, last of all places in a prison," he said. Larry had consented to be included in the petition drawn up for Maguire only when convinced that it would not impair Maguire's chances.

When I left the place the lines appeared to be well laid for the smooth running of our plans. I do not now remember what prevented the presentation of the petition

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for commutation of both sentences to ten* years; but more than a year passed before the opportune time seemed to be at hand.

During this interval Evans was by no means living always in disinterested plans for the benefit of the others. The burden of his own fate hung heavily over him, and no one in the prison was more athirst for freedom than he. In books from the prison library he found some diversion, and when tired of fiction he turned to philosophy, seeking to apply its reasoning to his own hard lot; again he sought in the poets some expression and interpretation of his own feelings. It was in the ever-welcome letters that he found most actual pleasure, but he encountered difficulties in writing replies satisfactory to himself. In a letter now before me he says:

"I only wish that I could write as I feel, then indeed would you receive a gem; but I can't, more's the pity. But I can peruse and cherish your letters, and if I dare I would ask you to write oftener. Just think, the idea strikes me that I am writing to an *authorous*, me that never could spell a little bit. But the authorous is my friend—is she not?—and will overlook this, my defect. I have done the best I could to write a nice letter and I hope it will please you; but, in the words of Byron,

"'What is writ is writ:
Would it were worthier. But I am not now
That which I have been, and my visions flit
Less palpably before me, and the glow
Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering faint and low.'

"With the last line of your letter I close, 'Write soon, will you not?'"

Evans's letters to me were infrequent, as he kept in correspondence with his lawyer, who encouraged him to hope that he would not spend all his life behind the bars. Others, too, claimed his letters. He writes me:

"I have a poor old mother who expects and always gets my Christmas letters, but I resolved that you should have my first New Year's letter, so here it is, wishing you a happy new year, and many of them. No doubt you had many Christmas letters from here telling you of the time we had, and a *jolly good time* it was. It is awfully dark here in the cells to-day and I can hardly see the lines to write on. I hope you won't have as much trouble in reading it." The handwriting in Evans's letters is vigorous, clear, and open: a straightforward, manly hand without frills or flourishes.

Just as I was leaving home for one of my semiannual visits to the penitentiary, I had information from their lawyer that the petition for Maguire and Larry would be presented to the governor the following month. Very much elated with the good news I was bringing I asked first for an interview with Evans. He came in, evidently in very good spirits; but as I proceeded to relate with enthusiasm what we had accomplished, I felt an increasing lack of response on the part of Evans and saw the light fading from his face.

"Oh, Miss Taylor," he said at last, with such a note of pain in his voice, "you know my lawyers have been working for me all this time. Of course I told them of the statement I made in the warden's office, and then left the case in their hands. One of them was here yesterday and has a petition now ready asking that my sentence be reduced to fifteen years. Now, if the other petition goes in first——"

There was no need to finish the sentence, for the conflict of interests was clear, and Evans was visibly unnerved. We talked together for a long time. While unwilling to influence his decision, I realized that if his petition should have first consideration and be granted, the value of that confession, so important to the others, would be impaired, and the chances of Maguire's release lessened, for the governors are wary in accepting as evidence the confession of a man who has nothing to lose. On the other hand, I had not the heart to quench the hopes that Evans's lawyers had kindled. And in answer to his question, "What shall I do?" I could only say, "That is for you to decide."

At last Evans pulled himself together enough to say, "Well, I'm not going back on the boys now. I didn't realize just how my lawyers' efforts were going to affect them. I'm going to leave the matter in your hands, for I know you will do what is right," and this he insisted on. "Whatever course may seem best to take now,

*The good time allowed on a ten years' sentence reduces it to six years and three months.

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Tom, after this I shall never rest till I see you, too, out of prison," was my earnest assurance.

There had been such a spirit of fair play among these men that I next laid the case before Maguire and Larry, and we three held a consultation as to the best line of action. They, too, appreciated the generosity of Evans and realized, far more than I could, what it might cost him. Doubtless each one of the three felt the strong pull of self-interest; but there was no faltering in their unanimous choice of a square deal all around. One thing was clear: the necessity of bringing about an understanding and concerted action between the lawyers whose present intentions so seriously conflicted. The advice and moral support of the warden had been invaluable to me, and he and I both felt that if the lawyers could be induced to meet at the prison and consult not only with each other, but with their three clients —if they could only come in direct touch with these convicts, and realize that they were men who wanted to do the right thing and the fair thing—that a petition could be drawn placing Evans and Maguire on the same footing, and asking the same reduction of sentence for both; while Larry, in justice, was entitled to a full pardon. I still believe that if this course had been taken both petitions would have been granted. But lawyers in general seem to have constitutional aversion to short cuts and simple measures, and Evans's lawyers made no response to any overtures toward co-operation.

At about this time occurred a change in the State administration, with the consequent inevitable delay in the consideration of petitions for executive clemency, as it was considered impolitic for the newly elected governor to begin his career by hasty interference with the decision of the courts, or too lenient an attitude toward convicts.

Then ensued that period of suspense which seems fairly to corrode the heart and nerves of the long-time convict. The spirit alternates between the fever of hope and the chill of despair. Men pray then who never prayed before. The days drag as they never dragged before, and when evening comes the mind cannot occupy itself with books while across the printed page the same questions are ever writing themselves: "Shall I hear to-morrow?" "Will the governor grant or refuse my petition?" One closes the book only to enter the restless and wearisome night, breathing the dead air of the prison cell, listening to the tread of the guard in the corridor. Small wonder would it be if in those midnight hours Evans cursed the day in which he declared that he alone killed the policeman; but neither in his letters to me nor in his conversation was there ever an indication of regret for that action. The Catholic chaplain of the prison was truly a good shepherd and comforter to his flock, and it was real spiritual help and support that he gave to the men. His advice at the confessional may have been the seed from which sprung Evans's resolve to clear his own conscience and exonerate the others when the opportunity came.

Maguire never fluctuated in his confidence that freedom was on the way, but he was consumed with impatience; Larry alone, who never sought release, bided his time in serene cheerfulness.

And the powers that be that accepted Larry's sacrifice, for so long was the delay in the governor's office that Maguire was released on the day on which Larry's sentence expired. The world looked very bright to Jim Maguire and Larry Flannigan as they passed out of the prison doors into liberty together. Maguire took up life again in his old environment, not very successfully I have reason to think. But Larry made a fresh start in a distant city, unhampered by the fact that he was an ex-convict.

It was then that the deadly blight of prison life began to throw its pall over Evans, and the long nervous strain to undermine his health. He wrote me:

"I am still working at the old job, and I can say with truth that my antipathy to it increases each day. I am sick and tired of writing to lawyers for the last two years, and it amounted to nothing. I will gladly turn the case over to you if you can do anything with it."

The event proved that these lawyers were interested in their case; but I believe that politically they were in opposition to the governor, which naturally lessened

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their influence; nor did I succeed better in making the matter crystallize.

I had always found Evans animated and interested in whatever we were talking about until one interview, when he had been in prison about thirteen years, all that time on prison contract work. The change in his appearance was evident when he came into the room; he seated himself listlessly, and my heart sank; for too well I knew that dull apathy to which the long-time men succumb. Now, knowing with what glad anticipation he had formerly looked forward to our interviews, I was determined that the hour should not pass without leaving some pleasant memory; but it was twenty minutes or more before the cloud in his eyes lifted and the smile with which he had always greeted me appeared. His whole manner changed as he said: "Why, Miss Taylor, I am just waking up, beginning to realize that you are here. My mind is getting so dull that nothing seems to make any impression any more." He was all animation for the rest of the time, eagerly drinking in the joy of sympathetic companionship.

But I had taken the alarm, for clearly the man was breaking down, and I urged the warden to give him a change of work. The warden said he had tried to arrange that, but Evans was on contract work, one of the best men in the shop, and the contractors were unwilling to give up so profitable a workman. (The evils of the contract system have much to answer for.) So Evans continued to work on the contract, and the prison blight progressed and the man's vitality was steadily drained. When the next winter came and *la grippe* invaded the prison, the resisting power of Evans was sapped, and when attacked by the disease he was relegated to the prison hospital to recuperate. He did not recuperate; on the contrary, various symptoms of general physical deterioration appeared, and it was evident that his working days on the prison contract were over.

A renewed attempt was now made to procure the release of Evans, as his broken health furnished a reason for urgency toward immediate action on the part of the governor, and this last attempt was successful. The good news was sent to Evans that in a month he would be a free man; and I was at the prison soon after the petition was granted. I knew that Evans was in the hospital, but had not been informed of his critical condition until the hospital physician told me that serious heart trouble had developed, intensified by excitement over the certainty of release.

No shadow of death was visible or was felt in this my last visit with Evans, who was dressed and sitting up when I went in to see him. Never, never have I seen any one so happy as was Evans that morning. With heart overflowing with joy and with gratitude, his face was radiant with delight. All the old animation was kindled again, and the voice, no longer lifeless, was colored and warm with feeling.

"I want to thank everybody," he said—"the governor, my lawyers, the warden, and you. Everybody has been so good to me these last weeks. And I shall be home for next Sunday. My sister is coming to take me to her home, and she and my mother will take care of me until I'm able to work. Sister writes me that mother can't sit still, but walks up and down the room in her impatience to see me."

We two friends who had clasped hands in the darkness of his fate were together now when the dawn of his freedom was breaking, neither of us realizing that it was to be the greater freedom of the life invisible.

To us both, however, this hour was the beautiful culmination of our years of friendship. I read the man's heart as if it were an open book, and it held only good will toward all the world.

Something moved me to speak to him as I had never spoken to one of my prisoners—to try and make him feel my appreciation of his courage, his unselfishness, his faithfulness. I told him that I realized how he had *lived out* the qualities of the most heroic soldier. To give one's life for one's country when the very air is charged with the spirit of patriotism is a fine thing and worthy of the thrill of admiration which it always excites. But liberty is dearer than life, and the prison atmosphere gives little inspiration to knightly deeds. This man had risen above himself into that higher region of moral victory. And so I said what was in my heart, while something deeper than happiness came into Evans's face.

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And then we said good-by, smiling into each other's eyes. This happened, I think, on the last day but one of Evans's life.

Afterward it was told in the prison that Evans died of joy at the prospect of release. For him to be carried into the new life on this high tide of happiness seemed to me a gift from heaven. For in the thought of the prisoner, freedom includes everything to be desired in life. The joy of that anticipation had blinded Evans to the fact that his health was ruined beyond repair. He was spared the realization that the life of freedom, so fair to his imagination, could never truly be his, for the prison-house of disease has bolts and bars which no human hand can withdraw.

But that mother: if she could have read only once again the light of his love for her in the eyes of her son! But the sorrows of life fall alike upon the just and the unjust.

The psychological side of convict life is intensely interesting, but in studying brain processes, supposed to be mechanical, one's theories and one's logical conclusions are likely to be baffled by a factor that will not be harnessed to any set of theories, namely, that *something* which we call conscience. We forget that the criminal is only a human being who has committed a crime, and that back of the crime is the same human nature common to us all.

During the first years when I was in touch with prison life I had only occasional glimpses of remorse for crimes committed. The minds of most of the convicts seemed to dwell on the "extenuating circumstances" more than on the criminal act, and the hardships of prison life were almost ever present in their thoughts. I had nearly come to consider the remorse pictured in literature and the drama as an unreal thing, when I made the acquaintance of Ellis Shannon and found it—a monster that gripped the human heart and held it as in a vice.

No Nemesis of Greek tragedy ever completed a work of retribution more fully than it was completed in the life of Ellis Shannon.

Shannon was born in an Eastern city, was a boy of more than average ability, and there seemed no reason why he should have gone wrong; but he early lost his father, his mother failed to control him, and when about sixteen years of age he fell into bad company and was soon launched in his criminal career. He broke off all connection with his family, went West, and for ten years was successful in his line of business, regular burglary. He was widely known among men of his calling as "The Greek," and his "professional standing" was of the highest. The first I ever heard of him was from one of my other prison friends, who wrote me: "If you want to know about life in —— prison, write to Ellis Shannon, who is there now. You can depend absolutely on what he says. And when one professional says that of another you know it means something."

I did not, however, avail myself of this introduction. Shannon's reputation for cool nerve was undisputed, and it was said that he did not know what fear was. In order to keep a clear head and steady hand he refrained from dissipation; he prided himself upon never endangering the lives of those whose houses he entered, and despised the bunglers who did not know their business well enough to avoid personal encounter in their midnight raids. Unlike most men of his calling, he always used a candle on entering a building, and his associates often told him that sometime that candle would get him into trouble.

One night the house of a prominent and popular citizen was entered. While the burglar was pursuing his nefarious work, the citizen suddenly seized him by the shoulders, pulling him backward. The burglar managed to fire backward over his own head, the citizen's hold was relaxed, and the burglar fled. The shot proved fatal; the only trace left by the assailant was a candle dropped on the floor.

A reward was offered for the capture and conviction of the murderer. Circumstantial evidence connected with the candle led to the arrest of George Brett, a young man of the same town, not of the criminal class. The verdict in the case turned upon the identification of the piece of candle found in the house with one procured by the accused the previous

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day; and in the opinion of the court this identification was proven. Brett admitted having obtained a piece of candle from that grocer on that afternoon, but claimed that he had used it in a Jack-o'-lantern made for a child in the family. Proof was insufficient to convict the man of the actual crime, but this bit of evidence, with some other less direct, was deemed sufficiently incriminating to warrant sending Brett to prison for a term of years—seventeen, I think; and though the convicted man always asserted his innocence, his guilt was taken for granted while six years slipped by.

Ellis Shannon, in the meantime, had been arrested for burglary in another State and had served a sentence in another penitentiary. He seemed to have lost his nerve and luck had turned against him. On his release still another burglary resulted in a ten years' sentence, this time to the same prison where Brett was paying the penalty of the crime in which the candle had played so important a part.

The two convicts happened to have cells in the same part of the prison; and for the first time Ellis Shannon came face to face with George Brett. A few days later Shannon requested an interview with the warden. In the warden's office he announced that he was the man guilty of the crime for which Brett was suffering, and that Brett had no part in it. He drew a sketch of the house burglarized—not altogether correct—gave a succinct account of the whole affair, and declared his readiness to go into court, plead guilty to murder, and accept the sentence, even to the death penalty. Action on this confession was promptly taken, Shannon was sent into court, and on his confession alone was sentenced to imprisonment for life.

Brett was overjoyed by this vindication and the expectation of immediate release. But no; the prosecuting parties were unconvinced by Shannon's confession, which, in their opinion, did not dispose of the evidence against Brett.

It was a curious state of affairs, and one perhaps never paralleled, that while a man's unsupported statement was considered sufficient to justify the imposing of a sentence to life imprisonment, this statement counted for nothing as affecting the fate of the other man involved. And there was never a trace of collusion between the two men, either at the time of the crime or afterward.

Shannon's story of the crime I shall give in his own terse language, quoted from his confession published in the newspapers:

"Up to the time of killing Mr. —— I had never even wounded anybody. I had very little regard for the rights of property, but to shoot a man dead at night in his own house was a climax of villainy I had not counted on. A professional thief is not so bloodthirsty a wretch as he is thought to be. . . . I am setting up no defence for the crime of murder or burglary—it is all horrible enough. It was a miserable combination of circumstances that caused the shooting that night. I was not feeling well and so went into the house with my overcoat on—something I had never done before. It was buttoned to the throat. I had looked at Mr. —— a moment before and he was asleep. I had then turned and taken down his clothes. I had a candle in one hand and the clothes in the other. I would have left in a second of time when suddenly, before I could turn, Mr. —— spoke. As quick as the word, he had his arms thrown around me; the candle went out and we were in the dark.

"Now, I could hardly remember afterward how it all occurred. There was no time to think. I was helpless as a baby in the position in which I was held. . . . There is no time for reflection in a struggle like this. He was holding me, and I was struggling to get away. I told him several times to let go or I'd shoot. I was nearly crazy with excitement, and it was simply the animal instinct of self-preservation that caused me to fire the shots.

"I was so weak when I got outside that in running I fell down two or three times. That night in Chicago I was in hopes the man was only wounded, and in that case I had determined to quit the business. When I read the account in the papers next morning all I can say is that, although I was in the city and perfectly safe, with as little chance of being discovered as if I were in another planet,

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I would have taken my chances—whether it would have been five or twenty years—for the burglary if it were only in my power to do the thing over again. I did not much care what I did after this. I thought I could be no worse than I was.

"In a few months I was arrested and got five years for a burglary in ——. I read what I could of the trial from what papers I could get; and for the first time I saw what a deadly web circumstances and the conceit of human shrewdness can weave around an innocent man.

"The trial went on. I did not open my mouth. I knew that if I said a word and went into court fresh from the penitentiary I would certainly be hanged, and I had not reached a point when I was ready to sacrifice my life for a stranger.

"In the feverish life I led in the short time out of prison I forgot all about this, until I found myself here for ten years, and then I thought: there is a man in this prison doing hard work, eating coarse food, deprived of everything that makes life worth having, and suffering for a crime of which he knows as little as the dust that is yet to be created to fill these miserable cells. I thought what a hell the place must be to him.

"No one has worked this confession out of me. I wish to implicate no one but myself. If you will not believe what I say now, and —— stays in prison, it is likely the truth will never be known. But if in the future the man who was with me that night will come to the front, whether I am alive or dead, you will find that what I have told you is as true as the law of gravitation. I was never in the town of —— before that time or since. I did not know whom I had killed until I read of it. I do not know —— [Brett] or any of his friends. But I do know that he is perfectly innocent of the crime he is in prison for. I know it better than any one in the world because I committed the crime myself."

The position of Brett was not affected in the least by this confession, though his family were doing all in their power to secure his release. The case was considered most difficult of solution. The theory of delusion on Shannon's part was advanced and was accepted by those who believed Brett guilty, but received no credence among the convicts who knew Shannon and the burglar associated with him at the time the crime was committed.

I had never sought the acquaintance of a "noted criminal" before, but this case interested me and I asked to see Shannon. For the first time I felt myself at a disadvantage in an interview with a convict. A sort of aloofness seemed to form the very atmosphere of his personality, and though he sat near me it was with face averted and downcast eyes; the face seemed cut in marble, so pale and cold it was, with clear-cut, regular features, suggesting a singular appropriateness in his being known as "The Greek."

I opened conversation with some reference to the newspaper reports; and then in low, level tones, but with a certain incisiveness, he entered upon the motive which led to his confession, revealing to me also his own point of view of the situation. Six years had passed since the crime was committed; and all that time, he said, he had believed that if he could bring himself to confess, Brett would be cleared—that during these six years the murder had become a thing of the past, partially extenuated in his mind on the ground of self-defence; but when he found himself in the same prison with Brett, here was a result of his crime living, suffering, and, in the depths of Shannon's own conscience, pleading for vindication and liberty. As a burden on his own soul the murder might have been borne in silence between himself and his Creator; but as a living curse on another it demanded confession. And the desire to right that wrong swept through his being with overmastering force.

"I had always believed," he said, "that 'truth crushed to earth would rise again,' and I was willing to give my life for truth; but I learned that the word of a convict is nothing—truth in a convict counts for nothing."

The man had scarcely moved when he told me all this, and he sat like a statue of despair when he relapsed into silence, still with downcast eyes. I was absolutely convinced of the truth of what he had told me—of the central truth of the whole affair: his guilt and his consciousness of the innocence of the other

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man. That his impressions of some of the details of the case might not square with known facts was of secondary importance; to me the *internal evidence* was convincing. Isn't there something in the Bible to the effect that "spirit beareth witness unto spirit"? At all events, *sometimes a woman knows*.

I told Shannon that I believed in his truth, and I offered to send him magazines and letters if he wished. Then he gave me one swift glance of scrutiny, with eyes accustomed to reading people, thanked me, and added as we parted: "If there were more people like you in this world there wouldn't be so many like me."

Now, my belief in the truth of Shannon's statement was purely intuitive, but in order to make it clear to my understanding as well, I studied every objection to its acceptance by those who believed Shannon to be the victim of a delusion. His sincerity no one doubted. It was claimed that Shannon had manifested no interest in the case previous to his arrival in the prison where Brett was. On the way to this prison, Shannon, in attempting to escape from the sheriff, had received a blow on the back of his head, which it was assumed might have affected his mind. Among my convict acquaintances was a man who had worked in the shop beside Shannon in another prison, at the time of Brett's trial for the crime, and this man could have had no possible motive for incriminating Shannon. He told me that during all the time of the trial, five years previous to the blow on his head, Shannon was greatly disturbed, impatient to get hold of newspapers which he had to borrow, and apparently absorbed in studying the evidence against Brett, but saying always, "They can't convict him." This convict went on to tell me that after the case was decided against Brett, Shannon seemed to lose his nerve and all interest in life. This account tallies exactly with Shannon's printed confession, in which he says: "I read what I could of the trial in what papers I could get. I had not yet reached the point where I was willing to sacrifice my life for a stranger."

In his confession Shannon had spoken of his accomplice in that terrible night's work as one who could come forward and substantiate his statements. Four different convicts of my acquaintance knew who this man was, but not one of them was able to put me in communication with him. The man had utterly disappeared. But this bit of evidence as to his knowledge of the crime I did collect—his whereabouts were known to at least one other of my convict acquaintances till the day after Shannon's confession was made public. That day my acquaintance received from Shannon's accomplice *a paper with the confession marked*, and from that day had lost all trace of him. The convict made this comment in defence of the silence of the accomplice:

"He wouldn't be such a fool as to come forward and incriminate himself after Shannon's experience."

Convicts in several States were aware of Shannon's fruitless effort to right a wrong, and knew of the punishment brought upon himself by his attempt. The outcome of the occurrence must have been regarded as a warning to other convicts who might be prompted to honest confession in behalf of another.

At that time I had never seen George Brett, and not until later was I in communication with his lawyers. But I was convinced that only from convicts could evidence verifying Shannon's confession be gleaned.

As far as I know nothing more connected with that crime has ever come to light. And even to-day there is doubtless a division of opinion among those best informed. Finding there was nothing I could do in the matter, my interest became centred in the study of the man Shannon. He was an interesting study from the purely psychological side, still more so in the gradual revelation of his real inner life.

It is difficult to reconcile Shannon's life of action with his life of thought, for he was a man of intellect, a student, and a thinker. His use of English was always correct. The range of his reading was wide, including the best fiction, philosophy, science, and, more unusual, the English essayists—Addison, Steele, and other contributors to *The Spectator*. The true philosopher is shown in the following extract from one of his letters to me:

"I beg you not to think that I consider myself a martyr to the cause of truth.

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That my statement was rejected takes nothing from the naked fact, but simply proves the failure of conditions by which it was to be established as such. It did not come within the rules of acceptance in these things, consequently it was not accepted. This is a world of method. Things should be in their place. People do not go to a fishmonger for diamonds, nor to a prison for truth. I recognize the incongruity of my position and submit to the inevitable."

In explanation of his reception of my first call he says:

"I don't think that at first I quite understood the nature of your call—it was so unexpected. If my meaning in what I said was obscure, it was because in thinking and brooding too much one becomes unable to talk and gradually falls into a state where words seem unnatural. *And these prison thoughts are terrible.* In their uselessness they are like spiders building cobwebs in the brain, clouding it and clogging it beyond repair. I try to use imagination as a drug to fill my mind with a fanciful contentment that I can know in no other way. When I was a child I used to dream and speculate in anticipation of the world that was coming. Now I do the same, but for a different reason—to make me forget the detestable period of fact that has intervened.

"So when I am not reading or sleeping, and when my work may be performed mechanically and with least mental exertion, I live away from myself and surroundings as much as possible. I was in a condition something like this at the time of your call. A dreamer dislikes at best to be awakened, and in a situation like mine it is especially trying. While talking in this way I must beg pardon, for I did really appreciate your visit and felt more human after it. I would not have you infer from this that the slightest imagination entered into my story of that unfortunate affair. I would it were so; but if it is a fact that I exist, all that I related is just as true."

His choice of Schopenhauer as a friend illustrates the homœopathic principle of like curing like.

"Schopenhauer is an old friend and favorite of mine. Very often when I am getting wretchedly blue and when everything as seen through my eyes is wearing a most rascally tinge, I derive an immense amount of comfort and consolation by thinking how much worse they have appeared to Schopenhauer." In other words, the great pessimist served to produce a healthy reaction.

But this reaction was but for the hour. All through Shannon's letters there runs a vein of the bitterest pessimism. He distrusted all forms of religion and arraigns the prison chaplains in these words:

"I have never met a class of men who appear to know less of the spiritual nature or the wants of their flocks. It is strange to me that men who might so easily gather material for the finest practical lessons, surrounded as they are by real life experiences and illustrations by which they might well teach that *crime does not pay* either in coin or happiness—that they will ignore all this and rack their brains to produce elaborate theological discourses founded upon some sentence of a fisherman who existed two thousand years ago, to paralyze and mystify a lot of poor plain horse-thieves and burglars. What prisoners are in need of is a man able to preach natural, every-day common sense, with occasionally a little humor or an agreeable story or incident to illustrate a moral. It seems to me if I were to turn preacher I would try and study the simple character of the great Master as it is handed down to us."

It strikes me that prison chaplains would do well to heed this convict point of view of their preaching.

I do not recall that Shannon ever made a criticism upon the administration of the prison of which he was then an inmate, but he gives free expression to his opinion of our general system of imprisonment. He had been studying the reports of a prison congress recently in session where various "reformatory measures" had been discussed, or, to use his expression, "expatiated upon," and writes:

"I wish to make a few remarks from personal observation upon this subject of prison reform. I will admit, to begin with, that upon the ground of protection to society, the next best thing to hanging a criminal is to put him in prison, providing you keep him there; but if you seek his reformation it is the worst thing you

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can do with him. Convicts generally are not philosophers, neither are they men of pure thought or deep religious feelings; they are not all-sufficient to themselves; and for this reason confinement never did, never can, and never will have a good effect upon them.

"I have known hundreds of men, young and old, who have served time in prison. I have known many of them to grow crafty in prison, and upon release to employ their peculiar talents in some other line of business, safer but not less degrading to themselves; but I never knew one to have been made a better man by *prison discipline*—those who reformed did so through other influences.

"It may be a good prison or a bad one, with discipline lax or rigorous, but the effect, though different, is never good; it never can be. Crime is older than prisons. According to best accounts it began in the Garden of Eden, but God—who knew human nature—instead of shutting up Adam and Eve separately, drove them out into the world where they could exercise their minds hustling for themselves. Since then there has been but one system that reformed a man without killing him, namely, transportation.

"This system, instead of leaving a bad man in prison *to saturate himself with his own poison*, sent him to a distant country, where, under new conditions and with something to work and hope for, he could harmlessly dissipate that poison among the wilds of nature. It may be no other system is possible; that the world is getting too densely populated to admit of transportation, or that society owes nothing to one who has broken her laws. I write this not as 'an echo from a living tomb,' but as plain common sense." *

Personal pride, one of the very elements of the man's nature, kept him from ever uttering a complaint of individual hardships; but the mere fact of confinement, the lack of air, space, freedom of movement and action oppressed him as if the iron bars were actually pressing against his spirit. His one aim was to find some Lethe in which he could drown memory and consciousness of self. In all the years of his manhood there seemed to have been no sunny spot in which memory could find a resting-place.

From first to last his misdirection of life had been such a frightful blunder; even in its own line such a dismal failure. His boasted "fine art" of burglary had landed him in the ranks of murderers. He had despised cowardice, and yet at the critical hour in the destiny of another he had proven himself a coward. And when by complete self-sacrifice he had sought to right the wrong the sacrifice had been in vain.

Understanding something of the world in which he lived I suggested the study of a new language as a mental occupation requiring concentration on a line entirely disconnected from his past. He gladly adopted my suggestion and began the study of German; but it was all in vain—he could not escape from himself.

He had managed to keep so brave a front in his letters that I was unaware that the man was completely breaking down until the spring morning when we had our last interview.

There was in his face the unmistakable look of the man who is doomed—so many of my prisoners died. His remorse was like a living thing that had eaten into his life—a very wolf within his breast. He was no longer impassive, but fairly writhing in mental agony. He did not seem to know that he was dying; he certainly did not care. His one thought was for Brett and the far-reaching, irreparable wrong that Brett had suffered through him. When I said that I thought the fate of the innocent man in prison was not so dreadful as that of the guilty man, Shannon exclaimed: "You are mistaken. I don't see how it is possible for a man unjustly imprisoned to believe in any justice, human or divine, or in any God above," and he continued with an impassioned appeal on behalf of innocent prisoners which left a deep impression with me. In his own being he seemed to be actually experiencing at once the fate of the innocent victim of injustice and of the guilty man suffering just punishment. He spoke of his intense spiritual loneliness, which human sympathy was

* This letter was written twenty-five years ago. The logic of Shannon's argument is unquestionably sound. The futility of imprisonment as a reformatory agent is now widely recognized. But better than transportation is the system of conditional liberation of men after conviction now receiving favorable consideration—even tentative adoption—in several States.

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powerless to reach, and of how thankful he should be if he could find light or hope in any religion; but he could not believe in any God of truth or justice while Brett was left in prison. A soul more completely desolate it is impossible to imagine.

My next letter from Shannon was written from the hospital, and expresses the expectation of being "all right again in a few days." Further on in the letter come these words:

"I do believe in a future life. Without this hope and its consoling influence, life would scarcely be worth living. I believe that all the men who have ever died—atheists or whatever they professed to be—did so with the hope more or less sustaining them, of awakening to a future life. This hope is implanted by nature universally in the human breast, and it is not unlikely to suppose that it has some meaning."

A few weeks later I received a line from the warden telling me of the death of Ellis Shannon, and from the prison hospital was sent me a little volume of translations from Socrates which had been Shannon's companion in his last days. A slip of paper between the leaves marked Socrates's reflections on death and immortality. The report of one of the hospital nurses to me was:

"Shannon had consumption; but he died of grief." It is not often that one dies of a broken heart outside the pages of fiction and romance, but medical authority assures us that it sometimes happens.

Up to this time I had never seen George Brett, but after the death of Shannon we had one long interview. What first struck me was the remarkable similarity between the voices of Brett and Shannon, as supposed identification of the voice of Brett with that of the burglar had been accepted as evidence at the trial. My general impression of the man was wholly favorable. He was depressed and discouraged, but responsive, frank, and unstudied in all that he said. When he mentioned the man shot in the burglary I watched him closely; his whole manner brightened as he said:

"Why, he was one of the best men in the world—a man that little children loved. He was good to every one."

"And you could never speak of that man as you are speaking now if you had taken his life," was my inward comment.

Brett's attitude toward Shannon was free from any shade of resentment; but what most impressed me was that Shannon's belief that the unjust conviction of Brett, and his own fruitless effort to right the wrong, must make it impossible for Brett ever to believe in a just God—in other words, that the most cruel injury to Brett was the spiritual injury. This belief proved to be without foundation. George Brett had not been a religious man, but in Shannon he saw that truth and honor were more than life, stronger than the instinct of self-preservation; and he could hardly escape from the belief that divine justice itself was the impelling power back of the impulse prompting Shannon to confession. In the strange action and interaction of one life upon another, in the final summing up of the relation of these two men, it seemed to have been given to Shannon to touch the deeper springs of spiritual life in Brett, to reveal to him something of the eternal verities of existence.

And truth crushed to earth did rise again; for not long after the death of Shannon, in the eighth year of his imprisonment, George Brett was pardoned, with the public statement that he had been convicted on doubtful evidence, and that the confession of Shannon had been accepted in proof of his innocence.

No adequate compensation can ever be made to one who has suffered unjust imprisonment, but there are already indications of the dawn of a to-morrow when the State, in common honesty, will feel bound to make at least financial restitution to those who have been the victims of such injustice.

*** The year 1913 has brought a combination of progressive State legislation, a governor of advanced humanitarianism, and a prison warden of courage, enthusiasm, and fine ability, resulting in most radical changes for the better in the penitentiary which formed the background of these studies.—W. L. T.

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THINGS

By Alice Duer Miller

THE great alienist sat down at his desk, and having emptied his mind of all other impressions, held it up like a dipper for his new patient to fill. Large, blonde, and handsome, she was plainly accustomed to being listened to. Before she had fairly undone her furs and folded her hands within her muff, the doctor's lateral vision had told him that, whatever her problems, it was not about her own nervous system that she had come to consult him.

Not too quickly her story began to take shape. Her household, her husband, her four children—three small boys and an older daughter, a girl of seventeen . . .

"My only thought has been my children, Dr. Despard."

"Your *only* thought, Mrs. Royce?"

She assented. The daughter was the problem—the daughter of seventeen.

"She and I have been such friends; I have always been a friend to my children, I hope, as well as a parent. And Celia's little arrangements, her clothes and her small parties, have been as much my interests as hers—more perhaps. The bond between us has been peculiarly close until the last year or so. Lately a rebellious spirit has begun to develop. I have tried to make allowances, but naturally there are certain questions of manners and deportment—small but important—about which one cannot yield. I am almost ashamed to confess how unaffectionate are the terms that we have reached. The situation will strike you as a strange one between a mother and daughter——"

He shook his head. "You are by no means the only mother and daughter whose relations are unsatisfactory."

"Ah, the young people of to-day!" she sighed. "What *is* the matter with them, with the age, Dr. Despard? They are so hard, so individualistic. I myself was one of a large family, and we lived in the house with my grandparents and aunts. My life was made up of little duties for older people—duties I never thought of questioning. They were a pleasure to me. But if I ask Celia to go on an errand for me—or even to attend to something for herself, I am met by the look of a martyr or a rebel. But that is not the worst. At times, Dr. Despard, her language to me is violent—is—actually profane. I cannot help looking on this as an abnormal manifestation. At last I saw her case was pathological. No nice girl swears at her mother, and"—Mrs. Royce smiled—"my daughter is a nice girl."

It seemed to him that Mrs. Royce must be a very nice mother indeed. Soft, serious, and eminently maternal, she appealed profoundly to all his bachelor ideals.

"And your husband?" he asked. "How does he get on with his daughter?"

"Admirably," she returned warmly; "they hardly see each other."

He glanced quickly at her to see if her intention were humorous, but something mechanical in her smile had already warned him that her mind was bent on other of life's aspects than the comic. Now she was quite serious, and he replied with equal gravity.

"It is often the solution."

They decided, at length, that he was to spend a few days with them in the country. To bring the girl to his office would be useless. He would find her a gentle, well-behaved little creature, perhaps too much interested in her books. The exigencies of the children's education kept the Royces in town during the week, but they spent Saturday and Sunday at the old Royce place on the Hudson. Here Despard promised to come at the first opportunity.

She thanked him, and held out a strong, firm hand.

No, he thought when she had gone, he could not understand a girl's swearing at such a mother—at once so affectionate and so intelligent, for, with pardonable egotism, Despard reckoned her bringing

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the problem to him a proof of rare domestic intelligence. Most women would have made it the subject of anger or tears.

He himself held no special brief for youth. The younger generation did not attract him. His own nephews and nieces never made him return disgusted to his loneliness, but rather raised his enjoyment of his solitude.

Before he admitted his next patient he stood a moment contemplating the sacrifices made by a parent. "It's stupendous, it's too much," he thought; and smiled to think that, if he had married, a child of his might now be conducting him to a doctor's office, for of the two he would undoubtedly have been the first to swear.

After a week particularly crowded with the concerns of other people Despard arrived at high noon of a day in early April at the Royces' place. Never, he thought, had he seen peace so clearly embodied. A dense fresh lawn sloped down to the hazy river, splendid old trees were everywhere; the serious stone house had been built with the simple notions of comfort that existed a hundred years ago.

Mr. Royce, who met him at the station, seemed a peaceful sort of person, too—a man whose forebears had been more like fairy godparents than ordinary ancestors, for they had given him a handsome, healthy body, a fair fortune, a respected name, and, best of all, an unquestioning belief in all the institutions of his own time, such as matrimony, the ten commandments, and the blessings of paternity.

Despard turned the conversation toward the daughter, but was soon aware that he was getting a mere echo of Mrs. Royce's opinions.

"The child has worked herself into an abnormal frame of mind," said her father.

"You draw this from your own observations?"

"Well, more from her mother's. I leave that sort of thing to my wife. She has great cares, great responsibilities. She takes life almost too seriously." He sighed. The next instant his face lighted up in pointing out to Despard a giant chestnut-tree just saved from a blighting disease. For a few minutes he spoke on the subject with extraordinary vividness.

Despard was quick to recognize expert knowledge, and Royce, with something approaching a blush, admitted that he did understand the care of native trees. "I have sometimes thought of writing a book about it," he said timidly.

"You certainly should."

"Ah, it's so difficult to find time."

Despard smiled. Who had leisure if this favored being had not? He himself, without one hour in the twenty-four that he could call his own, was already at work on his third.

He met the whole family assembled at luncheon; a pale German governess, three little boys, and the dark-eyed Celia, sweet-mouthed but sullen-browed.

Despard, who had had no breakfast, thought more than he would have confessed about the victuals set before him. Any family ought to be amiable, he thought, on food at once so simple and delicious. His opinion of Mrs. Royce rose still higher.

Within the next hour he came to the conclusion that, in spite of his extended knowledge of American interiors, he had never before been in a really well-appointed house—a house, that is, where one wise and affectionate person directed every detail. Mrs. Royce, he found, knew every aspect of her home. She not only knew her flowers almost as individuals, but she knew the vase and the place where each appeared to the best advantage. She knew better than her husband which chair he liked, where he kept his cigars, and which little table would be best at his elbow. Nor was her consideration confined to her own family. She had thought of a tired doctor's special needs. She had given him "a little room, where he could be quiet, and get a glimpse of the river."

Shut in this room, not so very little after all, he walked to the writing-table to make a memorandum. It had more than once happened to him to find, in a house accounted luxurious, only a dry, encrusted inkstand in the spare room. Not so here. Never was ink so fluidly, greenly new; never was blotting-paper so eagerly absorbent. He noticed, besides three sizes of paper and envelopes, that there were cable blanks, telegraph blanks, and postal cards, as well as stamps of all varieties.

It was not Despard's habit to notice life quite as much in detail as this, but now it

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amused him to pursue the subject. Luxury he knew, but this effective consideration he rated as something higher.

II

He had arrived on a Friday, and on Sunday at five—things were apt to happen by a schedule in the Royce household—he was to give his report on Celia.

He entered the library—the spot designated by Mrs. Royce—by one door, as Churchley, the butler, came in at the other to serve tea.

The dark, shining little table was brought out, noiselessly opened, covered with a cloth—the wrong cloth, Mrs. Royce indicated. Churchley whisked away and returned incredibly quickly with the right one. The tray, weighted with silver and blossoming with the saffron flame of the tea-kettle, was next put before her, and then another little structure of shelves was set at her right hand. Her eye fell on this.

"I said *brown*-bread toast, Churchley." The man murmured, and again whisked away.

All this time Despard had not sat down, although between orders Mrs. Royce had more than once urged him to do so. He stood, having shut the door behind him, leaning the point of his shoulder against the wall.

Utterly undisturbed by his calm eyes fixed upon her, Mrs. Royce said:

"Poor Churchley, he has been with us for six years, but I'm afraid I can't keep him. He forgets everything."

"He's on the edge of a nervous breakdown," answered Despard coolly, and he added: "The housemaid is a pronounced neurasthenic. As for your daughter——"

"Ah, Celia, poor dear child! Must we send her away?" her mother asked, but before the doctor had time to answer, Churchley, by a miracle of celerity, again entered, this time bearing toast of the desired complexion.

After he had finally disappeared, Mrs. Royce busied herself with flame and kettle and tea-caddie before she repeated her question, and her voice had in it a faint sediment of these preoccupations:

"I hope you do not think it necessary to send Celia away, Dr. Despard?"

He drew a chair forward and sat down. "No, Mrs. Royce," he said; "I think it necessary to send you away."

"*Me?*"

He bowed.

"But my health is excellent. Oh, I see," she smiled. "My husband has been talking to you about my responsibilities. Yes, they are great, but one is given strength to do what is required of one. I shall not have to desert my post. I am strong."

"I know you are strong, Mrs. Royce," said he, "but you are the cause of weakness in others. We need not multiply examples: your daughter, the governess, Churchley——"

She broke in—"Of course I admit their weakness. But don't you see how I protect and support them? How could you imagine that I was the cause?"

"Isn't it suggestive that practically every one with whom you come in contact——"

"My husband," she retorted, quoting an instance against him.

"Your husband has great natural calm, and spends eight hours a day out of the house. You have made this home, this really wonderful home, for those you love. No one admires the achievement more than I do. But you have sacrificed too much of yourself in doing it; and I'm not speaking of your physical strength. In this library, in which you are so fond of sitting, how many books have you ever read?"

"I was a great reader as a girl," she answered.

"Which of these have you read in the last ten years?"

She murmured that he perhaps hardly understood the demands upon her time.

"You never read. You can't," he returned. "Since my first hour here, I have been watching you, not your daughter. Her case is simple enough. You don't read, Mrs. Royce, not because you have no time, but because you have no concentration. This is one of the many sacrifices you have made to your household—a serious one, and we must face the results. I have watched you each day carrying the morning papers about with you until evening, and then, if you read the headlines, it is as much as you can accomplish."

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She had been staring at him as though in a trance, but now she came to, with a laugh.

"My dear Dr. Despard," she said, "if you were the mother of four children, and the head——"

He held up his hand. "You must let me finish," he said. "You have made this home, and you administer it with consummate ability; and yet no one is really happy in it, least of all yourself. Why? Well, I need not remind you that no one is made happy merely by things. Some continuity of inner life is absolutely necessary, not only to happiness but to health. Remember I am speaking as a nerve-specialist. You, Mrs. Royce, are an enemy to continuity. You dispel concentration as a rock dispels a wave. Even I find no little difficulty, when in your presence, in pursuing a consecutive train of thought, and, as for you yourself, such a thing has long been impossible for you. Even now, on this matter so immensely important to you, you have not been able to give me your undivided attention. Other facts have kept coming up in your consciousness—that a bell rang somewhere—that the hearth has not been swept up. Acutely aware as I am of your point of view, these breaks in your attention have been breaks in mine, too; but I have been able to overcome them, and follow my ideas to the end, because I have been trained to do so, and besides, I've been here only two days. In two days more, I would not answer for myself. I should begin to see things, things, things, and to believe that all life was merely a question of arrangements. Even your religion, Mrs. Royce, in which most people find some continuity, is a question of things—of Sunday-schools and altar decoration. That poor little clergyman who lunched here to-day—he came emanating a certain spiritual peace; but he went away crushed by your poor opinion of him as an executive. At this moment he is probably breaking up the current of his life by a conscientious attention to things."

Deeply protesting as she was in her heart, something in his hard, clear look kept her silent, and he went on.

"Your daughter is—to use a big word—an intellectual. For the time being she is interested only in things of the mind. New ideas, books, poetry are the great adventures of life to her at present. To all this you are an obstructionist——"

"There, at least, you are utterly at fault," cried the poor lady, with a passion she had not known for years. "I have done everything in my power to help. I am very ambitious in regard to my children's education. Their schools, their teachers——"

"Ay," said Despard, "you have set out the counters for them, but you have never let them play the game. You were interested in making the arrangements, but you had no interest at all in the state of mind which could take advantage of them. Your daughter knows, not only that you take no thought for such matters yourself, but that every phase of your contact with her demands her attention for other matters—clothes, manners, hours, and dates. You have no respect for her preoccupations. Not once, not twice, but fifty times a day, you interrupt her, with a caress, or an errand, or more often a reproof. Yesterday, when she was obviously absorbed in reading that bit of verse to her father, you sent her up-stairs to change her shoes——"

"They were wet; she would have caught cold."

"If you had listened, you would have seen she had only four more lines to read. You do all this, not only when she is in your domain, at meals and in the drawing-room, but you follow her to her own room and go in without knocking. I venture to say that that child works at night, for the simple reason that to work in this house during the daytime is impossible."

"Really," said Mrs. Royce, "with the best will in the world I do not understand you. Celia's friends sometimes seem to feel that I ought to neglect her manners and pronunciation, ought to allow her to become selfish and self-centred, so that she may—" She broke off as if words failed her. "But I have never heard a grown person suggest that such a course would be right."

"Ask your clergyman what is right," answered Despard. "I am here to tell you what is healthy, I am here to prescribe. Now, notice, please, I do not tell you to change. I don't think you could. The reactions have taken place too many

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times. I tell you to go away. We can call it a rest cure. You shall have beautiful surroundings, comfort, and above all that leisure that recent years have failed to give you. In return I shall ask you to concentrate your mind for a certain number of hours each day."

"You talk," she cried bitterly, "as if I enjoyed the treadmill of my daily life."

"You have unusual executive ability, and most of us enjoy the use of our powers."

"The best refutation of all that you have said is that I am eager to go," she returned. "Ah, I cannot tell you how inviting such a prospect seems to me—not to order dinner, not to have to decide and arrange for every one, not to be the pivot of the whole structure. Ah, Dr. Despard, I would so gladly go, but——"

"But?"

"But what would happen to my family without me?"

"They must try looking out for themselves," he answered. He glanced at his watch, for he was to take a train that afternoon; and Mrs. Royce collected herself enough to touch the bell—it always hung within tempting reach of her hand—and gave Churchley orders to send for the motor and have the doctor's bags brought down.

During this interval Despard walked to the window and stood looking out. It is not so easy always to apply the knife psychologically as physically. He wondered if he could have been more gentle and equally effective. As he stood there Celia came sauntering across the lawn, her head bent, her hands deep in the pockets of an enveloping dun-colored coat. The brow which had first seemed sulky to him appeared now simply thoughtful.

III

THE strength of Mrs. Royce's character was shown by the fact that she obeyed—she actually went. She went almost gladly—a state of mind induced by the extraordinary activity of her last days at home. In one brilliant flash of prophecy and power she foresaw and forestalled every contingency that could arise in her absence. She departed in a condition of exhaustion fully justifying the doctor's story of a needed rest.

Her weariness lasted through the first few days at the sanatorium. She was well content to lie in bed and think of nothing. But by the fifth or sixth day she began to wonder where she had left the key of the cedar closet; and several possibilities of error in the arrangements she had made to reach from garret to cellar began to creep into her consciousness. Her elder boy was subject to throat trouble; her younger was subtly averse to bathing. She had not perhaps sufficiently emphasized these two dangers. She had, however, given her promise not to communicate with her household, except in case of necessity.

Conscientious in her determination to do what she had set out to do, she took out some of the books she had brought with her, but they seemed an unsatisfactory lot: the novels, trashy; the essays, dull; the history, heavy. Strange, she thought, how people will recommend books which really did not even hold one's attention.

The word attention, bringing with it the recollection of Despard's speech, recalled her to her obligations. Heavy or not, she was resolved to make her way through the volume.

She read: "It has been argued that the too rapid introduction of modern political machinery, and the too rapid unification of such different populations as those—" Had she told them not to keep the house too hot, in these first spring days? Overheated houses, in her opinion, were a fruitful source of ill health. "—though these may with more justice be ascribed to deep-seated sociological causes stretching back through two thousand years—" This was the season for putting away the furs. If, in her absence, moth should attack her husband's sable-lined overcoat! Ah, she put down her book; this was serious.

Fifteen minutes later she went out, trying to walk off the haunting presence of that fur coat.

There was something not a little heroic in her struggle with temptations—staying on while every notion she had heretofore considered righteous called to her to go back. Hideous pictures of ruin and discomfort at home floated before her mind. She had to admit she found a certain grim satisfaction in such visions. They would

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at least prove to Despard how little the modern family is able to dispense with the services of the old-fashioned mother.

She was human enough to be eager to prove him wrong in essentials, for in minor matters he had shown himself terribly accurate. With unlimited leisure on her hands she was surprised to find how little enjoyment she derived from her books. She read herself to sleep with a novel every night, but it was enough for her to open one of the more serious works for her mind to rush back to the old domestic problems. Her eyes alone would read the printed page.

Her life seemed hideously vacant, empty, as she put it, of all affection; but it was also empty of all machinery—perhaps the greater change of the two. She had no small duties, no orders to give, no mistakes to correct.

She was not forbidden to communicate with Despard, and at the end of a week she telegraphed him that she was going home. He came to her at once.

"I am doing what I know to be wrong," she broke out. "I am neglecting my family."

"You are doing what your medical adviser orders."

"Yes," she answered, "but can you guarantee that nothing will happen in my absence? Will it be any comfort to me if things go wrong to say that I was obeying orders?"

He did not directly answer this question, which had been largely rhetorical in intention. Instead he said:

"Yes, I suppose you are dreadfully bored."

She checked an impulse toward complete denial. He had stated half the truth. She was bored, but she tried to make him see that there was more than that in her attitude. He, a man and a bachelor, could hardly realize how serious might be the results of a mother's protracted absence.

He had at times a trick—irritating to Mrs. Royce—of replying to something slightly different from the thought one had expressed. He did so now.

"And if they do miss you," he said, "won't that be a help?"

Yes, certainly, it would be a help, and it was perhaps that thought which kept her on day after day—the thought that they were missing her in every detail of life, the belief that the daily service, the commonplace sacrifice of an existence like hers could only be realized by its cessation.

One reward she had. Her books began to grow more interesting. "It grows better as you get into it," she explained to one of the nurses, but in her heart she knew the improvement was not in the book.

At last a night came when she had a dream, more poignant, more vivid, than any material message could have been—a dream of disaster at home. She was not a superstitious woman, but the impression already in her mind was immensely deepened. She was needed at home: that was her place. What madness it had been for her to go away, and what a selfish madness, made up partly of desire to rest, and partly of a wish to prove Despard wrong! She might have cause to reproach herself for the remainder of her life. She could forgive him all that she herself had suffered, removed from her work, deprived of all occupation and happy home activities, but if anything had gone wrong with those she loved——

That very afternoon she went home.

Once inside her own gates she began to see signs of her three weeks' absence. Although the grounds were nominally her husband's charge, the standards since her departure had evidently been lowered. The gutters were but half-cleared and the gravel unraked. The appearance of the house confirmed her fears. The window-curtains had not been changed. Sixty-two dirty window-curtains seemed to her to offer but a dreary welcome.

In spite of sunshine, the rainy-day doormat greeted her, left from the day before, which had been rainy; and the brasses of the door, though not actually tarnished, lacked that elysian brightness on which she herself insisted.

As she mounted the steps two of the boys came running up—hugging and clawing at her with hands on which she caught a glimpse of the lustrous veneer of dirt. They were so glad to see her and little Lewis had been ill. Her heart stood still—oh, only a cold. Where was he? she asked them, and when they said—oh, horror!—out with the governess in the pony-cart, she sent them racing after him.

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The darkest forebodings filled her mind as to what she would find within. She rang and, after an interval too long by several minutes, Churchley opened the door. For an instant his appearance drove all other thoughts away.

"Why, Churchley," she cried, "you have been putting on weight!"

Churchley acknowledged the imputation with a smile that approached dangerously near a dimple.

"Yes, madame," he said; "I've taken a great turn for the better," and he asked sympathetically after her own health.

She made no answer, but turning her head away from the staircase, in whose crevices she had already detected faint gray lines of dust, she moved toward the library door, which Churchley quietly opened for her.

She saw with a shock that the arrangement of the furniture—an arrangement sanctified by twenty years of habit—had been altered. Two desks had been drawn near the windows without any respect for symmetry, and at these, back to back, her husband and daughter were sitting.

That Celia should bring her schoolbooks to the library, though unusual, was not unnatural, but the sight of Royce at work on page after page of foolscap was something requiring an explanation.

The room was perfectly quiet except for the scratch of his pen and the ticking of the clock; and Mrs. Royce decided that she would stand there silent until some other interruption occurred. It could not be very long before a servant entered, or they themselves would weary of this work.

But the silence continued. Once Royce took out a book and glanced at some reference. Once Celia got up and lighted the lamps for both, but neither of them spoke.

For a long time Mrs. Royce stood there, transfixed by a curious conviction that came to her as she watched—the conviction that this silence carried with it a more perfect companionship than all her long talks with her husband had ever brought. Of course she had long since realized that, as gradually as one season melts into another, her relationship to her husband had changed—changed inevitably, she had imagined, from the poetry of first love into something that resembled the prose of a business partnership. To her the change was not altogether to be regretted; in her eyes the business of being the head of a man's house and the mother of his children was still charged with the romantic idea. But for the first time it now occurred to her to ask whether the change had been equally satisfactory to him. Ah, she admitted that a certain charm, a certain stimulation had gone from their affection, but never before had she thought, as she was thinking now, that the quality most conspicuously absent was intimacy. How was such a thing possible, when she had lived twenty years of her life with him in perfect amity?

Yet, standing there, she saw that for many years she had not had the least conception of what had been going on in his mind. She had used the word business partnership, and naturally when they were together they often discussed the details of the business, only now she remembered that it was always in *her* department that the problems for discussion arose. Royce seemed to be able to manage his end of it without consultation. Why was this?

She tried desperately to see the thing clearly. Her whole life was built on the belief that she existed solely to be depended upon; and yet she saw that her husband in all his more personal interests, far from depending on her, never even mentioned them to her. What did that mean? And why had she never observed this contradiction before? Could it be that after all she was not dependable, or had some unreckoned factor in his life rendered Royce more self-reliant than he had been in the early days of their marriage?

And at this point, before she realized her intention, she heard her own voice saying: "Celia, my dear, your lamp is flaring."

Well, there was no question of the welcome with which both pairs of eyes lit up. "Mother, *dear!*" cried the girl. Both overwhelmed her with solicitude about her health. She did not have to ask after theirs. Never were two rosier, more unlined faces than theirs.

After a moment she asked what it was that her husband was writing, and he answered, almost timidly, that it was a book on trees; he had had the idea in his mind for a number of years, but had never had the energy to begin it before.

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"Why not?" she asked almost sharply, but before he had time to answer—and it was evident he himself had no idea of the real answer—Celia broke in:

"And what do you think, mother? I've won the prize for composition at school. I had the idea the very night you went away, and I've worked and worked over it, and they all say that it is much better than anything I ever did before. Aren't you glad?"

Yes, her mother was glad, but a strain of bitterness mingled with her rejoicing. Was it indeed her absence that had released all the vital energy?

One hope lingered unacknowledged in her breast. She turned to her husband.

"And have they made you comfortable since I went?" she asked.

"Oh, perfectly," he replied. "Everything has gone without a hitch, thanks to your arrangements."

"Yes," Celia chimed in, "the servants have been too wonderful; they've done everything just as if you were at home, only better."

Mrs. Royce looked round the room, where to her eye everything was wrong—the corners dusty, the lamps ill-cared for, the sofa pillows rumpled, and the tea-tray, which ought to have been removed, still standing disordered in a corner.

She stretched her hand toward the bell to ring, and order it taken away; and then, checking herself, she sank back and folded her hands idly in her lap. Her husband had begun to tell her something about his book.

ENCHANTMENT

By Laurence C. Hodgson

I READ in Izaak Walton's book—
  And suddenly the world was Spring!
The lark rose heavenward, and shook
  The morning from his mounting wing,
The sun dripped soft on Catherine hill
  To stir the crickets in the grass,
And all the singing birds grew still
  To listen to the west wind pass.

The milk-maids sang across the dew,
  And Itchen wakened from its dream,
To feel upon its breast the blue
  And unblurred heavens shine and gleam.
And sun and sky and singing bird
  And hill and wind and brook were blent
Into some lovely English word,
  Like Sherwood, Surrey, Kew, or Kent.

Ah, long ago, in Winchester
  The Master turned him unto sleep;
No luring voice of spring shall stir
  His dreaming heart to wake and creep
Among the shades that silently
  Make covert of a dappled brook.
But, all the years are Spring to me—
  I read in Izaak Walton's book!

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

Public Manners

OF the universal friendliness in this country, there can be no doubt. I often wonder how it is we have so long allowed ourselves to be accused of bad manners—bad public manners. Good manners are rare enough, anywhere, and in the difficulty of filling the positions of cabmen, conductors, and porters with gentlemen of the highest breeding, we have to fall back on a certain kindliness of intention; and this, I believe, is more often found here than anywhere else.

Undoubtedly the foreigner who admits you to his own social standing will treat you with a politeness far more finished than anything we can expect from our own menkind. He will ask more flatteringly to be introduced to you, and will visit you more promptly after dining with you; but failing some such social connection, he will slam the door of a public conveyance in your face as quickly as the next man. The American, on the other hand, who sits next to you at dinner, may convey to you the impression that he does not much care if he never sees you again—and a very just impression it may be—but the fact that he does not remember ever having seen you before will not lead him to take your seat in a railway train.

Some years ago it was the fate of the present writer to make a journey across France with her right arm in a sling, and much of the impedimenta of travel in her left. The train was a corridor train, and she had not only difficulty in manipulating the doors between carriages, but she found herself holding these open, while other people surged through them. As she progressed through the train, man after man appeared in the doorways of compartments almost empty in order to block her entrance; and it was only by the intervention of a conductor—expressly appealed to—that she at length obtained a seat. She believed that such a situation would have been impossible among her own countrymen; nor was she much consoled by the reflection that had she had a bowing acquaintance with any of these gentlemen she would undoubtedly have been treated with a courtesy more polished than America would have afforded.

Almost a hundred years ago one of the friendliest of our foreign critics said of us: "Liberty is not the chief and constant object of their desires; equality is their idol: They make rapid and sudden efforts to obtain liberty, and if they miss their aim, resign themselves to their disappointment, but nothing can satisfy them without equality, and they would rather perish than lose it." Goethe said that good manners could come only with equality. The two statements taken together give the very essence of the American attitude. We treat each other as equals—and this accounts at once for the lack of deference in public servants of which foreigners complain, and for their profound friendliness, which foreigners do not seem able to comprehend. "The conductor on the railway," an observing American has written, "will not touch his hat to you, but then he does not expect a fee from you. The workman in the street of whom you ask a question, will answer you as an equal, but he will tell you what you want to know." Now there are many people who cannot stomach such independence, who can enjoy nothing but acknowledged superiority. They want to be master, and delight—socially speaking—in playing with loaded dice. They expect their friends to show more affection than they do, they wish their servants to be sorrier to leave than they are to have them go, and they believe that one of the duties of those who serve them in any capacity is to esteem that service a privilege. Such people are happiest in England, where any one belonging apparently to the upper classes is certainly supremely well taken care of. Such people do not realize that there is something terribly precarious in being well treated only because one is supposed to be an aristocrat, and that only a good coat and plenty of loose change float them over an abyss of insolence deeper by far than their own countrymen threaten even at their worst. There is a solid security in being admitted as a fellow being and an equal. Not all Americans, of course, have a taste for equality, but without it no one can understand, far less enjoy, the particular brand of good manners that flourishes in this country.

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The Inacessible Child

IN most of the affairs of life one generation can begin within measurable distance of where the last left off. We do not have to reinvent the telephone, we do not, as a rule, pay our taxes in kind, and even in this age of men dressmakers and stone-throwing suffragettes, our little girls show an inherited aptitude in the use of a needle and our little boys still throw stones with ease and accuracy. Yet there are some matters in which, in each generation, we have to go back to the beginning. It is not alone in the prehensile power of tiny hands, but in some mental characteristics as well, that the child reverts to a prehistoric age; an age when it was the part of wisdom always to be on guard against an enemy.

Not the choicest inheritance, physical, mental, and moral, not the tenderest affection or the most enlightened care, not all our scientific child-study, not the educational methods of a Froebel or a Montessori, avail as yet to eradicate this primal instinct of self-defence. And what weapon can the little creature have in a world of giants, of powerful, mysterious, incalculable grown-ups, but that of secrecy? There is nothing more unfathomable, or more apparently unreasonable, than the reserve of a little child.

You look back upon your own childhood and remember how little of your real inner life you ever disclosed to the people around you, and you perhaps explain this extraordinary reticence by the greater severity with which children were treated in that sterner age. You complain that it was a régime which checked confidence, and declare that from the very first you resolved to try a different method with your own children. You admit that your children are not quite as respectful to you as you were to your parents, but you say that, on the whole, you would rather have confidence than respect. Do you flatter yourself that you get it from your small children? It is true that the period of reserve may be shortened by judicious treatment and that as they grow older the relations between you may be all that you have hoped for; but as for your little child, overflowing with spirits and affection, running to you with all sorts of questions and confidences, disclosing itself to you, as you fancy, with absolute transparency, do you really imagine that you see to the bottom of its soul? Put away the delusion! Just as, in later life, the most successfully secretive person is the one who appears most frank, so our babbling child fools us.

Of course, the child's unreasoning secrecy sometimes works it harm. It is unable to differentiate, to distinguish, between woes which are inevitable and woes which are curable, between the power of a friendly parent and an unfriendly nurse; and so it sometimes suffers torture, long-drawn-out and nerve-destroying, and is only released when watchfulness or accident discovers the deviltry. One can understand this without resorting to any far-fetched explanations; but why, when the cruel nurse has disappeared altogether, and when the victim feels himself surrounded with pitying affection, does he still shrink back and refuse to disclose the dark secrets of the nursery? Why, but that he subconsciously feels that secrecy is his natural weapon against the world?

It has been suggested that a lack of vocabulary is often at the back of a child's reticence. It is true that his communications are largely "yea, yea, nay, nay," that he can express simple facts and simple likes and dislikes, and cannot express shades of meaning (although I have known a child of four who seemed to distinguish between *like* and *love*), but why does he not tell the simple facts? Moreover, in my experience I have known a child who, with a precocious command of language, habitually, when in the presence of older people, translated into the language of childhood the thoughts conceived in grown-up terms.

No, do what you will, surround your little child with affection, with care, with the latest mind-opening improvements, its mysterious soul still harks back to an immemorial instinct of self-defence.

The Old-Fashioned Book Club

IT is an unfortunate fact that the people who read the most are usually those who can least afford to buy books. For them, it is true, libraries exist; and let us not be unappreciative. But for the libraries our case would be far harder than it is. Yet, incredible as it may seem, in view of the benefactions of the last twenty years or so, there are still small towns in which public libraries are inadequate or lacking altogether. Lamentations arise over the poverty of the "small Carnegie library" where "the latest effusions of the inexhaustible novel-writer" ap-

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pear in generous profusion, but where better literature is scantily provided; and there are some persons who even regret the passing of the old, happy-go-lucky little library of the country town and the substitution of institutions where machinery overshadows books and readers.

There are places where one experiences a veritable famine. For example, in the capital city of a certain State there exist, to be sure, two libraries: the State library, from which only an official class may take books, and the library of the Naval Academy, from which only navy people and some army people may take them. "How nearly related to the army do you have to be?" I hopefully asked the librarian. "You have to be its wife," he answered; and that he spoke in a tone of sympathy did not alter the rule. Not that I criticise these restrictions, since these libraries exist definitely for the use of certain classes of persons, and of course one can sit down and read in either of them; but who cares to do all his reading in that stiff way? One wants to read at all seasons and under all circumstances, and to have two or three books going at once. In the town itself is a "fiction library," situated in a book-store. The shelves of dog's-eared volumes are far from attractive, while as to their contents, one would hardly believe that there could be brought together so many hopelessly trashy books.

It is under such circumstances that one's memory goes back to that old-fashioned institution, the book club. There are solid advantages in a book club, out-of-date though it may be. For a small sum you may get the reading of clean, well-cared-for books, in whose selection you can, if you choose, have a voice. Of course, there is the drawback of having to await your turn for some book which you may be anxious to read, but if you have requested its purchase you will be given the preference; and in any case you will get it within a reasonable time, provided the club is not too large. Naturally, one does not expect such a club to provide the classics, but the classics can usually be obtained in other ways. They are the books which one owns. You may have a chance to own some of these current books too, for if, at the end of the year, you have an auction within the club, you may buy them at a low price and in good condition.

I am told that discounts are less than they used to be, but a dozen years ago it was surprising what one could do with slightly more than a hundred dollars a year; out of that sum buying the books and paying a boy to deliver them—a method far preferable to the practice of passing them from hand to hand. My boy had orders, if a book were not forthcoming, to sit down in the hall and wait for it. In ten years' experience as the working officer of a club I never knew a book to be lost or maltreated. Half of our books were novels, and half what I called semi-solids, such as biography, travels, essays, etc. As the novels and essays were cheap I never had to hesitate over the price of a desirable book, although imported ones sometimes came high.

It is almost as good to be the executive officer of a book club as to be able to buy your own books, and is, in its way, more amusing. If you have been the prime mover in starting the club its members will think it courteous to make you president of it, and this, if you have had previous experience and really want to do the work, you will contrive to avoid. The office you want is that of secretary and treasurer and, with good luck, you get it. At your first meeting there is an immense deal of talk. It is a stage which is inevitable. A constitution is adopted and so many rules are laid down to limit the power of the secretary and treasurer that you wonder how you will manage to do the work at all. A committee is appointed, charged with the selection of the books, and members are requested to send in lists of those which they desire. A few lists come in, and your committee meets. If you are wise you will have read all the book-reviews you can get hold of and will come prepared with a pretty full list of your own. The other members of the committee, particularly if they are men, will probably be unprepared, and the lists sent in will not be entirely available. The committee selects enough books to go around and you go home and begin the work which is henceforth to be your dearest occupation. You order them, pay for them, cover them, send them out, and incidentally read as many of them as possible before they start on their round. After the first time the lists dwindle away, and the other members of the committee are seldom ready to meet for consultation. They tell you to go ahead without them. You go ahead joyously. If you are forehanded, buying whenever

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you have a short list ready, you never have to fill in a long one with makeshifts and can always have plenty of books on hand for your own reading. Naturally, you have to consult the tastes of others, rather than your own. Fortunate for you if you are omnivorous!

The longer a book club lasts, the simpler becomes its machinery. About the fourth year it may, perhaps, abolish all the officers except the secretary and treasurer, and by the eighth year, if not sooner, it may refuse even to go through the form of electing that officer, who thus becomes a permanent institution. The meetings are reduced to one a year, at which the brief reports are read and the auction is held. At this the record book is a valuable ally. A book is put up for sale and some one says: "I never had that at all!" The secretary looks it up. "It was sent to you on May 9th. You can buy it, you know." Instant submission. "I was out of town. I'll bid so-and-so."

The account book is valuable for other things. How much of your life it records for those ten years! Here are the people with whom you associated, the books you read—many of them, alas, forgotten; the memory of delightful hours of work. You can even recall from it thoughts and moods. Oh, yes, the book club was a fairly good substitute for your private ownership of books.

Reserve

ALMOST every one has been accused at one time or another of being reserved. I say accused, for, while reserve is greatly respected in the hero of a Victorian novel, our friends intend no compliment when they say, "You confide nothing; you don't tell me things." And they may be right. Reserve is only too often a form of egotism—a holding sacred of the most trivial manifestation of one's own nature, a fear of setting opinions in the daylight for fear they should turn out less splendid than we had always supposed. There are people who will not tell you whether they prefer their toast thick or thin, lest, as their phrase is, you should misunderstand them.

But beyond this there is, of course, a definite quality called reserve—a reluctance or inability to share the content of one's mind. We think of it usually as being a quality lying wholly within the nature of the individual, but is it not, as a matter of fact, quite as much a quality of the listener? When we say "You tell me nothing," do we leave ourselves wholly blameless? Does not the possibility of a confidence lie just where the prosperity of a jest lies—in the ear of the hearer? Is not the difficulty often in attracting our own preliminary attention? We communicate not only by words, but by gesture, by a flashing eye and a tone of voice. Reserve, it sometimes appears, is wholly a question of physical appearance, or rather of one's powers of physical expression. You may notice that reserved people are usually of blank countenances, of even tones, and without gesticulation. If you listen continuously to them you will often find that they have not failed in telling you the facts, but that they have failed to get your attention because they have not signalled that their facts were important.

Such a person approaching you quietly says in an unemotional voice, "I am sorry to have kept you waiting, but my house has been on fire," and you, your mind undistracted from your own unselfishness, reply that you did not mind waiting, that you had an interesting book, and so forth. Later you will complain that your friend withheld all knowledge of the conflagration; "and yet," you will say, "no one would have been more deeply interested than I should have been." Quite true: you would have stopped at no sacrifice, if only you had been able to hear; but in order to be heard by you, your friend must first hoist signals of distress. Many of us have found how little effect it makes on a doctor to tell him in measured tones that we are suffering unbearably. No, we must groan and cry out, before the medical man, accustomed to unreserved humanity, will open his ear to our complaint. Yet it may very well be that such physical expression lies as much outside our power as high C. It is not because we despise such manifestations—though that is what many of us tell ourselves—but that that form of self-expression is denied to us. Most of us would like to communicate with our fellow beings if only we knew how. Do not believe that reserved people have grown deliberately immobile in feature and dry in tone, but rather that their very immobility and dryness forms the very substance of their uncommunicativeness.

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE NEW ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, NEW YORK

IT is sixty-seven years since Old Trinity was completed and consecrated. There it still stands, after two-thirds of a century, at the head of Wall Street, looking down and still more looking up, upon how changed a world, cowering among the temples of Mammon above which it used to tower, but still vindicating by its beauty the cause it can no longer vindicate by its pre-eminence. All this time it has waited for a rival in a Gothic church as pure and peaceable as itself. It is only just now that, by the consent of all, it has obtained such a rival in the new St. Thomas's, which has the advantage of being "carried out," as the design of Trinity cannot be said to have been, for the nave of the elder church is ceiled with plaster purporting to be stone. Vaulting ambition that o'erlaths itself is not respectable when it is detected, and the sham is one that Trinity shares with the Gothic churches of New York pretending to be vaulted which have been erected since, including St. Patrick's Cathedral, St. Thomas's alone or almost alone excepted. The sham in the case of Trinity was not the fault of the architect. Any architect who designed a vaulted ceiling would naturally prefer to have it "the real thing." But the vestry of Trinity was apprehensive of the cost of a structure which, as it is, approximated the million which is approximately the cost of the new St. Thomas's, and which was by so great a multiple more formidable in the fifth decade of the nineteenth century than it is in the second of the twentieth, and found the additional expense of real vaulting prohibitive. Thereupon Mr. Upjohn devised a ceiling of open timberwork to meet the new condition. Again the sons of Zeruiah were too hard for him, and, taken with the forms that resulted from the scheme of vaulting, insisted on the imitation. If the original scheme had been carried out, we should have had a different Trinity, outside as well as in, since it seems that a range of flying buttresses would have been needed to support a real groined vault. Indeed, the new St. Thomas's raises questions on the same score. There is no question about the genuineness of the stonework of the ribs or of the tilework of the cells between them; and moreover the ribs are only such as perform structural functions, whereas in the vaulting of Trinity there are introduced those supplementary and mechanically meaningless ribs so dear to the practitioners of orthodox Anglican Gothic, original or revived. But the experienced spectator must wonder how the lateral pressure of the great vaults of the nave can have been taken up within the space of the narrow aisles, more properly mere ambulatories; or, if not so, by what legerdemain "thrust" has been converted into "load" within the limits of the walls, and all pressures resolved into mere gravitation. There are some buttresses along the exterior south wall, of a massive and vigorous aspect, to which some of the thrust of the vaulting may conceivably be referred. But there is no room for such an expedient on the north side, where the pressure is equal, for on this side the church is "built to the limit." (For the benefit of strangers it perhaps ought to be observed that ecclesiological "orientation" is exactly reversed in St. Thomas's, the proper "west front" facing east, and the proper east end west.) The confinement of the exterior architecture to two fronts is an architectural disadvantage and an economical advantage compared with the exterior architecture of Trinity, which must be seen all around and on all sides made worthy of its visibility. It is perhaps the principal explanation of the fact, at first so surprising, that the cost of Trinity two generations ago so nearly equalled the cost of St. Thomas's now, with a degree of enrichment about equivalent, and with dimensions not so far apart.

Since the virtual completion of St. Thomas's there has been announced a dissolution of partnership of the architects who designed it, a dissolution which much facilitates the labors of those who have occasion to discuss the work itself. For comity is held to re-

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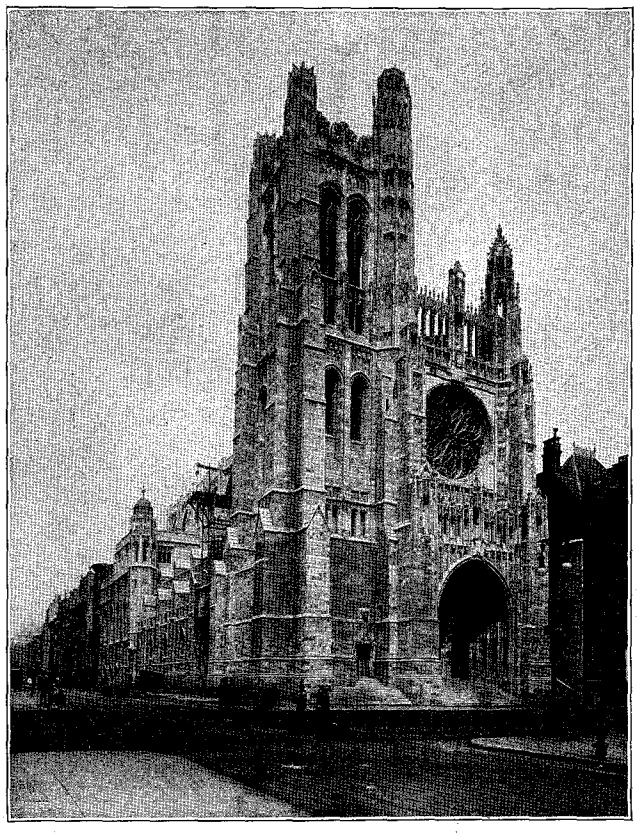
quire such persons to assume that the designers of the firm are equally responsible for the designs which bear the imprint of the firm, whereas the artistic "individuality" of a firm is inconceivable. A work of art, to have individuality, must in the first place be the work of an individual. There were very wide artistic divergencies, for example, between the work of Charles F. McKim and the work of Stanford White, so that after each had "found his handwriting" it was out of the question for any competent observer to mistake the emanations of one mind for those of the other, though both were assumed to emanate from the one and indivisible "firm." In the present case two as marked individualities have been engaged. St. Thomas's is a work of collaboration, in which, however, the parts of the colaborers have been sharply distinguished. The plan is Mr. Cram's, the working out and the detail are Mr. Goodhue's. Hence, albeit there is no contradiction, albeit there is throughout "the same law," the "differences of operation" in this modern work done all at once are almost as distinguishable as in a minster of which the building has been the charge of successive generations and the parts are definitely divisible into "early" and "late."



St. Thomas's Church, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-third Street, New York City.

As in all Gothic worthy of the name, the exterior architecture of the new St. Thomas's proceeds from its interior requirements, of which one at least is modern and unknown to the mediæval church-builders. This is the necessity of accommodating with facilities for hearing as well as seeing a larger congregation than the floor will hold. To "accommodate" the laity was the last thing in the mind of the mediæval architect, layman though he himself was. It was rather his object to overawe and humble the layman and impress him with his own unimportance, and this purpose was so successfully attained that a composer of poetical prose has recorded that nowhere so much as in the interior of a Gothic cathedral had it been borne in upon him how a man was "a bubble that breaks in a moment on a river that rolls forever." The modern claim of the laity was recognized, in the destroyed St. Thomas's which the present edifice replaces, by a modification of the Gothic type into an "auditorium." In the new church the Gothic type is adhered to in its strictness, and the demand of the modern laity for more accommodation than that type in itself affords has been met by the projection on one side of the completed and symmetrical church of a gallery for the anticipated excess of the congregation over what can be accommodated on the floor. On one side, since by reason of the inflexible conditions which make the outer wall on

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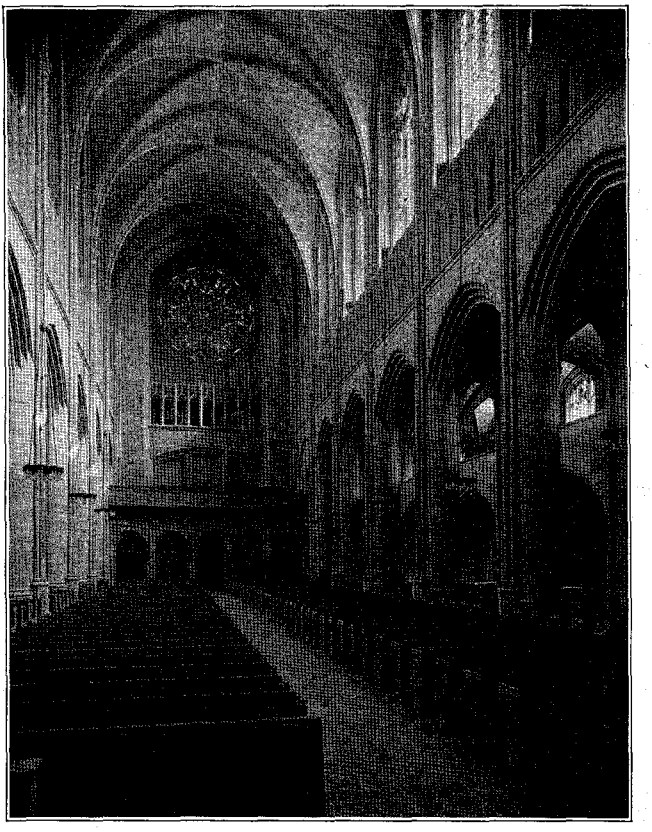
the inner side a blind wall it could not be done on both. From this adjunction of the additional accommodation to the church instead of incorporation with it follow the chief peculiarities of the architecture, external and internal, follows especially the asymmetry whereby the central axis of the nave is so far from being at the centre of the plan that the front is in effect bisected between nave and tower. This disposition is so unusual that the boldness of it would border on temerity did it not so clearly proceed from the fundamental disposition of the plan and were it not so clearly justified by the result.

The congregational need of the gallery is met in the space marked in the front by the width of the tower, and outside of the nave and the narrow aisle. The interposition of this gallery gives to the clearstory, for the four bays which it occupies, an effective withdrawal and recession much beyond what is usual in city churches. One of the most successful points of design in the church is this recession, punctuated as it is by the terrace-like rise and retreat of the massive buttresses with their deep double offsets, from the mass of the outer wall, punctuated rather than weakened in its effect of walliness by the small and single openings, one to each bay, with which it is pierced, backward and upward to the great windows of the clearstory, each occupying the whole space of the bay between the piers in which the lines of the buttresses terminate and with their traceried heads enriched and elaborated in comparison with the plainness and massiveness of the masonry below. This terrace, so still to describe it, is emphatically framed between the great mass of the tower, and the corbelled and turreted and richly hooded projection beyond which a three-story wall, carried so high that the roof-line of the nave can hardly be made out above it, denotes the parochial offices which are here housed, and to which access from the street is given by three open arches.

It is, however, the front on Fifth Avenue which first and most impresses the beholder and indeed to the ordinary passer comprises the architecture of the church, which it is very far from doing. It is hard to say which of its two so nearly equal parts is the more successful or the more striking or which contributes more to what, in spite of the want of symmetry or of similarity, is a total and integral effect, a countenance and not a mere assemblage of "features." Here again, as in the flank, the effect comes primarily from the sense of weight and mass. You will go far to find a front in which, up to the belfry stage of the tower, the "solids," speaking technically, so outbalance the "voids," which is so emphatically a



Interior of St. Thomas's Church.

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pierced wall and not a collection of framed openings. The only openings upon the nave are the arched entrance, pierced in the wall of which the thickness is so impressively "revealed," and the singularly successful and original rose-window above it. The base of the tower is blank but for the buttresses, for the slit of doorway here again rather punctuates than disturbs its massiveness. So do the deep lancets of the second stage. Even the tall traceried lights of the belfry stage are so emphatically framed and fortified by their enclosing buttresses that even here, in spite of the enrichment of the buttresses, of the pinnacles, of the openings themselves, the primary expression is still that of powerful structure rather than that of elaborated decoration. In fact, if one were asked to designate one element which more than any other contributes to the distinction of the church among our essays in ecclesiastical Gothic, he would have to say that more than any other it was composed in three dimensions. An elevation on a drawing-board would give no clew to the impressiveness the actual building derives from having not only length and breadth but thickness. In the stress which the design of St. Thomas's puts upon the third dimension it is almost unique. A front which comes as near as any to rivalling it in this respect is that of the Dutch Collegiate Church, some squares below it in Fifth Avenue, a work of forty years ago by a French architect, which is as distinctly as the new church a design in three dimensions, and moreover shows much ingenuity and inventiveness in its detail. What that edifice lacks to bring it into the comparison is the repose which the later church so eminently attains from the adjustment of its masses and the skill with which the "voids" are made to emphasize the "solids," and with which the decoration throughout proceeds from the structure, whereas in the earlier building the unhappy freak of protruding the side wall into a huge and meaningless flying buttress is an example of "constructed decoration" on a scale even ludicrously large. Meanwhile, it is the sense throughout of the third dimension which gives the new church its weight and instance, "which gives to the temple gate," as Ruskin has it, "the depth and darkness of Elijah's Horeb cave," and to the tower the aspect of adequacy to carry a climbing spire in addition to its own weight. Not that in these days any sensitive architect of a city church is likely to recommend such a superaddition, which would bring his work into immediate and ineffectual competition with the sky-scrapers of Mammon. And indeed the actual tower has no suggestion of provisionality or incompleteness. The monotony of four equal pinnacles, which moved Ruskin to compare a tower so furnished to a table upside down with its four legs in the air, is here effectively avoided by giving the pre-eminence to one of them and crowning it with a feature which has the additional advantage of recalling without repeating the crown of the pinnacle that culminates the buttress into which the north wall of the nave is prolonged, and of that which surmounts the corbelled turret that marks the division of the arcaded and buttressed and galleried aisle wall of the flank from the parochial offices beyond it.

In the block, without a single tool-mark of ornament, the new St. Thomas's would already be a noble building. The highest praise the decoration of such a building can deserve is that it heightens and develops the inherent expression of the structure. This praise is fully earned by the detail of St. Thomas's, whether directly expressive of construction or marking its divisions, like the mouldings of the cordons and the openings, or in features like the tall gallery that serves as bridge between the tower and the opposite wall of the nave or in the intricate tracery of the rose-window. Even of these things, which might seem to exist for their own sake and to be worthy, as indeed they are, of admiration on their own account, the best effect is in their contribution to the total effect. It ought to be added that a great enhancement of this effect is produced by the lucky choice of material—a limestone almost white, with random splashes of dark which variegate and enliven it. Beyond question the new St. Thomas's is one of the chief architectural ornaments of New York.

MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER.

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